ENE, THE STUBBORN GIRL—A New Novel of Love and Laughs by Eric Ha

MAY 11,
1935

Liberty

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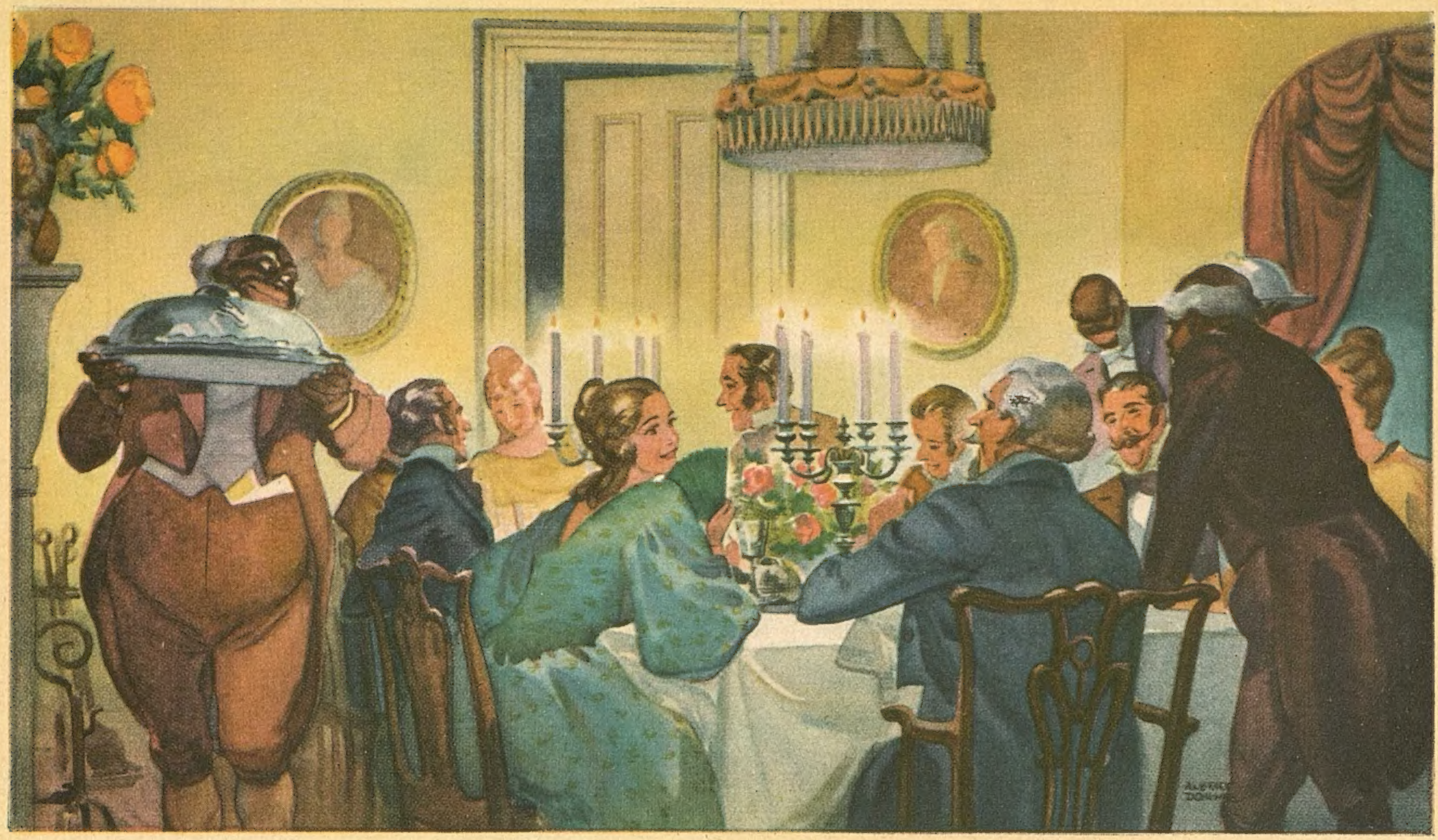
IS ROOSEVELT LOSING HIS GRIP? by Jay Frankli



The fame of its roast 'possum and fragrant juleps was known throughout the Blue Grass country

On clear moonlight nights, the guests of that fine old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel often pricked up their ears as the deep baying of 'coon dogs floated in over the Kentucky hills. They knew what it meant, and smiled in happy anticipation—for when local hunters treed a 'possum, you could expect next day a meal famous all the way from Lookout Mountain to Louisville.

But there was more than good old-fashioned Southern cooking to draw gentlefolk to that famous hostelry down in Kentucky, and to the more than locally famous waters of the near-by limestone spring.

One thing upon which every Southern gentleman of the day prided himself was his judgment of bourbon. So the local hotel sought far and wide for something to please the critical palates of its guests, and found a whiskey, made up Louisville way, that came to be called Crab Orchard.

In those early days, that rich red bourbon didn't even have a label. It wasn't put up in bottles. They bought it by the barrel—and you were lucky indeed if they let you, as a special favor, carry a jug or two away.

And thus, the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel spread its reputation for the exquisite food and mellow whiskey to be found there.

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Prohibition had come and gone. People were searching for something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way—and they wanted a low price. Crab Orchard filled all three wants so accurately that it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.*

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A good guide to good whiskey

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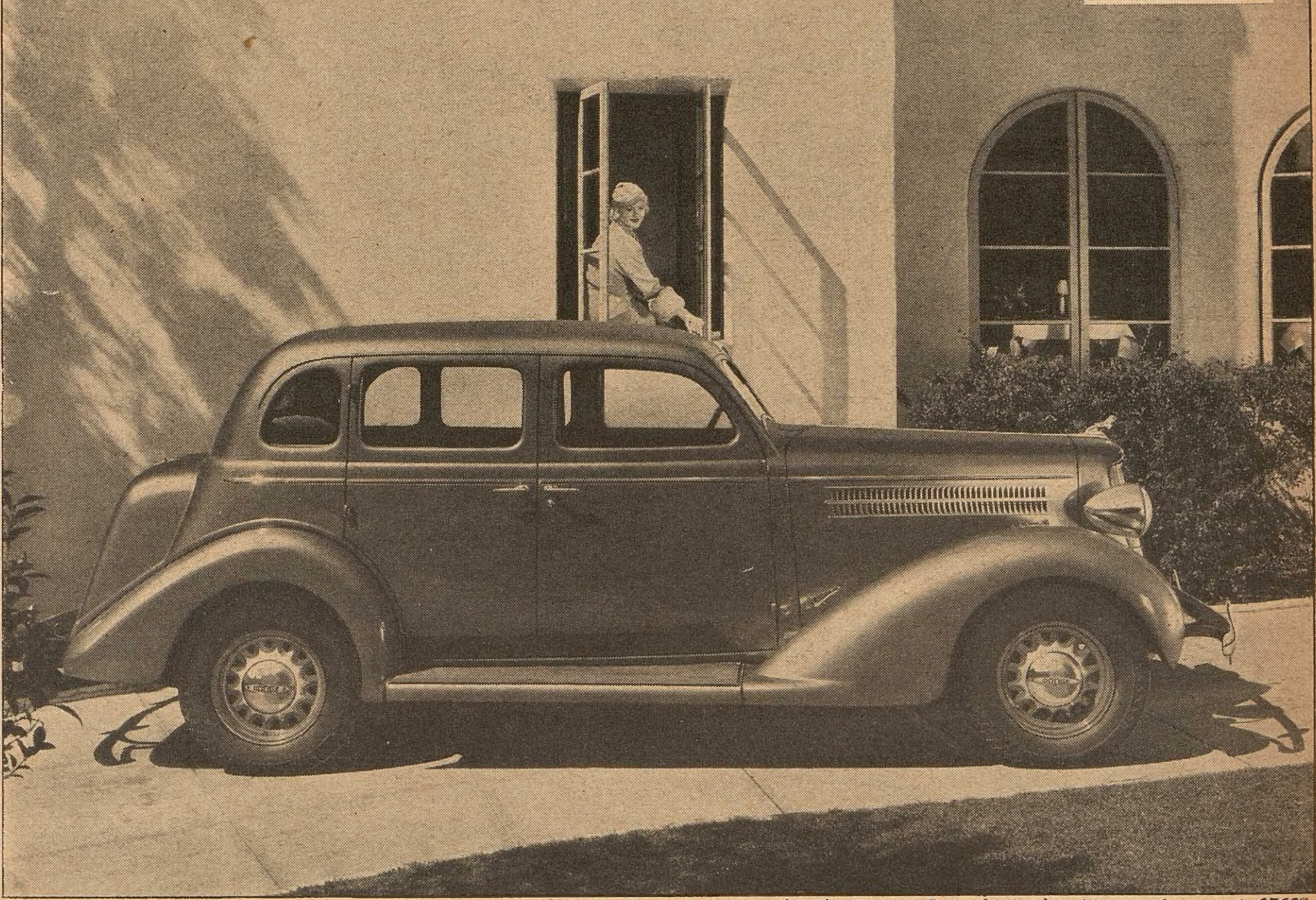
Have owned low-priced competitive makes, but my 1935 Dodge is most economical car I've ever driven,"

says E. J. McGLINNEN, DETROIT, MICH.



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"MORE THAN 20 MILES PER GALLON OF GAS, AND OIL COSTS NEGLIGIBLE," writes E. J. McGlinnen, chief operator, Fox Theater, Detroit, Mich. "I have owned low-priced, competitive cars—more than half a dozen makes—but I've saved money since I switched to Dodge. My 1935 Dodge gives more than 20 miles per gallon of gas, with plenty of speed and power. And oil costs are negligible."

Striking proof of the economy of the New-Value Dodge comes from owners all over the country. They are amazed that a car so big, so powerful, with so much smartness and luxury, could actually cost so little to run.

Take a look at this new Dodge. See what a big, beautiful car it is. Drive it. Enjoy the new Dodge "Airglide Ride." See how easy it is to operate, with Synchromatic driving control. And it has Dodge perfected, dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes. They're the safest you can have. And the all-steel body, developed by Dodge 20 years ago, and made better, safer, every year since.

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NOW FOR JUST A FEW … THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

MAY 11, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 19

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Warnings Business Leaders Should Heed, or–

THERE have undoubtedly been times in the past when business was cruelly selfish, when it piled up unnecessary profits at the expense of employees and patrons. And the need of profit in business cannot be criticized. Every worker wants a just share of the fruits of his labor. And business men are no exception to this rule.

But all those who are handling the affairs of business, who are the directing force, should realize the emergencies we are facing and should try to eliminate a human tendency to be greedy.

These are times when the intelligent patriotic forces of this country should stand together. There are enemies within our midst—foreigners who have plans of their own for gaining possession of this country; interlopers who have come here for the one purpose of directing revolutionary hordes; men and women who are fired with a fanatic zeal to overthrow the principles of government that have made our country one of the world's greatest nations.

We must stand together—we who have enjoyed the fruits of our governmental system. The spirit engendered by liberality, a brotherly feeling of good will each toward the other, should be freely encouraged. Open up your purse strings. Give the other fellow every possible chance without sapping your own reserve to the danger point.

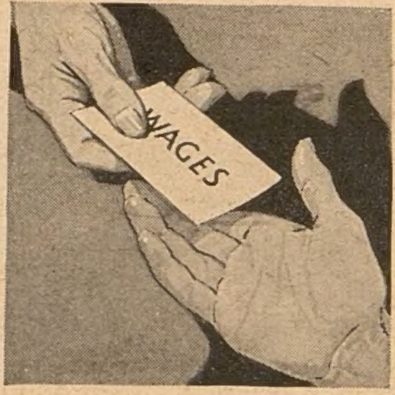
We may be facing a crisis. No one knows what the future may bring. But if we all do the best we can as individual citizens, if we all have a thorough appreciation of the privileges we have enjoyed as citizens, we should be prepared at this time to make sacrifices of time and money.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." And wages should be raised as high as possible and still maintain the financial integrity of the business that pays them.

The old saying that if you give a calf enough rope he will hang himself applies with great emphasis at this time. In other words, those who are too greedy and try to absorb too much of the world's goods are liable in the end to lose everything they have gained. For, as a prominent Senator said to the writer on one occasion, "As a nation we are sitting on top of a volcano that is liable to burst forth with a violent eruption at any time."

But if a proper spirit can be aroused, if we can be guided by a helpful desire each to the other, and if we who control the financial destinies of workers are as liberal as possible, the disturbing situation, that may be fanned to a flame at any time, will undoubtedly be diverted.

There are millions of home owners, millions of citizens in this country who have acquired substantial values—homes, stocks, bonds—and every one of those who have established themselves in some manner will want to protect our governmental principles—will want to do everything that they possibly can to avoid any stampede for revolutionary governmental changes. And our business leaders everywhere can undoubtedly depend on support from all these stable citizens.



—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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MONEY-MAGIC *for the Cinderellas of today –*

SHE HAD YOUTH, beauty, and a wistful hunger for life. But her wealthy stepsisters got all the breaks. They wore the good clothes, ate the fine food, lived in idle ease. Cinderella did the hard work and took what little joy came her way.

Magic changed her life—dressed her up and sent her to the ball. In the end, she found the fulfillment of her dreams... she got her man.

Millions of American families are Cinderellas, dreaming of comforts and pleasures seemingly far beyond their grasp, when as a matter of fact there is a magic way of escape from their drab ashes.

Instalment buying was once relatively small in scope. The coming of the automobile gave rise to a new conception of its potential economic value to the nation. The perfection of the radio, oil and gas burners, refrigerators and other modern appliances, tremendously increased its importance in the American industrial scheme.

From the once little local instalment plan has been developed the great time payment financing system—a magic wand that has put labor-saving necessities and health-promoting comforts into millions of American homes... brought color and happiness to millions of families, as it can for you.

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Merchants who sell and individuals who buy on the time payment plan must make sure that *the company back of the system* has a history of integrity and fair-dealing, and ample resources.

Commercial Credit Company was founded in 1912 with $300,000 capital. Today its companies employ 1800 people and more than $41,000,000 of capital and surplus. It financed nearly $400,000,000 of sales last year. Its charge for service is moderate. It carefully supervises collections to protect both buyer and seller from any loss. Its ever-increasing operations have played a major part in opening vast markets for American manufacturers, stepping up production, decreasing costs and selling prices, making jobs for millions of workers. Without such a financing service, American industry would move at a snail's pace —labor would be a drug on the market.

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Beginning

A Hilarious New Novel of Love and Laughs . . . with the Most Obstinate but Captivating Heroine We Venture You Ever Met

by Eric Hatch

IRENE THE STUBBORN GIRL

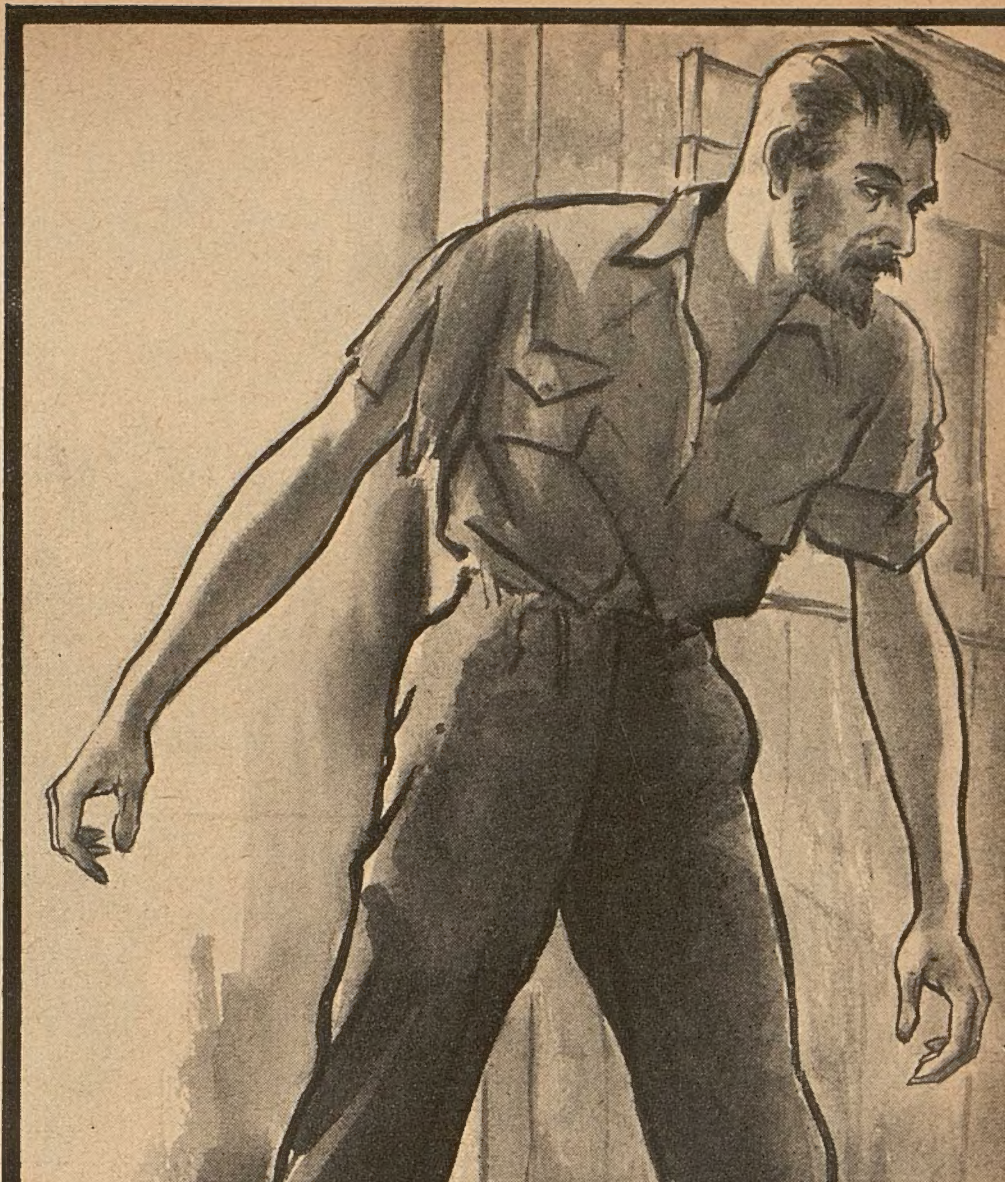


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

PART ONE—A JOLT AND A JOB

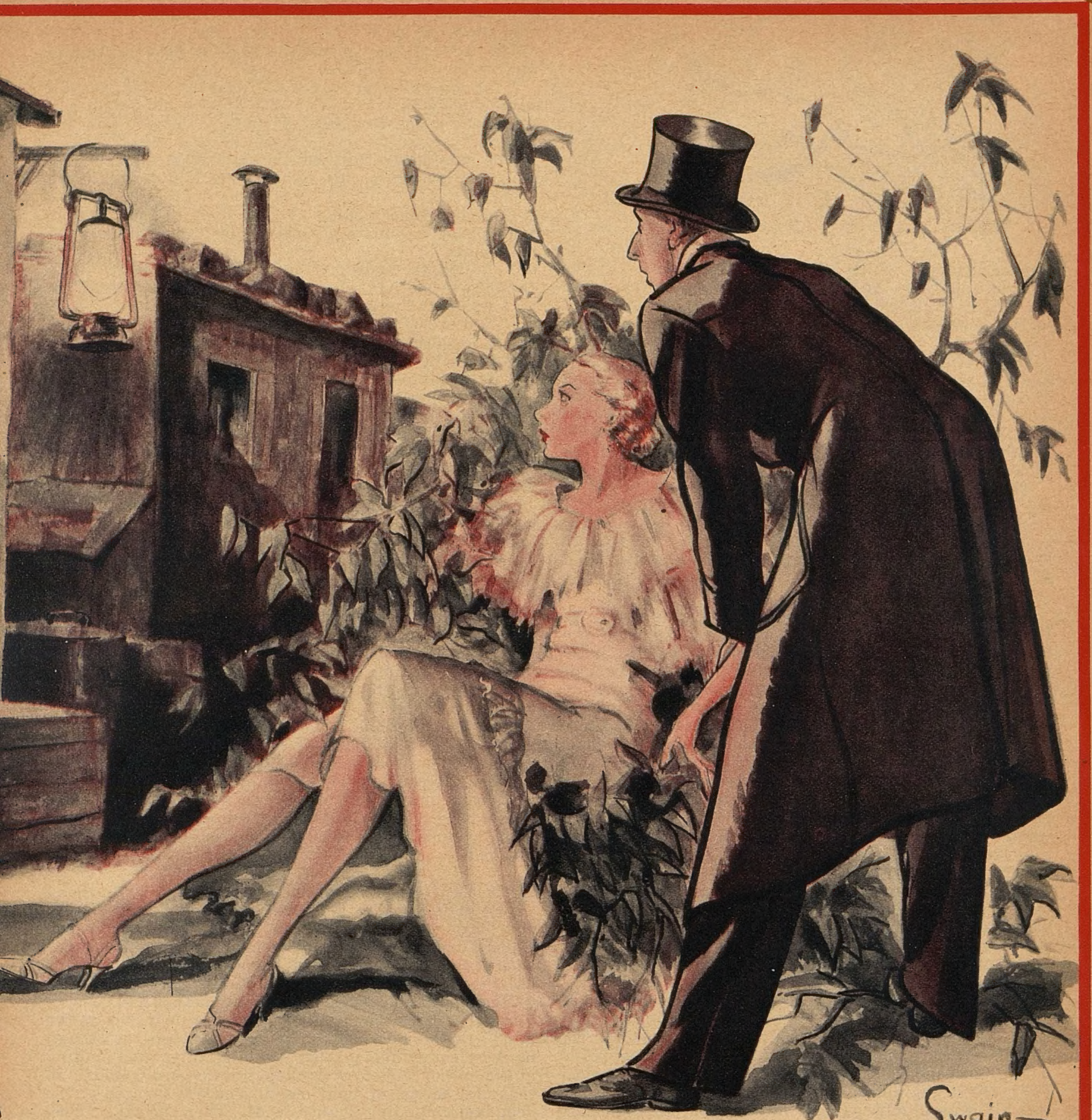
IN the main doorway of the Jade Room, Oscar of the Waldorf stood smiling benignly. It had been years and years since his kind eyes had looked upon so many cash customers at one time. The fact that these cash customers, young and old, were wearing themselves out playing a most silly game bothered him not at all.

Presently he was pushed aside by Mrs. Alexander Bullock, who was struggling mightily to persuade a white goat she was leading to hazard the slippery floor and enter the Jade Room. At the back end of the goat was Mrs. Bullock's elder daughter, Irene. Her persuasion was less verbal but more direct. She gave the goat a swift kick in the only suitable place to kick a goat, and it and Mrs. Bullock promptly vaulted into the room. The girl turned to Oscar.

"That," she said, "is the way to do it."

"Absolutely," said Oscar. What he really meant was that Mrs. Bullock should have been butted through a doorway long ago; but of course he couldn't say that. He looked at Irene Bullock. "Have you got everything?"

She shook her head slowly. Irene Bullock did everything slowly as a rule. She was very tall, very dark, and had great bovine eyes that were capable of only two expressions. Either they seemed swimming with deep



Cornelia received the shock of her life, she found herself being picked out of a bush by Faithful George.

understanding or they were actually glassy. Every one who had ever met her liked Irene Bullock. Irene Bullock had the reputation of being the dumbest girl who had ever come out at the Ritz—and that's going pretty far. Yet she knew how to get a goat into the Jade Room of the Waldorf; which was something her mother, who fancied herself as of the intelligentsia and read papers at meetings if she wasn't watched ever so closely, did not know.

Irene looked glassily at Oscar.

"I'm meeting Cornelia downstairs," she said. "She and Faithful George are waiting to get the last one."

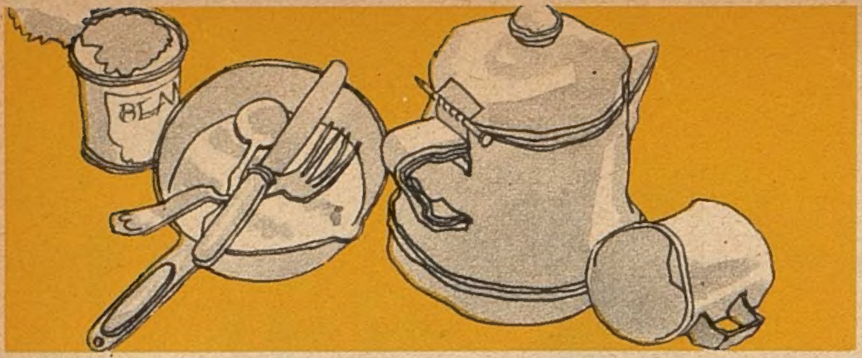
"Good luck," said Oscar.

Irene smiled at him. For a second her eyes unglazed themselves and swam with appreciation.

Oscar had known Irene Bullock and her family for a long time and she had always puzzled him. You really couldn't possibly tell whether she had had one cocktail or twenty, except that sometimes, if she had had twenty-one, she cried and refused to go home. She turned now and went to the elevator.

As she walked she counted aloud on her fingers:

"Old bicycle, cuckoo clock, hair from Grover Whalen's mustache, part of a Rolls-Royce, pair of autographed pants from chorus girl in As Thousands Cheer, left-



handed brassie, white billy goat, forgotten—" She stopped counting. An elevator had opened its doors and she had to think whether it was going up or down and whether she wanted to go up or down. It was too much for her. She said, "I want to go to my car." Then she got in.

Irene Bullock knew she was going to win this new game of scavenger hunt. She was good at it. Like all games the denizens of the middle upper crust of New York invented, it merely consisted of hunting for and finding a prescribed list of things you couldn't possibly want after you found them. Irene Bullock had been doing just that from childhood. . . .

There is in the city of New York a village by one of the rivers. It is made of packing boxes and cast-off sheet iron and old shingles. Some of its tiny houses have crooked chimneys. Most all of them have gardens by their doorways—little patches of carefully tended ground with perhaps one or two hardy plants growing in them. One or two of them have real windows.

There are street signs. There is only one street, so the street signs are in front of each house. The men who live there have, through some odd communal whimsey that appealed to almost all of them, given that part of the street directly in front of their houses the name of the streets they once lived on. There is a Beacon Street, four Broadways, a Grosvenor Square, many, many Main Streets, and a score of others running the whole gamut from Fifth Avenue to East Elm.

The citizenry of this village is, of course, as varied as its street names. All of them belong to that new class of people so absurdly named by some moron who probably wanted to write a song, "Forgotten Men." Some of these men are annoyed as can be at being forgotten. Others only wish they could be forgotten a little more completely, so commissions wouldn't come investigating them and police wouldn't come a-snooping and slummers wouldn't come a-slumming in their midst.

In a house on one of the unnamed parts of the street was a man who felt this profoundly. He was sitting now, long and lank and lean, staring into his fire.

He had stared like that a great deal lately out of eyes that seemed to sink deeper and deeper into his bearded face. He didn't like the things he saw when he stared, but there wasn't anything else to do. Then suddenly his door opened and there was standing in its rickety frame a girl. He swung about and stood up in amazement; for this girl was all silvery and shining, from the diamonds in her blonde hair to the sparkling buckles on the toes of her satin shoes.

The man looked at her in silence for fully a minute; then he passed a gaunt hand over his eyes and bowed his head.

"Go away," he said. "Go back into the years where you belong." He shivered; then, raising his voice, "Dammit, go back!"

He had a young voice for a man so bearded and so bowed. The girl laughed.

"I'm not going to hurt you," she said, "and you can make some money. I'm Cornelia Bullock and I want you to work for me for about an hour. I'll give you five dollars."

The man slowly lowered his hand from his eyes and looked at her again. He said, "What is it you want me to do?"

Cornelia Bullock said, "I just want to show you to some people and prove I brought you; then I'll send you back here."

Five dollars, under certain conditions, can be worth far more to one man than five million can to another. This man was very hungry.

"That seems a funny thing to pay five dollars for," he said, and all the time was figuring the eatables five dollars—spent as he would spend it—could buy. "You're sure there's nothing—I mean you're sure there isn't any funny business connected with this?"

Cornelia Bullock, with hands gently clenched, was jumping up and down in her impatience.

"No!" she said. "I told you who I am. How could there be? My father's president of the biggest bank in Wall Street."

The gaunt man bowed with a strange grace, as though he might once have bowed to people who knew all about bowing.

"Of course," he said, "that isn't quite a guaranty."

"It's a game!" said Cornelia. Then in an aside, "Why won't the man be reasonable!" Again to him, "Listen. We're having a scavenger hunt and we've all got to bring in a forgotten man. Don't you see?"

"Forgotten man?"

He was thinking.

"Yes! Forgotten man—somebody who's all washed up. A dead beat!"

And then Cornelia Bullock received the shock of her life; for she found herself spun around, and suddenly discovered she was no longer standing in the shack but was being picked out of a bush by Faithful George. In tears she flung herself into his arms; and he, feeling he should be very brave, but, being a smart young man, realizing he mustn't be very foolish, escorted her to the limousine.

SPOUTING language of one sort and another, Cornelia got in, followed by her young escort, and the car drove off. They had forgotten, as had the chauffeur, that Irene Bullock had come there with them and now was no longer with them. When the gaunt man stepped back into his hut she was busily putting out the fire.

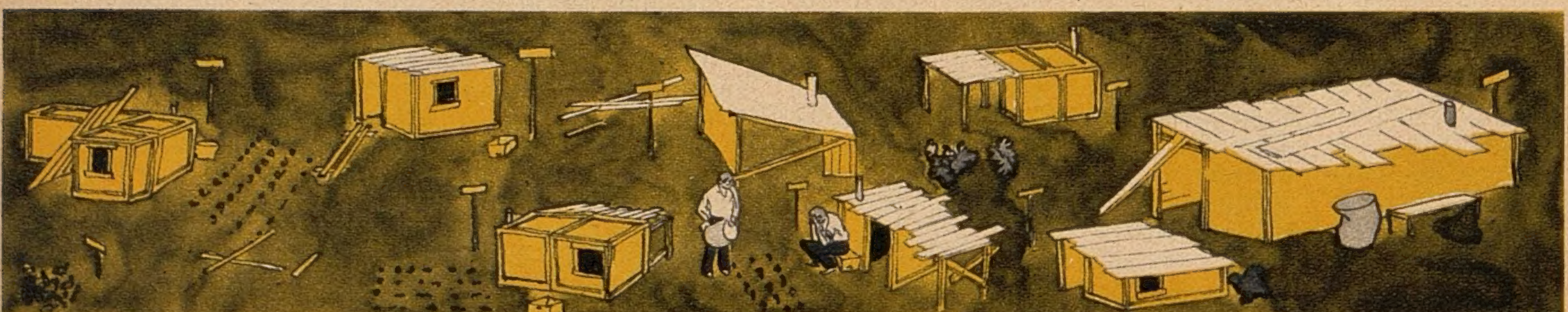
He stopped stock-still. Here was another girl come to him out of the night! She was dressed as richly as the first; but this one, instead of looking at him as though he were something pickled inside a bottle, was smiling at him out of wide eyes as though they were friends. In that first second of their meeting he was amazed at the deep understanding of those eyes. Then she said, "Pee-hue! This is an awful fire, isn't it?"

She was simply stating, without resentment or meanness, an incontrovertible fact.

"It's the best I could do."

Irene nodded seriously.

"I know," she said. "It's too bad. If you're going to



be here tomorrow, I'll bring you over some proper kindling and logs and things."

" I say! " said the man. " That's terribly decent! "

It never occurred to Irene to think it odd that a man living in tattered clothes in the midst of what was virtually an animated dump heap should have an Oxford accent. So far as Irene was concerned, people spoke, and that was their voices, and that was that. She smiled again and tried to get some of the fetid smoke out of her eyes.

" Aren't you keeping your friends waiting? "

" Oh, no," said Irene. " They'll have forgotten me and gone on. They're not my friends, anyway. They're my sister and her lover."

" Her *lover?* "

She laughed.

" I always call him that," she said. " It sounds so much nicer than just ' boy friend '; don't you think so? "

The gaunt man laughed now—a sort of test laugh, as though he wanted to find out if he really could laugh.

" I think it's much nicer," he said.

" A pity," said Irene, " that Cornelia got off on the wrong track with you. We had the game won, and it's the first time any one's ever played it. But I think bringing in *people* as something you're scavenging for's pretty rotten. I told Oscar so. Still, it's a pity you wouldn't come—not for the five dollars I don't mean—but just a pity." She sighed. " I'd have liked to win myself. My God, I'd got everything else there way ahead of every one else—" She began to count on her fingers again: " Old bicycle, cuckoo clock, hair from Grover Whalen's mustache, part of a Rolls-Royce, pair of autographed pants from chorus girl in As Thousands Cheer, left-handed brassie, white billy goat—forgotten man." She looked up quite brightly. " You see? You're all I need! "

The man was standing beside her now, looking down. This large, expensive girl had warmed something in his heart that he thought had gone out of it forever. Her simple, direct friendliness touched him the way only men who have been without friends for a long time can be touched. Also, he had a score to settle with that sister.

" All right," he said; " I *will* come."

" Thanks," said Irene. " We'll take a taxi."

The gaunt man extinguished the broken road lantern that had lighted the place. Side by side they stepped out into Beacon Street and the Main Streets and Grosvenor Square and four Broadways, and headed westward.

BACK at the Waldorf, Cornelia strode through the mess that had been the Jade Room before it got cluttered with goats and bicycles and crankcases and what not. She strode on quick indignant feet to her mother's table, where Mrs. Bullock was pacifying her goat with endive and broccoli.

" I'm sore as a boil! " she said, flinging herself into a chair. " Give me some champagne. I was pushed in a bush."

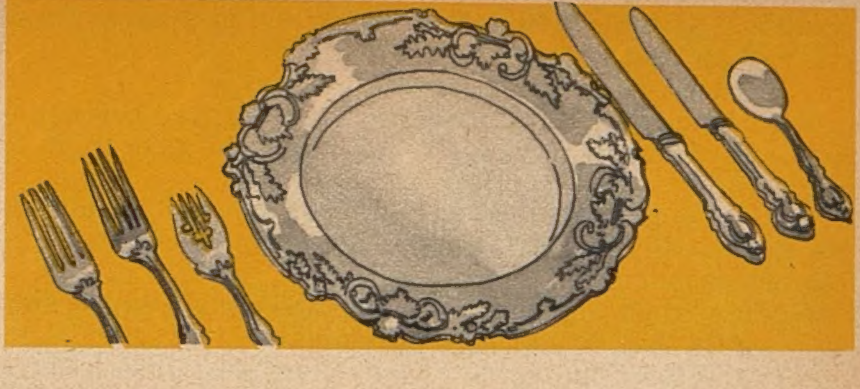
Mrs. Bullock, who was built on pigeon lines and loaded with pearls, scent, and make-up, turned her languid blue eyes from her goat to her daughter.

" Who bushed you, darling? "

" The forgotten man."

Mrs. Bullock tittered.

" But quaint! " she said. " How *very* quaint! " She turned to the inevitable foreigner that all wealthy ladies invariably seem to have sitting on their left at parties.



" Carlo, isn't that *quaint!* " Then her face underwent a complete change.

" Why, where's Irene? Have you forgotten her again, Cornelia? "

Faithful George snapped his fingers.

" My God, we have! "

" We left her in the jungle," Cornelia sighed.

" But look! " said Carlo—and pointed to the door.

Irene, glassy-eyed as usual, and stepping through the confusion as though it didn't exist, was walking toward them, leading by the hand the gaunt man. She came directly to the table and, still holding his hand, said, " I guess we win. This is Godfrey."

For a second Cornelia's bright shining eyes met those others that had looked lately at such ghastly things. It was as though a spark leaped between them. Cornelia's eyes hardened. The gray eyes of the gaunt man smiled. Then people began crowding around the table and cheering, and flashlights went off, and Mrs. Addison Maxton fought her way to the center of things in her usual style and presented Irene with a tremendous silver cup.

But it was rather awful—all these beautifully dressed people, hundreds of them, laughing and drinking toasts and shouting, and " Godfrey " standing in his battered suit, tall, immovable, staring over their heads at something none of them could see. It didn't last long. In a few minutes every one had gone back to their own tables.

Godfrey bowed to Irene, who was still standing because she hadn't thought of sitting down and nobody suggested it.

" You don't need me any more now," he said. " Good-by."

He started to go, but Irene caught his hand.

" That isn't right," she said. " You did something for us. We've got to do something for you. What can we do for you? Besides getting you some proper wood, I mean."

Godfrey smiled.

" I could use a job," he said. " But I don't believe you'd have a job for a man, would you? "

" Certainly," said Irene. " We have a job as butler. Ours left today. Could you be a butler? "

" Don't be absurd! " said Mrs. Bullock. " We know nothing about this man."

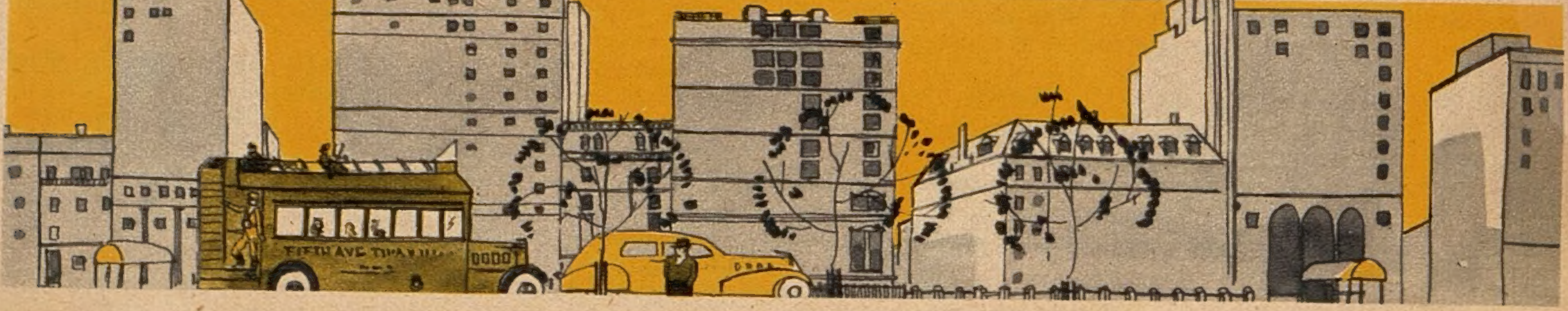
" We knew all about the last one," said Irene. " And he got away with such a lot of the silver."

Godfrey was staring at Cornelia as he answered Irene.

" I could be a very good butler," he said.

Cornelia took the challenge. This person had insulted her. To have him for her servant just might be all right. She felt it opened a long vista of opportunities for showing him you didn't get fresh with Cornelia Bullock and get away with it. She faced her mother.

" It's only right to help these people when you can,



through the kitchen door and said, " Go ahead, Maggie." Then she boosted herself on to the whatever-you-call-it beside the pantry sink. " Cornelia's gonna feel like hell today. She almost bit Faithful George when he mugged her good night."

" Mugged her good night? " said Godfrey.

" You betcha! " said the pretty maid. " She was some cockeyed, I'm telling you. And was she sore about something! "

She paused, swinging her silk-stockinged legs back and forth so her heels banged against the cupboard. " Say, what do *you* know about what happened last night, Mr. Godfrey? Anything? "

Godfrey smiled.

He said, " Between you and me," and paused. The girl leaned her pretty head close to his. " Between you and me, you little baggage, Miss Cornelia was pushed into a rosebush last night by a guy she thought was a dead beat! "

With her cheek pressed against Godfrey's, the maid said dreamily, " An' what happened? Why did he push her? "

" She hurt his feelings," said Godfrey. " He didn't want her around."

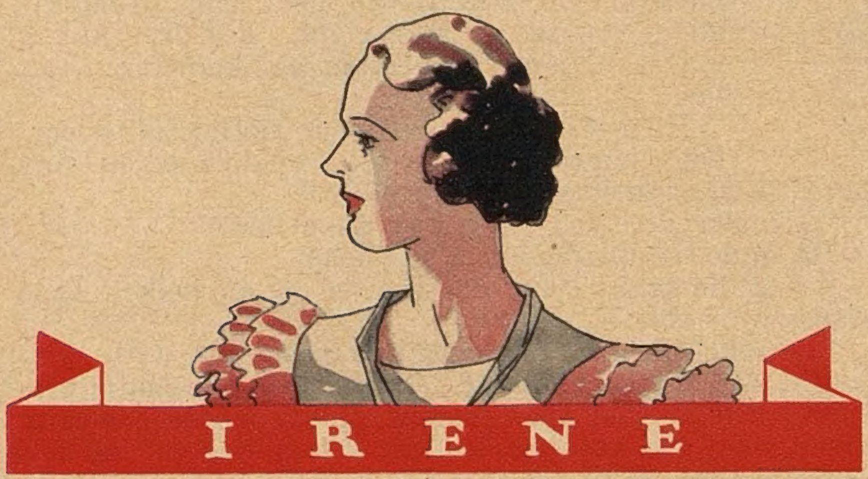
The maid stopped swinging her legs.

" Say," she said. " How do *you* happen to know what happened? "

Godfrey bent his head again.

" I heard about it from her," he whispered.

" But you weren't workin' for us last night," she said.



" Yes," he said, " I was. I began working for you last night. Miss Irene engaged me."

" Oh, Irene did, eh? "

" *Miss* Irene," said Godfrey.

" Oh, you like her, eh? " said the maid.

" Very much," said Godfrey. " Very much indeed."

" She's the dumbest girl what ever come out at the Ritz," said the maid, and flounced off the cupboard.

Swishing her little black skirt unnecessarily high, she banged open the door to the kitchen and passed through it.

Godfrey looked at the door.

" Well, well, well! " he said. Then he opened the door and bellowed again, " Miss Cornelia's breakfast, please! "

The pretty maid re-entered.

" Here it is, God help you," she said.

Godfrey took the tray and, with an odd expression on his face, started upstairs with it.

CORNELIA BULLOCK awakened to the new day as there came a loud knocking on her bedroom door. Cornelia moaned softly. She had had a tough night.

Presently, more as though her half-opened eyes were observing a ghostly materialization than as though they were looking upon a flesh-and-blood maneuver, she saw, carefully eying her from blanket-covered toe to night-gowned top, the most perfectly morning-coated butler she had ever chanced upon walk softly to the windows and silently close them. Cornelia sat up and blinked. Then she said, " What the hell do you mean barging in here? "

Godfrey bowed. " Good morning, miss," he said. " I've brought your breakfast."

He bowed again and went out of the room, closing the door ever so softly behind him. An instant later he knocked and, again without waiting for an answer, carefully entered bearing the breakfast tray, and placed it on the foot of the bed.

There are sensations some people get when they are crossing the English Channel in a gale. They are awful, soul-shattering sensations. The most common of these had come upon Cornelia, sweeping the wrath and venom right out of her in a great wave of fright and self-pity.

LOOKING exceedingly pretty with her golden hair in gorgeous disarray about her shoulders and her bright blue eyes watering pathetically, she stared at Godfrey.

" I feel awful," she said. " Just awful! It must have been the champagne. What'll I do? "

Godfrey's determination to hurt this person who had hurt him wavered.

" I'll be back in a minute," he said.

Then he quickly left.

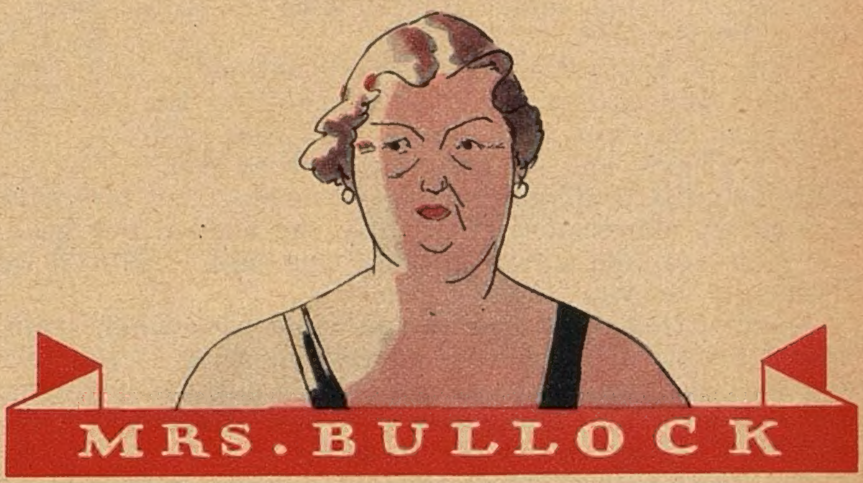
A few minutes later he returned bearing three ponies of brandy on a little silver tray. Cornelia was sitting as he had left her. He extended the tray to her.

" Why three? " she said weakly. " Why not one big one? "

As she sipped he told her:

" Sometimes, miss, the first doesn't remain with one long. If not, here is the second. If that one fails, here is the third. The third one *always* does the work."

Cornelia continued sipping. Godfrey continued to stand by the bed. Presently she looked up and smiled.



" It's going to be all right, I think," she said. Then their eyes met and she recognized him. " It's the man himself! "

She gathered the bedclothes much more tightly about her. It is one thing to have a butler romping around in your bedroom. It is quite something else to have a forgotten man there. Godfrey bowed. Strength returned to her. She went on:

" You've got your nerve, coming here after what you did to me last night! "

Godfrey smiled.

" But look what I've done to you this morning! " he said pleasantly. He laughed now, gaily. " I can do that *every* morning for you now, Miss Cornelia. I could do it for your mother—only the old girl has the constitution of an ox and doesn't need it." He caught himself. This was not the way butlers talked to daughters of the house. " I beg your pardon," he said.

Cornelia was feeling better and better.

" That's all right," she said. " 'Sgawd's truth. She has— What's your name? "

" Godfrey, miss."

" I'll fix you! " said Cornelia. She wasn't speaking to the family butler when she said this. She was speaking to the man who had bushed her. " I'll run you ragged. I'll make you sorry you ever dreamed of having the cheek to come here! "

Godfrey reached down and with one hand picked up the breakfast tray. On it was a glass of orange juice, a cup of coffee, and a leering poached egg. He held it out so that this egg was nearest her.

" Very good, miss," he said. But he knew he had won the first round, for Cornelia took one look at the egg and a spasm shook her.

Handing her now the tray that held the brandy ponies, Godfrey smiled again.

“ Don't you see? ” he said. “ You can't do anything to me—nobody can do anything to me.” His face hardened. “ What you said last night was perfectly true. I was just what you were looking for with your beastly scavenger hunt—washed up—forgotten—a dead beat.” He laughed now, the hard laugh of bitterness. “ When a guy's completely down and out, nobody can hurt him.”

Cornelia took another of the ponies and looked up at him.

“ I hurt you.”

ERIC HATCH *thought he wanted to be an investment banker between the years 1918 and 1927, but after he was made partner in a firm decided he would become a writer, and resigned. He was born in New York City, October 31, 1901. But he likes to live on a houseboat in summer and spend his winters in Europe.*

“ No,” said Godfrey. “ It was only what you stood for that hurt me. *You* didn't hurt me. I hurt myself.”

“ I'm sorry.”

He started for the door.

“ Oh, Godfrey! ”

But he was gone. . . .

Irene Bullock's greeting to this bright winter's morning was quite different from that of either her sister or her mother. She opened her eyes, observed that a new day had come, was glad of it, yawned, stretched wide her arms, swept her long black hair from off her creamy shoulders, felt hungry, and then noticed a man in a cutaway adjusting the window curtains the while he modestly kept his eyes focused on Central Park. She stared fixedly at his back for a moment, and then said, “ Hi, you with the suit. What are you? ”

“ I'm the new butler, miss,” said Godfrey.

Irene Bullock sat up, totally forgetting the fact that she was still night-clad. She said, “ Turn around and let me get a look at you.”

Reluctantly Godfrey turned. Irene stared at him with her glassy expression. Presently she nodded her head.

“ You look like a swell butler,” she said. “ How'd we happen to get you? ”

Irene sitting up in bed, if you could forget her brain, was a beautiful woman. Godfrey, in spite of the fact that he'd been able to awaken Cornelia without a tremor, felt uncomfortable being here with her. He looked down.

“ I'm the forgotten man,” he said.

An expression of enlightenment crossed Irene's placid face as memory came to her. She slapped her thigh like a lusty farmer.

“ Well, I'm a horse's neck! ” she said. “ Who—you tell me who—would have thought it! It just goes to show, doesn't it, you never *can* tell what's hiding behind a beard! ”

“ Yes, miss,” said Godfrey.

“ While you've been butlering around did you notice my breakfast anywheres? ”

“ Yes,” said Godfrey. “ I'll bring it in.” A thought seemed to strike him. He reached down and seized a negligee from the back of a chair. “ Here,” he said. “ Put this on.”

HE went out and fetched the tray. When he came back Irene wore the negligee and had boosted the pillows up behind her. He set the tray on her knees and said, “ Do you wish anything else, Miss Irene? ”

She shook her head and said, “ Yes. Sit down and talk to me while I have breakfast.”

“ But I can't,” said Godfrey. “ I'm the butler.”

She looked up at him now, the glassy look gone and the understanding look come in its place.

“ It would be different if you were a regular butler,” she said. “ I mean a professional. You're a professional forgotten man, don't you see? And that makes it perfectly all right.”

Godfrey wasn't sure he liked the idea of Irene being so natural and friendly with him and treating him like an equal. Irene took all the bitterness out of him.

Then, there was that curious look in her eyes. Right now as she watched him he felt that she knew all about him—knew who he was—or, rather, who he had been; knew all about how beastly it was going down and down and down and ending up in a hut by the river with only a battered suit and a rubbish fire.

Irene took a bite of toast, looked up at him, and said, “ Do you know why I fixed it for you to come here? I thought ”—she chewed loudly for a second—“ I thought that since you seemed to feel so lousy about living where you were, it would be nice for you to be able to live in a place like this. Even if you had to be a butler to do it.”

“ Even if I had to be a butler to do it! ” Godfrey was wondering if she was imagining that butlering was beneath him.

“ Yes,” she said. “ From what I know of them I should think buttling for this family would be hell. But it *is* better for you to live here. I mean, we have decent fires and things. And then, of course you don't have to act like a butler all the time.”

“ Yes, I do,” said Godfrey. “ I am a butler.”

Irene laughed and waved at him in a deprecatory gesture.

“ Nuts,” she said. “ Sit down.”

Godfrey sighed. Then he walked across the room and sat down on a chair by the window.

“ Not there,” said Irene. “ Sit on the foot of the bed. It's cozier.”

GODFREY sat down on the edge of the bed with much the air of a man settling himself for a nice comfy smoke on a keg of dynamite.

“ You're a gentleman, aren't you? ”

“ I'm a butler. Butlers can't be gentlemen.”

“ No,” said Irene. “ But gentlemen can be butlers. Oh, well, if you don't want to tell me about yourself, it's all right. I really think it makes it more interesting not knowing, don't you? ”

He met her eyes. “ If your mother and everybody knew about me she wouldn't let me stay here. I want to stay here—terribly.”

“ I know. Are you wanted by the police? ”

He smiled sadly and shook his head.

“ No,” he said. “ I'm not wanted by anybody. That was the trouble.”

She reached over, her eyes brimming full with sympathy, and patted his hand. It was a sweet gentle gesture. But at just that instant Molly, whose curiosity about what was keeping Godfrey so long had got the better of her, opened the door and came into the room. Molly didn't think it was a sweet gentle gesture at all. She thought it was the Billy-be-damnedest performance she'd ever managed to sneak into. She gave a quick stifled squeak, said, “ Oh, Miss Irene! I thought you rang! ” And fled. Godfrey stood up.

“ That,” said Godfrey, “ puts the lid on it. I go back.”

Irene thought she had never seen a man look so unhappy.

“ No,” she said. “ I'll explain to Molly that it wasn't anything at all; just that I asked you to sit on the bed and that I was patting your hand because you were sad.”

Godfrey smiled a little grimly and pressed her hand.

“ You're amazing,” he said. “ Thanks for being so decent to me.” He released the hand. “ It's been a long time since I've met any one like you! ”

“ I've never met any one like you,” said Irene.

“ That maid is going to tell,” said Godfrey.

Irene winked one eye—archly, she thought.

“ I've got twenty dollars that says she won't.”

Godfrey was embarrassed. He backed to the door.

“ Will that be all, miss? ”

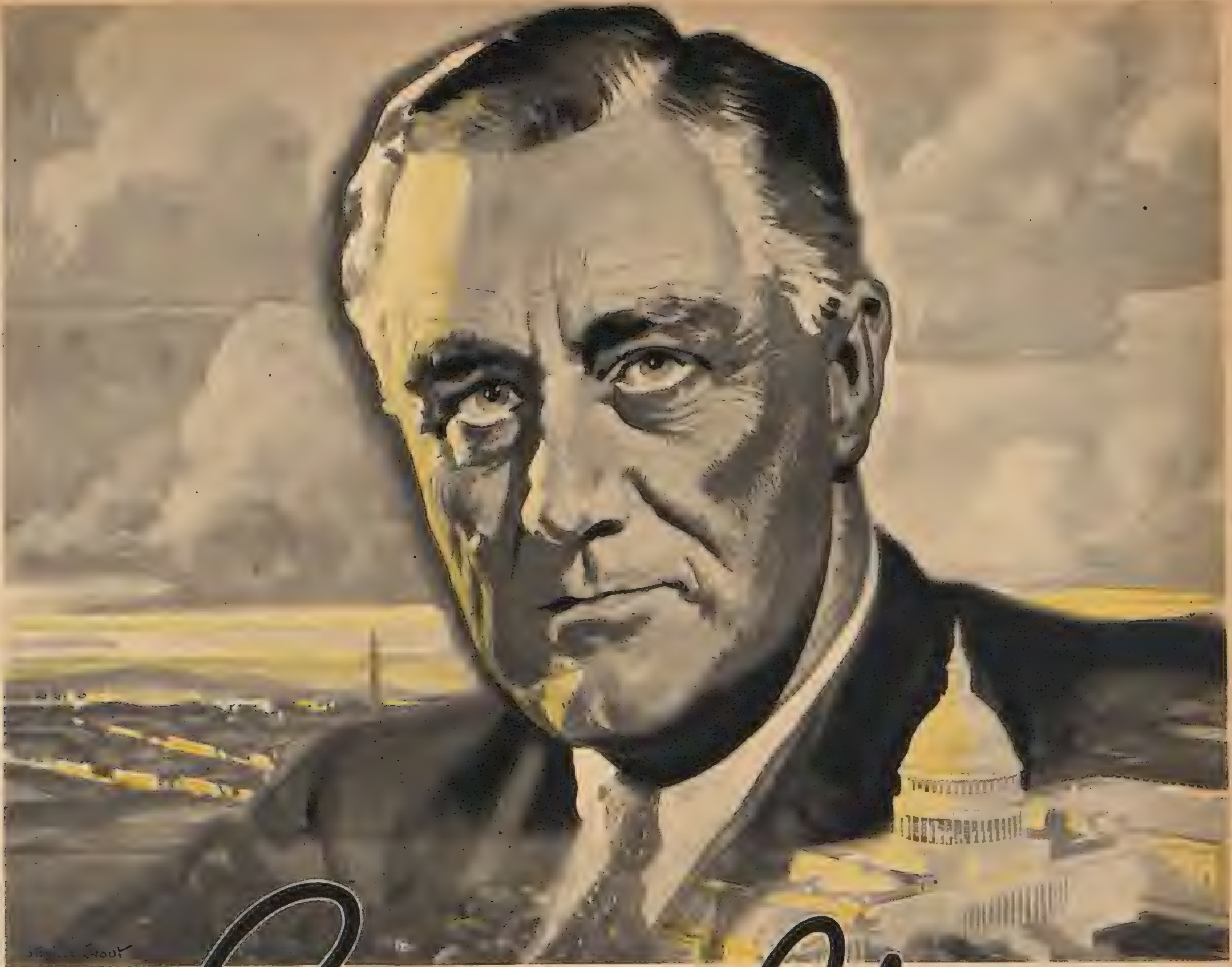
Irene misunderstood. “ Hell,” she said, “ twenty's plenty, don't you think so? ”

He nodded and then quickly slipped out of the room.

For a long time after he had gone, Irene stared at the door. Presently she slapped her thigh again.

“ Well, I'll be a horse's neck,” she said, “ if I don't think I'm falling in love with the man! ”

Will Irene be dumb or crazy enough to fall in love with this “ forgotten man ” that she picked up in the down-and-outers' jungle city in New York? If so, what will he do? Read the next installment in Liberty for a rollicking, daring answer.



DECORATION BY STEPHEN GROUT

IS Roosevelt LOSING HIS GRIP?

He Still Stands High with the People—but What of His Hold on Congress? Here's a Revealing Forecast of the Fight to Come

by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LAST November the American people gave President Roosevelt the most smashing victory in an "off-year" election that has ever been given to an American President. Two thirds of the House and the Senate went Democratic and so did three quarters of the state legislatures. The New Deal and its leader were endorsed by the entire country. It looked as though no power on earth could block the rapid adoption of the Roosevelt program.

This program should have gone through Congress with a bang. Instead, ten solid weeks passed without one single important measure being adopted, and Congress inflicted a crushing defeat on the administration by voting down the World Court. They put the New Dealers on the defensive by the fight to amend the Relief Bill so as to assure the payment of the prevailing wages, and by the strong movement to pass the Veterans' Bonus.

America—and the rest of the world—rubbed its eyes. One minute—as it seemed—Roosevelt was all-powerful and overwhelmingly popular; the next minute it had become safe and increasingly popular to lambaste his measures and to follow Huey Long and Father Coughlin.

What's the answer? Was it done with mirrors? Did the Hauptmann trial at Flemington, New Jersey, with its distracting picture of the Lindbergh kidnaping crime, focus public attention away from Washington at the wrong time for the New Deal? How could a man be dictator one month and dictated to the next without the change of a single law on the statute books?

There is one answer to all these questions, of course—the true secret of all successful dictators, whether they owe their power to the ballot or the bullet. This is the fact that dictators get by only if they order their people to do the thing the people want to do—without realizing it—in a stern and impressive manner. A dictator has damn well got to be a popular man—hence the propaganda and the censorship which he uses to control public opinion—or he is out of luck.

Now the fact is that President Roosevelt is still enormously popular throughout the entire country. Yet the great enthusiasm and momentum of the first two years of the Roosevelt administration was based on the fact that Roosevelt was telling Congress and the country to do the things which the country wanted done: open the banks, relieve the unemployed, raise farm prices, spread industrial employment, end cutthroat competition, save debtors from foreclosure and creditors from ruin. For nothing else does he deserve so much credit as for not letting himself be stampeded into a lot of permanent Constitutional changes which would have looked swell in 1933 and 1934, but which might have been hell in 1937 and 1938.

He knew what many of his advisers did not know: that we weren't really ready yet to change anything very important in the way we lived, worked, and did business. His job was to hold the balance and to keep things going and to move ahead as fast as the American people—on the whole—would let him move.

There was, however, one thing which everybody overlooked: that there has been a revolution in our political government as a result of the 1933 "Lame Duck" or Twentieth Amendment to the federal Constitution, and that the Congress elected last November was the first one to be chosen under this amendment.

Up to this year the government has operated under a system which gave to the President an enormous influence over Congress. Normally the present Congress would not have come to Washington until next December, unless called in special session. Instead, the old Congress containing many defeated senators and representatives—the "lame ducks" of political slang—would have met last December and remained in session until March 4.

THIS meant that Congress would have been full of men who had lost their jobs and were worrying about the future. For these the President had a nice little mess of bait—his power of appointment to judgeships, to permanent commissions, and so forth—by which he could persuade them to vote the way he wanted them to vote. It was one of the famous checks and balances of the old American system and had been used time and again by our Presidents to jam through important measures.

Senator George Norris of Nebraska—the Grand Old Man of Muscle Shoals—hated this system, which he regarded as a combination of blackmail and bribery and which he had for many years opposed with his draft of a Lame Duck amendment. This amendment, which was adopted in 1933, provides in effect that a congressman or senator shall not serve in office after he has been defeated by the voters. The Congress which is elected in November meets the following January.

What happened to Roosevelt was not a revolt of Congress but the first Congress which had weeded out the lame-duck element and with it the President's power to reward service to the administration and to punish rebellion in the ranks of his party during the old "short session." In other words, the American people are now getting a more direct and immediate representation at Washington than has ever been the case before. Instead of dictatorship we are getting more democracy.

To understand why Congress took the bit in its teeth, all you need to do is to look back to the mood of the voters last November. Those were the votes which elected this Congress and not the Roosevelt votes of 1932. Last November's vote was a For-God's-sake-do-something! vote. It was the vote of the time of Upton Sinclair's EPIC movement in California, of Dr. Townsend's plan; the vote of prairie farmers who had undergone the terrible drought of 1934 and who wanted relief; of workmen who had seen their attempts to unionize crushed by the employers; of men and women who couldn't figure out the NRA, and of twenty million people on the relief rolls.

Now the Congress which was elected by that particular gang of voters had to do *something*. When the Roosevelt administration produced the World Court, as a sort of grand surprise for them—somebody blundered in the State Department—they simply got sore, and it was knocked out of the picture. Then along came the Social Security bills. To people who had been talking in terms of Dr. Townsend's $200 a month in their sixties, beginning now, these looked about as exciting as last year's hat. Then on top of that came the Work Relief Bill.

By this time the Federation of Labor, which had been licked on its big strikes, on its interpretation of Section 7A of the National Recovery Act and on its effort to take Roosevelt into camp, had got good and sore. The Federation had to deliver the goods or it would begin losing members and might have to be reorganized.

SO the country was suddenly treated to the spectacle of Congress ganging up on the President in one of the strangest line-ups ever seen: Loud-speakers like Huey Long, broadcasters like Father Coughlin, progressives, liberals joined forces with the Old Guard Hoover boys and the big bankers. Their success was so great that they became frightened and split up again, most of them staying with Roosevelt.

Nobody saw that what was really happening was the end of the system of Presidential government, under which we have been operating since Theodore Roosevelt, and the return to the methods of Congressional government, which we had maintained for a hundred years before T. R. Franklin Roosevelt had even speeded up the process by getting Congress to turn over to him much of its legislative powers in 1933. The powers of the President and Congress had been merged—in the President. Now Congress was beginning to merge them—in Congress. This means that from 1935 on the President will lose much of his former powers—unless he gets such control over spending that it offsets his former power of appointment in the Lame Duck situation.

That's what was back of the big fight on the Work Relief Bill. Can the President escape from the political trap set for him by the Twentieth Amendment? Can he establish a system by which the President is given so much money to spend for his policies—with a free hand in the spending—that senators and congressmen will be forced to play ball with him? Or will Congress retain its power over the purse strings and run the President?

If the President wins out, and permanently, we are going to get a much longer-range type of policy. One man can administer a fund more intelligently than can 435 congressmen and 96 senators, each of whom is trying to get something done for the voters in his region before the next election. If the President wins, we will get national conservation, national defense, social-credit policies, and a consistent economic program.

If Congress wins we will get pork-barrel politics and short-term projects. Congress will be tempted to boost the dole, to pay bigger and better bonuses, to turn the temporary relief handout into an institution, and to engage in dignified vote-buying on a big scale instead of developing our resources and cultivating our national estate.

This is a big issue—the biggest the country will be called upon to decide. But just because it is a big issue, it is not going to become apparent for a long time. Instead, we are going to have a lot of the normal give-and-take of American politics, now with Roosevelt on top and again with Congress getting its way.

It is obvious that Roosevelt is no longer running Congress. Congress is running itself. But it does not follow that Congress is running Roosevelt.

THE END

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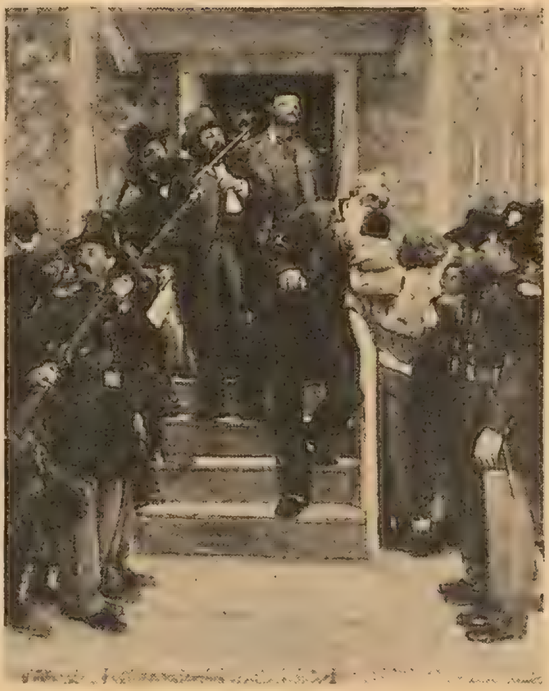
I Drove John Brown to the Gallows



The Last Moments of John Brown
From a painting by T Hovenden in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A 76-Year-Old Memory, Unclouded by Time, of One of History's High Spots

by "Uncle" Tom Warren

as told to

Harold G. Anthony

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Editor's Note: May 9 is the 135th anniversary of the birth of John Brown, the abolitionist who on October 16, 1859, seized the arsenal at Harpers Ferry in a raid that he hoped would inspire the slaves everywhere to free themselves. He was captured by United States troops under command of Colonel Robert E. Lee, and on December 2 was hanged for treason at Charles Town, West Virginia.

"Uncle" Tom Warren is now ninety-six and lives near Mansfield, Louisiana. Liberty has his affidavit, sworn to before a notary, that the facts as set forth in this story are true. Mr. Anthony has been able to check some of them and has found them "correct to the dot."

WHEN I growed up big enough to work I was bound out by my maw to Mr. George Sadler, de undertakin' man at Charles Town, West Virginia. My paw belonged to Marse Bill Crow, a slave driver [dealer], an' he wouldn't let paw an' maw marry, but dey was married in de sight o' de Lawd. I was 'bout twenty years old when de Harpers Ferry trouble come about.

"It was late Sunday night, October 16, 1859, when us folks in Charles Town heard guns poppin' off up de ferry way 'bout nine miles frum Charles Town. It wasn't ontil de nex' mornin' I l'arned from Mr. Sadler 'bout some kind o' raid at de gov'ment arsenal. Mr. Sadler tol' me we had a fun'ral to bury de first man killed in a raid by a man named John Brown.

"Tuesday mornin' when I went to work de town was filled with soldiers, an' I hear people say John Brown is captured an' in jail at Charles Town. Things quieted down some after Tuesday an' dey warn't much excitement ontil de day come fer his trial. Den Charles Town was full o' soldiers an' strange people. I hyard tell John Brown was soon to be hung along wid some udder men.

"Friday mornin', November 25, 1859, Mr. Sadler tol' me to hitch up de spring wagon an' bring it ober to de jail. By de time I reached de jailhouse wid de wagon a bunch o' soldiers was dar. Dey had three men chained togedder an' made 'em git in de wagon an' den tol' me to drive out de Lees Town [now Leetown] road. Soon we come out in a big field whar dar was a bran'-new scaffold shinin' in de sun. De men was ordered out o' de wagon, an' de soldiers made fast work stringin' 'em up. I hyard de men was name' Shields Green, Coppie, an' Cook, an' was part o' John Brown's crew.

"On December 2 when I went to work I noticed soldiers standin' all round town an' dey was a soldier in front o' every house. When I got to de jail wid de wagon, pulled by two big white horses, 'bout a dozen soldiers brought a nice-lookin' white-haired man out. Dey called him John Brown, an' made him git in de wagon. Dey tol' me to go by Mr. Sadler's place an' pick up a coffin. Dey made Mr. Brown sit on de coffin an' tol' me to drive back whar de scaffold was.

"A fine carriage come racin' up behin' de wagon. Two soldiers jumped out wid guns an' stopped de carriage. I could see a lady inside. Dey come back an' say, 'Dat's yo' wife, John Brown. We give her permission to come to de hangin'.'

"Mr. Brown he jus' sit on his coffin and looked out ober de fields. 'Well, John Brown, ain't you studyin' 'bout dyin'?' one soldier say, laughin'.

"Mr. Brown turned on his coffin an' smiled. 'Oh, no. Ain't dat field lookin' good an' green over dar! Dat crop is level as a die on top. Fer every strand o' hair in my haid, just dat many lives will be taken fer mine. No, I ain't 'fraid to die!'

"Dar was only one big tree in de open field whar de scaffold was. I drove de spring wagon up to de scaffold, an' de carriage stopped under de lone tree. De soldiers tol' Mr. Brown to go up on de gallows, an' asked him did he hab anything to say befo' he was hung. Mr. Brown shook his haid. Den dey made him stand on de trap an' put a new rope round his neck.

"'Bout dis time Mrs. Brown jumped out o' her carriage an' come toward de scaffold. She was 'bout de prettiest lady I ever seen. Two soldiers helped her up to de scaffold. She wasn't scairt a-tall.

"She walked over to Mr. Brown an' looked at him mighty sweet an' smiled. Den she reached in her purse an' pulled somethin' out, an' I hyard her say: 'Take dis. It'll keep you frum dyin'.'

"She put what she took outen her purse into his mouf an' he swallowed it. She patted him on de shoulder an' jumped down an' went back to her carriage.

"IT didn't take de soldiers long to pull a cap over Mr. Brown's face an' spring de trap. Dey let him hang 'bout ten minutes, swinging dar in de air. Den dey cut de rope an' his body kerflumped to de ground. I done helped pick it up and put it in de coffin. De soldiers tol' me to drive to de station an' unload de coffin dar, becus Mrs. Brown was goin' ter ship it off.

"When I got to de station she was dar, an' she had Mr. Charlie Bragg, de carpenter dat built de gallows, wid her. 'Hurry, now,' she say, 'an' do whut I tol' you.'

"Mr. Bragg started borin' auger holes all ober th' coffin. I reckon he made fifty er sixty holes befo' Mrs. Brown say, 'You can stop now. Dat ought to gib him plenty air.'

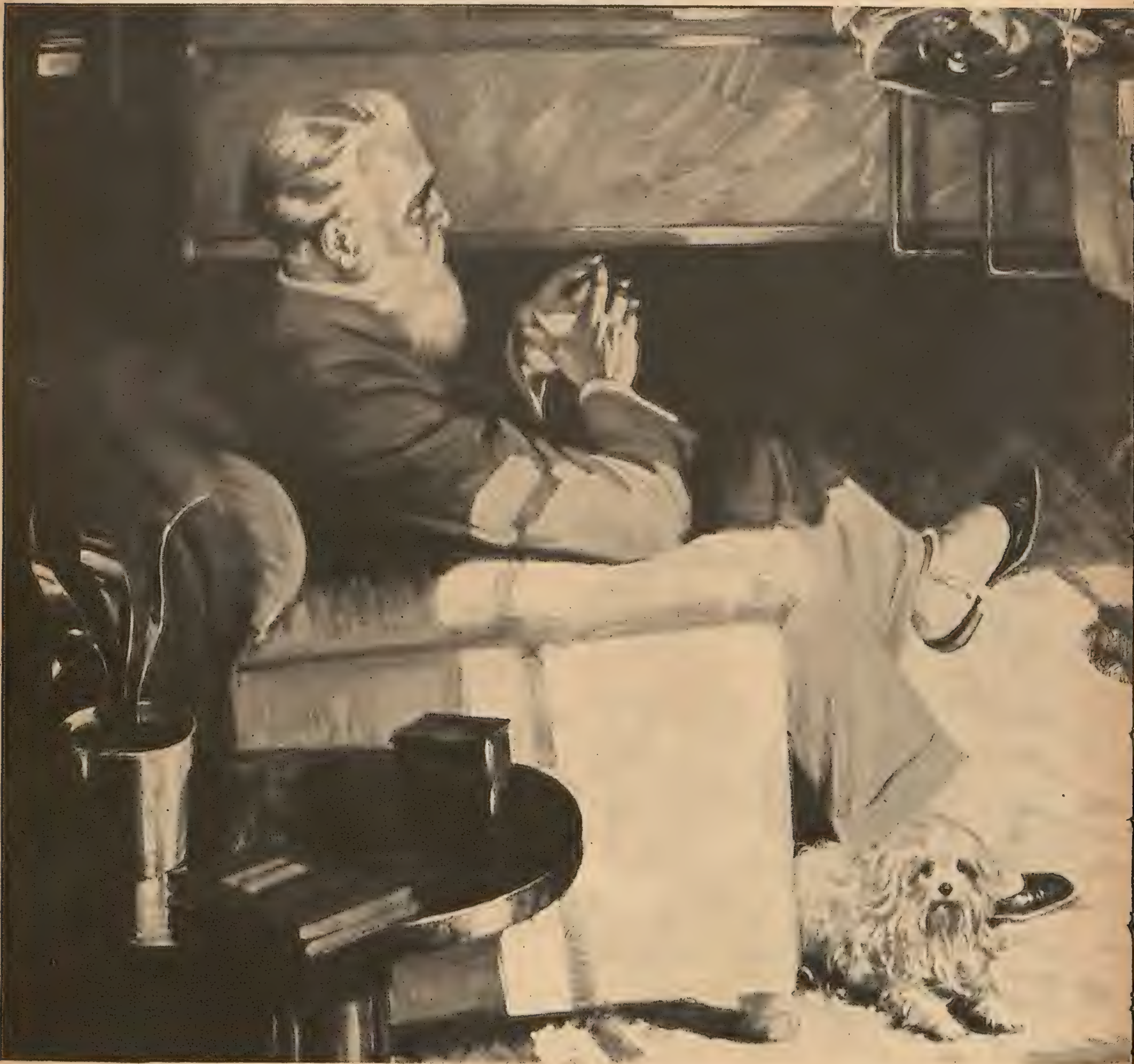
"She turned round to me an' tol' me to hurry up to de Sappington Hotel an' get her bags. It all 'peared sort o' spooky to me—Mrs. Brown bein' so shore de hangin' hadn't killed her man dat she had air holes put in his coffin. I didn't have no hankerin' fer bein' round did a dead man come back to life.

"Ain't no matter does I live to be two hund'ed, I ain't neber goin' fergit 'bout dat John Brown hangin'."

THE END

The Chevalier

Pop Sordie Comes to Liberty's Pages Again in a Tender Tale of Youth and Happiness and Heartbreak, and the Inscrutable Ways of that Strange Thing Called Love



"DO YOU MEAN A TRIP TO SOME PARTICULAR PLACE, OR TO ANY PLACE?"

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

POP SORDIE halted with some abruptness and raised his head as the girl's voice came over the hedge. He and his little white poodle, Helen of Troy, had advanced in their aimless stroll to the very edge of the park where the maze of trees and shrubs was separated from adjacent imposing homes only by a high hedge.

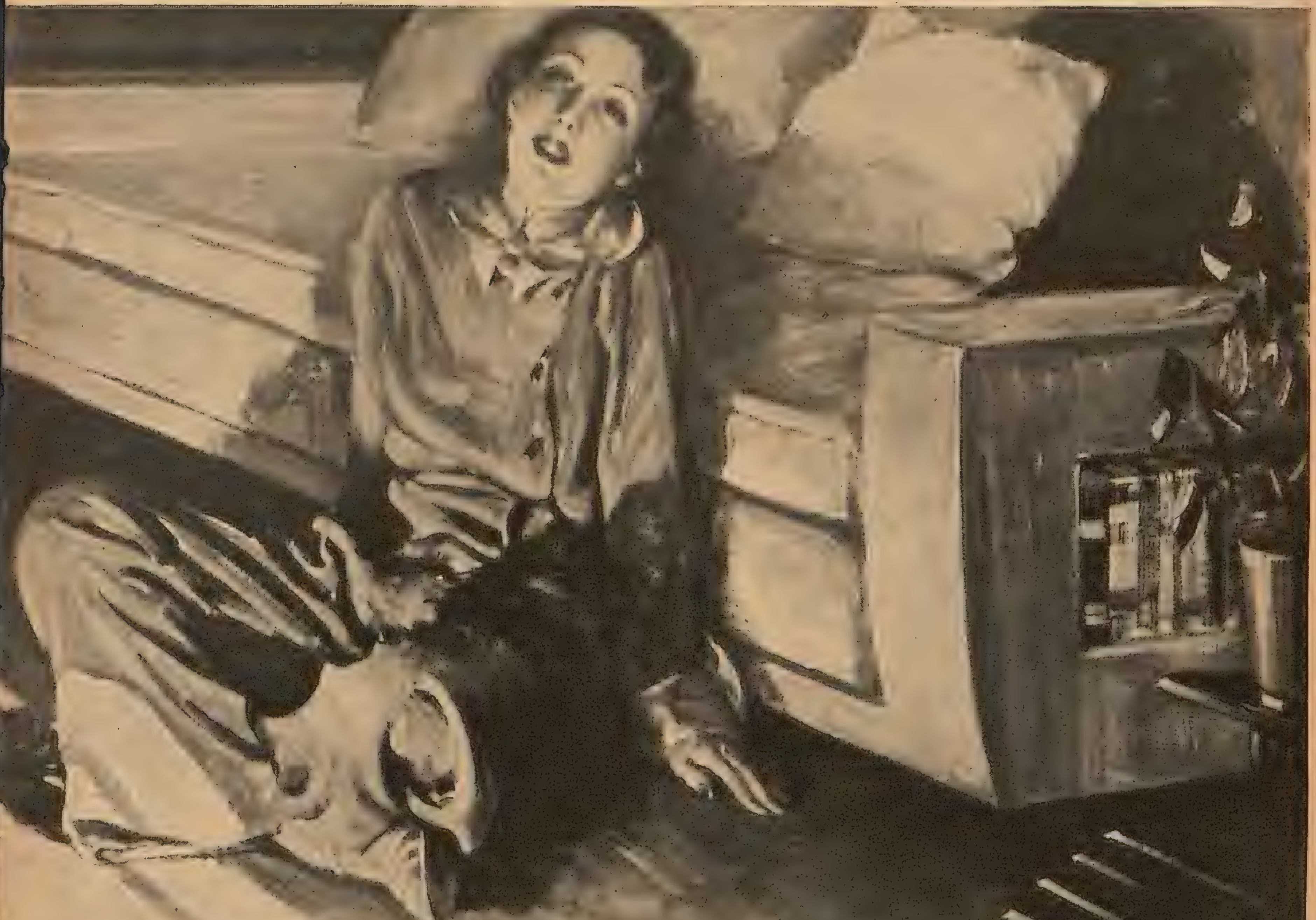
Across it Pop could see the rearing bulk of a big brick house half hidden by lofty shade trees. Evidently the girl whose voice had halted Pop so abruptly was just on the other side of the hedge.

Pop listened deliberately. The girl's voice came again, strung high with pain and anger:

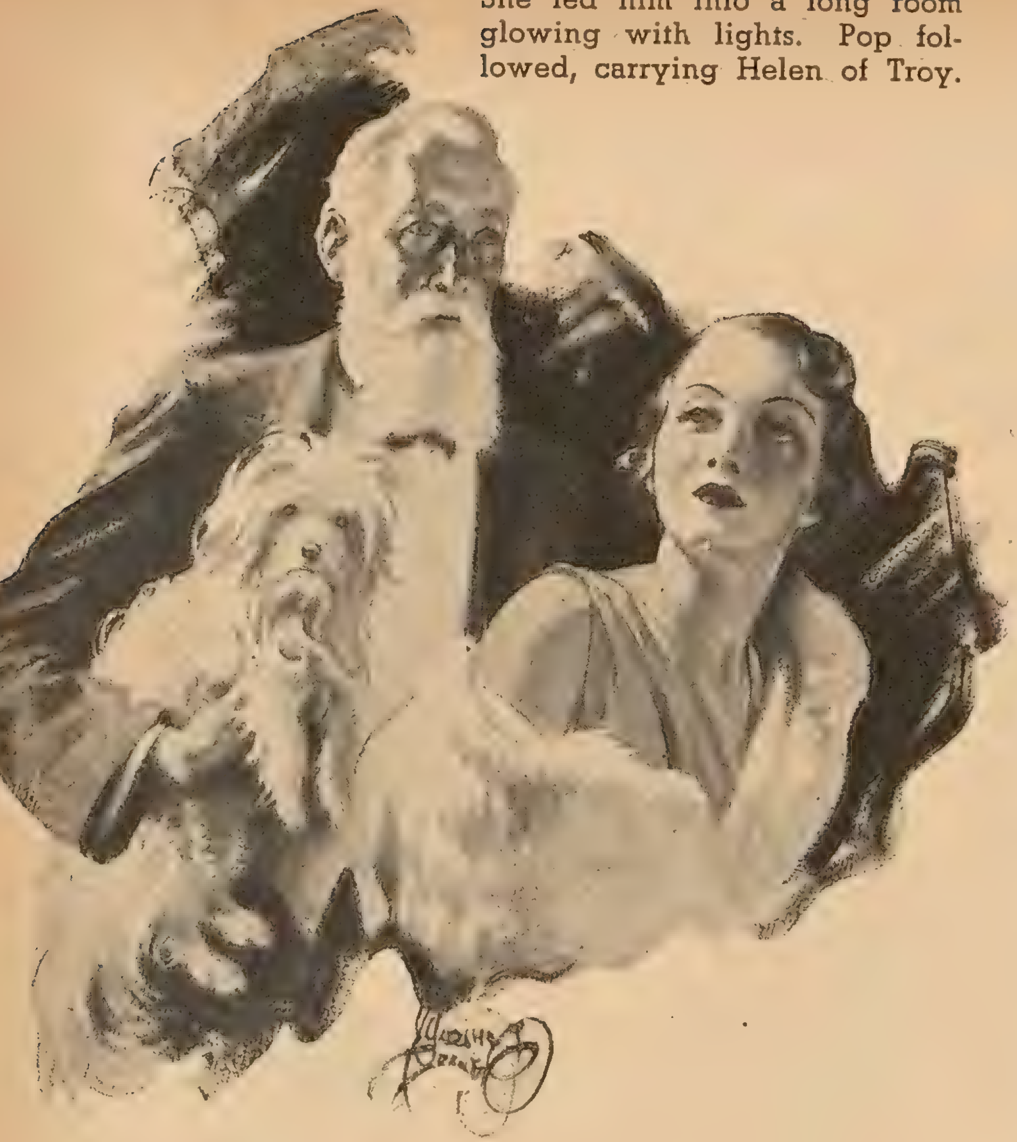
"It isn't right for you to hurt me like that, Dean! And I can't help *being* hurt by it. Something warns me. Bitterness will come between you and me if you persist in that precious friendship of yours. You're marrying *me*, Dean! You have no right to be running around continually with Patricia Sullivan—"

"Cassie! Listen!" A man's voice, tensed with distress, cut short the girl's protest. "You're wrought up and very unreasonable. Pat Sullivan and I have been friends for seven years—for years before I ever knew you, Cassie. It's a rare friendship. Listen, darling, please! You *can't* ask me seriously never to see Pat again."

by JOHN CASTLE HUNT



"BOTH," SAID POP SOFTLY. "I MEAN A TRIP TO HELL AND BACK AGAIN."



She led him into a long room glowing with lights. Pop followed, carrying Helen of Troy.

"I don't ask it, Dean!" The girl's voice hardened, its anger dominant. "I demand it! Everybody knows what Pat Sullivan is: a divorcee whose morals are none too strict, a motion-picture actress whose consideration of other people is just about nil, a film beauty who expects the world to sit at her feet and worship. Any one can see by the way she looks at you that she's in love with you. But she's not going to get you away from me; or, if she is, I want to know it right now! You'll promise me not to see Patricia Sullivan again or you need never come here again. You may take your choice."

For a moment there was silence on the other side of the hedge, a kind of startled and appalled silence. Then the man's voice replied, sharpened with a tinge of righteous indignation, "Cassie dear, you're being very silly. The idea that Pat could be in love with me is—"

"She *is* in love with you! She knows just how beautiful she is, her with her black hair and green eyes, her everlasting royal-blue velvets. She's trying to win you back from me, and you're doing everything you can to—"

"CASSIE! Stop it! Pat isn't trying to do anything, least of all 'win me back.' She never had me. I asked you to marry me because you are the only girl I ever loved. But I am *not* going to promise never to see Pat again. I wouldn't hurt her like that. I'm going, right now; before we get into a quarrel. Get yourself in hand, darling. I'll see you tomorrow."

"You needn't come tomorrow! You needn't come again, ever, till you are ready to give me the promise I demand!"

The man did not answer. The sound of swift steps sounded on the other side of the hedge, approaching down a flagged walk. An iron gate grated slightly, a few feet from Pop Sordie, and swung open. Pop had not noticed the gate in the hedge, evidently designed to give immediate access from the grounds into the park. The young man burst precipitately through, too entirely intent on his own distress to notice the tall old man with white hair and beard standing among the trees. In the fleeting instant of the young man's passing, Pop's sharp eyes scrutinized him.

From across the hedge there came the sound of a strangled sob.

Pop straightened, looked down at the small poodle, turned a speculative gaze on the iron gate, and sighed.

"Another case calling for our attention," he whispered. "Come, Helen."

He walked to the gate, swung it open, stepped through the opening in the hedge, and closed the gate again carefully. But he could not prevent that slight grating sound.

The girl heard it, and whirled.

"Oh!" She dashed the tears from her eyes and tried to command her voice. "I—I thought— Pardon me. You've made a mistake, haven't you? These are private grounds."

Pop advanced till he stood before her. Her face was finely formed. Her hair was a bright shining red, and her skin had a clear white beauty.

Pop smiled and shook his head. "I am well aware that these are private grounds. I was walking along the path in the park, and I heard angry voices over the hedge. And I am so old, and love is so young and so necessary to this perverse world that I can't bear to see it go astray. Tell me, could you trust an old man like me to strive to befriend you in your dilemma?"

THE girl smiled through her tears. "But there isn't anything you can do—you or anybody else. Aren't you being a little bit presumptuous?"

"Perhaps." Pop frowned, studying her face. "And I'm right on the verge of being downright inquisitive. Is this Patricia Sullivan the very beautiful person of the motion pictures?"

The girl's mouth compressed into an angry line. "She is. But I fail to see what possible interest you—"

"You may be right." Pop shrugged slightly and bowed low. "Will you forgive my intrusion? I trust that all may work out well for you."

He turned on his heel and walked out the iron gate without a backward glance toward the girl's erect resentful figure.

A famous film actress may not be the easiest person in the world to see, but Pop had money, and Pop had a way with him, and Pop knew his way about. In less than two hours he was seated in a richly appointed drawing room waiting for Patricia Sullivan, with Helen of Troy half asleep at his feet.

When Patricia entered the room, briskly efficient and openly curious, he rose to his height of six feet three and stood erect, his brown eyes studying her as frankly as she was studying him. Her black hair framed adequately the dark face that was familiar to millions of motion-picture enthusiasts. Her dark-green eyes were brilliant and direct. She wore royal-blue velvet pajamas, as long and full-skirted in the leg as a gown, with a wide gold collar and two huge gold buttons at the throat. She extended a cordial and exquisitely manicured hand.

"Mr. Sordie? You're a stranger, but any one should be glad to see you. What can I possibly do for you?"

Pop took the extended hand in both his own. "Every one calls me Pop, Miss Sullivan. I'm glad you're glad to see me. Allow me to talk to you for a little while, if you will."

"But of course!" She gestured toward a chair.

Pop sank into it, and Helen of Troy opened one eye sleepily to watch proceedings. Patricia dropped to one knee and laid a hand on the dog's head.

"What a peach of a dog. What's her name?"

"Helen of Troy, platinum blonde."

Patricia chuckled. "Clever! But—we surely weren't going to talk about Helen of Troy." She stood up. "You stated that you did not want to see me on any ordinary errand."

"You know a young man named Dean, don't you?" Pop's gaze held steadily on her dark face.

Patricia stood utterly still for an instant, then walked deliberately to a small carved smoking stand, took a cigarette from a bronze box on the stand, offered one to Pop, and lighted both cigarettes before she answered. Her voice was controlled and level.

"Yes, surely. The only Dean I do know. Dean Craig. What's back of this, Pop? Cassandra Jennison? Are you a friend of Cassie?"

"No, Patricia, only in so far as I am a friend to all youth. I am only passing through Los Angeles. But—I went for a walk in one of your parks, and—" He told her what he had heard and what had passed between him and Cassandra Jennison. "I'm too old to be deceived easily, Patricia. They are a fine pair. Theirs is a fine love, too fine to be wrecked by jealousy. But I couldn't do any good by talking to her. So I came to you."

"Thanks." A flashing smile lighted the dark-green eyes. "Very strategic of you. But, you see—I happen to love Dean Craig myself. I've always loved him."

"I suspected that. But I suspected, too, that for that very reason you might not want to see him broken on the wheel. Does he know?"

"That I love him? Heavens, no! He has never even suspected it. No more than he has ever loved me. You are tacitly asking me to discard a friendship that is, from my standpoint, the only thing worth living for. But we won't indulge in any theatricals or heroics, Pop." She flicked the ashes from her cigarette into a little tray on the carved stand. "I have a good many things to think of, to work for—mainly my career. I can't allow anything to interfere with that—"

"Ambition?" interrupted Pop.

"AMBITION," Patricia agreed grimly. "And money. I want to make plenty of money and lay a lot of it aside to keep me when I'm old. Then I'm going to quit the show business, and travel. I've always wanted to travel, to give myself background, to educate myself thoroughly, so that I could be a better actress. But—I've never been anywhere or seen anything. The kind of pictures I do never take me off the lot."

Pop's frown had cleared. "Yes, I see. I know. Only, you're wrong. For the real background of the soul there's only one trip that an artist ever needs to make. And having made that, it doesn't matter much where he spends his days; if there is in him any of the stuff of which real artists are molded, all that remains for him to do is to observe and work."

Patricia returned his intent gaze with a wary glance. "Do you mean a trip to some particular place, or simply one trip to *any* place?"

"Both," said Pop softly. "I mean a trip to hell and back again."

Patricia's eyes widened, then narrowed and veiled. "I—see. Well, I've been there." She sat more erect and her face was expressionless. "I've run wild, been a fool, bruised others, and committed heedless wrongs. God help me—I'm still there."

THEY ALL TOOK A LAXATIVE
BUT THAT DID ONLY HALF THE JOB

HEADACHE HANGS ON
STOMACH STILL UPSET
STILL FEELS LISTLESS

To relieve these effects of Constipation

ACIDITY MUST ALSO BE CORRECTED

For constipation is nearly always accompanied by an acid condition throughout system... how Sal Hepatica corrects both.

FREQUENTLY the disagreeable effects of constipation hang on and on... long after your laxative has cleansed your intestinal tract of clogging wastes!

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Just take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Almost at once the alkaline reaction of this mineral salt laxative begins to correct the acid condition of your system... to restore your body's normal alkaline reserve.

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SAL HEPATICA

"Yes—yes." Pop sat gazing down at her with his shining eyes half closed. "I could see that. But when we've reached that place, and looked ourselves in the eye, and read ourselves without mercy or self-condonation—that's when we come back, you know. That's—pay day, Pat. We go alone, and we fight it out alone, and we come back alone."

"As I shall go on, always, alone!" A little flare of bitter protest heightened her tones. "I've always known that. Why, I wasn't trying to take him from her, Pop! I never had him. And I wouldn't take him now if I could!"

"My dear! My dear!" Pop leaned forward, caught her hands, raised her to her feet, and stood before her, smiling down into her pale expressionless face. "You'll do! I have watched that face of yours in a darkened picture house so many times. I thought I couldn't be mistaken. I shall leave it to you. But if there is any way in which I can help, call me. Call me anyway. I am at the Porolla Hotel."

Patricia smiled suddenly, and the mask of her dark face became vibrantly alive. "Run along, old darling. You'll hear from me. I'm coming back! And you've set my feet on the right trail. Who ever said that the chevaliers were all dead?"

Two days later Patricia Sullivan's cool, finely modulated voice greeted Pop over the wire:

"I'm keeping my word, Pop. May I call for you with my car?"

Pop sighed in relief. "Helen and I will be waiting here for you when you come."

She came within twenty minutes, and asked immediately whether or not he had yet eaten his dinner. At his negative answer she smiled cryptically.

"I'm glad to hear it. Because I'm taking you to dinner at the Egyptian Palace. Dean will be there, in case you should care to know." The dark-green eyes flashed a fathomless look upon him. "And Cassie—and my director. He's bringing Cassie. He knows her slightly, and Cassie thinks he's a very brilliant man. He is, at that. Cassie asked him to take her to get a good look at the motion-picture stars who always eat at the Palace. That simplified the whole problem. I went on from there."

When they arrived at the ostentatious eating place she led him into a long room glowing with shaded lights, a room that was merely one series of booths after another. Pop followed her, carrying Helen of Troy—he never went anywhere without Helen. Before the booth numbered 7 Patricia halted.

"WE go in here, into booth seven." He followed her in, and she closed the curtains to insure their utter privacy. "Sit down, Pop. Presently Mark Leonard and Cassie will arrive and go into booth nine. And still a little later, I shall have to leave you, to wait in booth eight for Dean."

She seated herself across the table from Pop, slipping back her white fur coat, revealing the low-cut royal-blue velvet gown that glowed like blue fire in the light. They talked for a few moments desultorily. Then she glanced at the tiny watch on her wrist, rose and stepped to the curtains, and stood there for a moment peering through them. Then she turned back to him with a smile.

"Mark and Cassie just arrived, Pop. I must leave you and go in to wait for Dean." She drew close to him and looked steadily into his face. "I never would have known if it hadn't been for you. Dean would never have told me. He's too loyal. It would have gone on—to wreckage for all three of us. But now—well, you judge. Wait here, Pop."

With a valiant set to her fur-and-velvet-clad shoulders, she was gone. Pop's hand rested motionless on Helen's fuzzy head. He was lost in his thoughts until the sound of Dean Craig's voice just in the next booth made him start.

"Pat!" Swift footsteps, almost too light to be heard, crossed the floor of that adjoining booth. "What's wrong? I was badly worried, getting such an urgent call from you. Any trouble, Pat?"

Patricia's voice answered, level, casual: "I had to talk to you, Dean. Sit down. And get settled, will you? I *had* to see you, alone."

Dean's voice came again, surprised, puzzled: "Pat! What *is* the matter? You aren't like yourself at all!"

"Am I not?" A rough throaty note of pain cut through the controlled tones, was gone. "Sorry, Dean. But—I've gone on about as long as I can without our coming to a definite understanding. Your wedding day is drawing near, Dean—and I'm growing desperate."

"Pat!" It was a sharp astounded cry. "Are you—are you out of your head?"

"I am not. I am simply at the end of my rope. I've loved you so long, Dean—so long. I have loved you—so long."

Pop Sordie, listening, sat rigidly erect. That was not acting! That shaken cry came from a heart on the rack. Craig's answer was half frightened.

"Pat! You're mad! Hush! Think what you're saying—"

"I *have* thought!" The pain-rough tones shook, and Pop Sordie winced deep within. He had passed that way once, long ago. His hand tensed on Helen's head as he listened. "I have thought, Dean. And the only way out that I can see is to talk the thing through, straight from the shoulder. I never knew how *much* I loved you till you were promised to another woman. And now—I think my soul is dying at thought of seeing you belong to somebody else. You love *me*, Dean. You know it. You can't marry Cassie Jennison."

SILENCE, taut and somehow awful, fell over the booth for a moment. Then Craig cleared his throat, and his voice came hard and terse: "I—oh, hell, Pat! Sorry's such a silly useless word, but it's all that I can say. I'm sorry. Sorry! I never dreamed that you—that there was anything like that. I'd do anything on earth to change it. But I can't, any more than you can, I guess. You're wrong. I don't love you. I never did. I never could. I love Cassie. If I lost Cassie I wouldn't care much whether I lived or not. But—she was right! Cassie was right!"

"Cassie—right?" The query was a thread of pain.

"She said that you—loved me, Pat. I wouldn't believe her. We quarreled over it. And after all, she was right. Pat—I wish to God you hadn't said this to me! Don't you realize what you've done? You've wrecked our gorgeous friendship forever. We *have* to stop seeing each other now. From tonight on!"

"I—I'm sorry, Dean. I'm—*sorry!*" The words ended in a choking sob.

"Pat, for heaven's sake, don't. I don't know what to say to you. I've always been proud of our friendship. I've always said that you and I were living proof that all the talk about an uninvolved friendship being impossible between a man and a woman was pure rot. And now you've wrecked it. I'd give anything I have if you could take back what you've just said."

"I don't want to take it back." The rough quivering tone of pain hardened to a sound that stung with bitterness. "I made a desperate play to win my way into your arms, and I lost. Well, I'll try to take it on the chin. But this uninvolved friendship idea *is* all rot, and you'd better learn it, Dean. You can't carry on continually a close friendship between yourself and another woman without the risk of something deeper growing into it. If you love Cassie like that, you'd better steer clear of friendships with other women. They're dangerous as hell!"

"I'm not likely to forget that, or ever to disbelieve it again! I—Pat, damn it, I *am* sorry! Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes—go! Go!" Just about all the pain one voice can encompass was in that cry. "*Go!* But oh—darling, darling! Remember me!"

Pop lifted little Helen of Troy and buried his face in her soft white hair, so lost in emotion that he did not know any one had entered the booth in which he sat, till he heard a quiet voice saying:

"Very well, Pop dear. It is done."

Pop lowered the little dog and got quickly to his feet. His gaze leaped to her face, the dark face that was little more than an expressionless mask.

"My dear, I—"

"You needn't," she cut in swiftly. "We have only a moment to wait, then we'll order our delayed dinner."

It seemed a long time that they waited before a heavy-shouldered serious-faced man stepped into the booth. Patricia smiled at him and nodded to Pop Sordie.

"Mr. Sordie, this is Mark Leonard, my director. He knew all about the entire show, Pop—and the reason for it. Well, Mark?"

Leonard stared at her, and lowered himself heavily into the chair at the head of the table. "She heard it all, of course. She tried to keep up a pretense of conversation with me for a moment, then gave it up. She—listened: scared at first, then furious, then damn near gloating in her triumph. When he left, she followed him. I followed her. She told him how she happened to be here with me, and what she'd overheard. He begged her pardon for having hurt her and promised never to see you again—if she needed any such promise. I'd say you were highly successful, Pat."

"Was I?" A brilliant smile lighted the dark mask, quite extinguishing the pain in the green eyes. "And have I proved my ability to play that much coveted role we've been arguing about for six weeks, Mark? Do I get it?"

LEONARD'S stare shifted to Pop Sordie, then drifted back to her proudly held black head. "Humph! If that was *acting*, Pat, I'm a red-eyed alligator! But—yes, you get the role."

"I should say," Pop put in suavely, "that Patricia has proved herself an accomplished actress of the highest degree."

Patricia's gaze swung to the old man across the table. "*Thank* you, Pop."

"For nothing, my dear." Pop shrugged the triviality of the service he had been able to render. "He would have seen it presently for himself. Mr. Leonard is too shrewd a man to be taken in for long, even by so fine a bit of acting as yours. Well, we came here to eat, after all. Shall I order cocktails, Patricia?"

"Several of them!" Patricia approved. "To celebrate—the return trip." Her eyes sparked. "And after dinner I'm going to drive you back to your hotel."

But Pop refused to let her. They stood on the sidewalk, taking leave of each other. "I should much prefer to walk," he told her. "To walk, with Helen, and to think. Good night, Mr. Leonard. Good-by, Patricia." For an instant green and brown eyes held, and Pop muttered under his breath—words that barely reached Patricia's ears:

"No, the chevaliers aren't all dead. I know one that wears royal-blue velvet."

THE END

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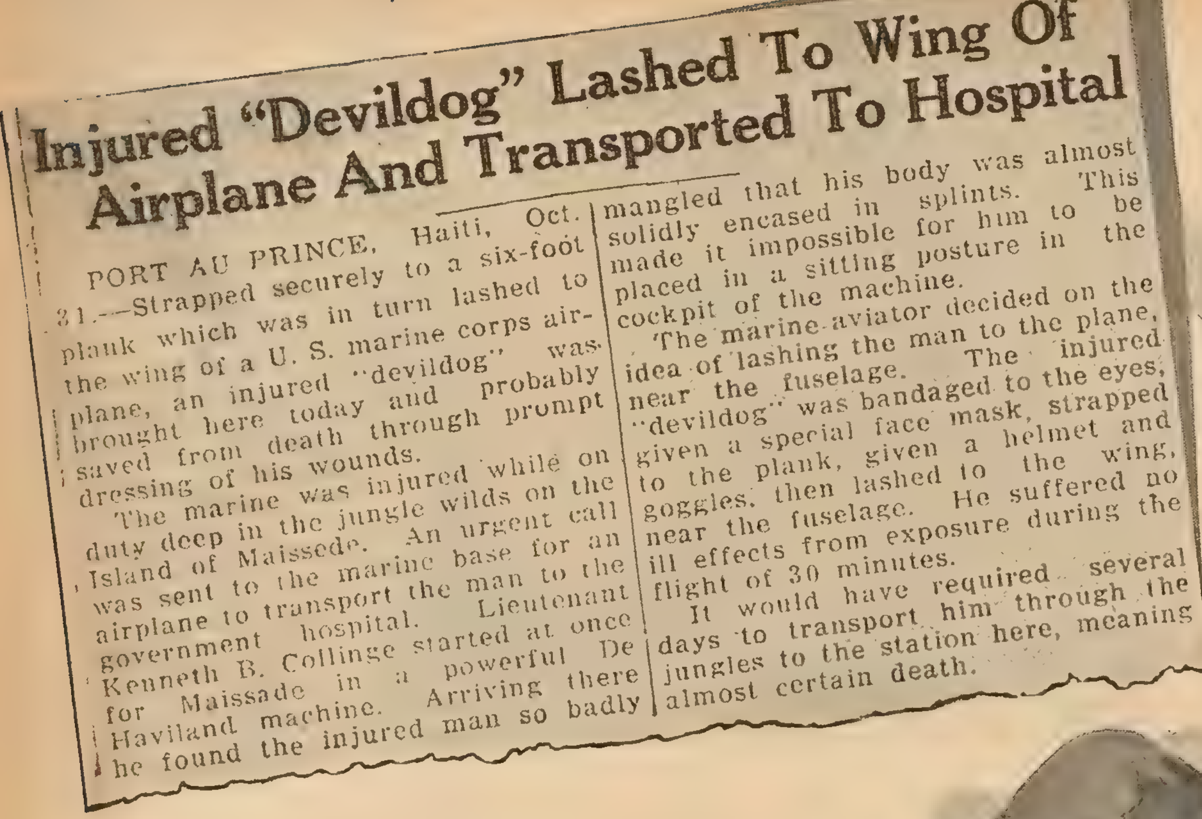


Injured "Devildog" Lashed To Wing Of Airplane And Transported To Hospital

PORT AU PRINCE, Haiti, Oct. 31.—Strapped securely to a six-foot plank which was in turn lashed to the wing of a U. S. marine corps airplane, an injured "devildog" was brought here today and probably saved from death through prompt dressing of his wounds.

The marine was injured while on duty deep in the jungle wilds on the Island of Maissede. An urgent call was sent to the marine base for an airplane to transport the man to the government hospital. Lieutenant Kenneth B. Collinge started at once for Maissade in a powerful De Haviland machine. Arriving there he found the injured man so badly mangled that his body was almost solidly encased in splints. This made it impossible for him to be placed in a sitting posture in the cockpit of the machine.

The marine aviator decided on the idea of lashing the man to the plane, near the fuselage. The injured "devildog" was bandaged to the eyes, given a special face mask, strapped to the plank, given a helmet and goggles, then lashed to the wing, near the fuselage. He suffered no ill effects from exposure during the flight of 30 minutes.

It would have required several days to transport him through the jungles to the station here, meaning almost certain death.

Continuing a Hair-Raising Fact Story of Adventure in the Sky—the Daredevil Exploits of a Seeker of Thrills Who Faced Death with a Laugh in Two Hemispheres

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

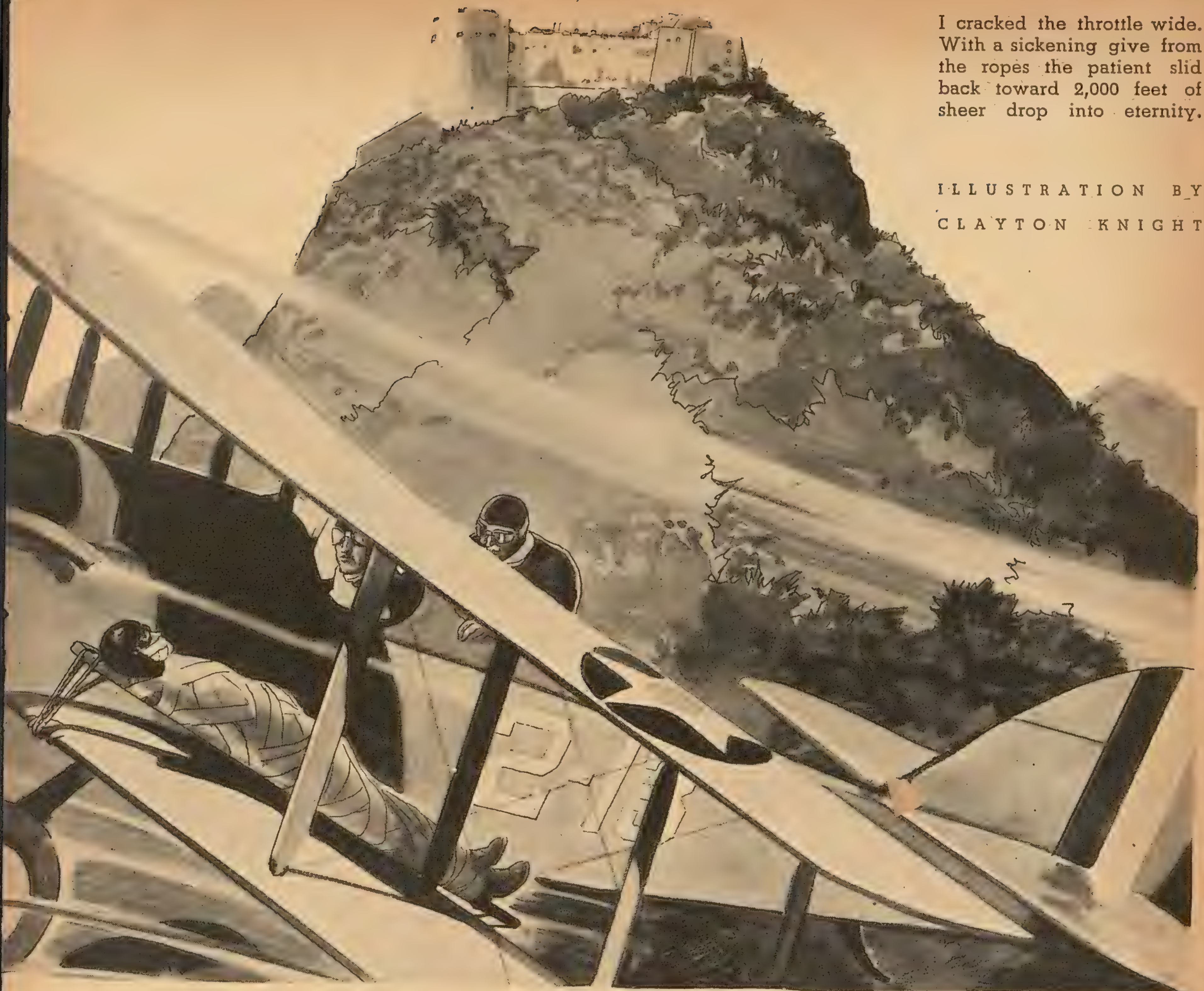
MR. COLLINGS took to the air in 1918. He was one of six would-be war birds who were picked at the Marine officers' school at Quantico and sent to the Naval Air Station at Miami to "fly or die" in jig time. Their ground schooling consisted of a few minutes of oral instructions; their flying hours were daylight to dark. Of the original six, only young Collings and two others came through to win their wings as naval aviators. In July they and their fellow pilots got to France—only to find that their planes had been sabotaged by enemy agents and must now be sent to England for rebuilding.

So these flying Marines were left "sitting in a Flanders beet field with nothing to do but worry about our pay hops." Gothas bombed them the first night, and later "Spanish influenza" hit them, taking a grim toll. At one time the author himself was supposedly dying of it. The great day when he was well and could "get into the show" finally came; the next day the armistice was signed. He voiced his disappointment to his major, who said soothingly, "Come with me. If you think being skinned alive will satisfy that craving of yours for action, we'll go to Haiti."

PART TWO—WINGS OVER HAITI

THE army had not wanted to let the flying Marines come to France, and now that the war was over they didn't want to let us leave. But we fooled them plenty. I sailed from St. Nazaire just *eleven days after the armistice was signed.* Within another twelve days every Marine aviator was out of France and on his way home.

Back in the States, we returned to Miami to demobilize. Most of the boys were leaving the service. Although the war was over, we decided to finish up the fly-



I cracked the throttle wide. With a sickening give from the ropes the patient slid back toward 2,000 feet of sheer drop into eternity.

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

for the hell of it

ing instruction of a few promising cadets. (And we would have missed one grand bet if we had let those boys go back into civil life; Frank Schilt—now a Congressional Medal of Honor man—" Sandy " Sanderson, " Hoke " Palmer, and Hayne Boyden were in that class.)

Now for some unknown reason we had a whole epidemic of flying fatalities. John Whiteside was killed at St. Petersburg; Ed Cain and Corporal Zele were killed; a cadet named Gendreau was killed.

Charley Needham spun into a canal only about twenty feet wide. He was flying from the front cockpit, and therefore farther under water than his passenger. But Charley fought his way out of the wreckage and escaped unhurt; his passenger was pinned under and drowned.

Finally the hangars were all down and shipped north to Quantico and Parris Island—our permanent east coast bases. Our flying field at Quantico turned out to be a sea of mud. We asked permission to do some cross-country flying. It almost took a special act of Congress, but I finally wangled permission to take Lieutenant Tex Hale to New York. I broke out a DH4, and then went looking for maps. There wasn't a map on the field. I phoned to Bolling Field in Washington. Some army pilot said, " Hell, you don't need a map to find New York. Just follow the railroad; you can't get lost."

All went fairly well on that formula until I got northeast of Philadelphia. Then I went badly astray over New Jersey, and finally turned back to the Delaware River. I saw a city below me and cut my motor.

" Tex," I roared, " what city is that? "

" Trenton," came his answer.

" You're crazy! Trenton's not on the Delaware."

" You damned fool! That's where Washington crossed it."

"Sec-Nav" Denby, having "climbed into the first thing he saw with wheels on it," puts his head out of the antique flivver.

The history books don't give Washington half enough credit when they call him the father of his country; as far as I am concerned, he is also the father of aerial navigation. By his help I found New York.

When at last I had my orders to Haiti some pilots were already there. I had been commanding a squadron at Quantico all this time, and couldn't get away. But now I turned over my duties and high-tailed for New York and caught a ship for Port-au-Prince.

The Marines had a seaplane base and a field cut out of the jungle north of the city. Just before my arrival Benoit, one of the more ferocious *caco* chiefs, raided Port-au-Prince. The big battle, in which he and his band were repulsed, had taken place on our flying field. Some of the *cacos* were still buried there.

Lieutenant Hal Major introduced me to routine living conditions in the Black Republic. Pistols were worn at all times; you slept with your .45 under your pillow and kept a rifle beside your bed—preferably two rifles.

Lieutenant McFayden, with Morris as an observer, was forced down in the jungle near Maissade. Mac took his pistol and went looking for help. He left Morris to guard the plane with the machine gun.

Morris got tired of waiting, and besides, the kid thought all this talk about the danger of the bandit country was exaggerated. Some natives came along and Morris asked them to guide him to the nearest town. He was careless enough to let some of them walk behind him.

The natives waited until they were positive that he really was lost, then skinned him alive, a half-inch strip at a time. It was Benoit's gang again.

The most powerful bandit chief in Haiti was Charlemagne Perault. The natives attributed occult powers to him. Captain Hannekin stole into his camp in the dead of night and filled him full of machine-gun bullets; then he fought his way out with the body—having his body was a very necessary part of the deed.

Hannekin got the Medal of Honor for that job—and the Marines put a twenty-four-hour-a-day guard on Charlemagne's grave. The natives believed implicitly that this chief would come back to life in another body, and they would have followed almost any one who claimed he was the reincarnation of Charlemagne Perault—if he could have shown them that Charlemagne's grave was empty.

Then Cy Perkins killed Benoit in a fight near Las Cahobas, and that left only Louis Nord and Louis's brother, and some lesser chieftains operating in small bands.

And now Colonel Jimmy Meade, commanding the Department of the North, called for airplanes. He had located the hiding place of Louis Nord on Mount Nappe. At daybreak, Hal Major and I high-tailed for Cap-Haitien, where we expected the colonel to be impatiently awaiting our arrival. The colonel was still in bed; he wanted to know what all the excitement was about.

It turned out to be a watchful-waiting game. Louis Nord had moved off of Mount Nappe and the colonel was waiting for him to locate on some other mountain. One night we got orders to meet Captain Hannekin out in the hills.

We climbed into a ramshackle old Ford and drove until midnight over terrible jungle trails. At Le Trou we switched to ponies and rode for two hours through the jungle in a driving rainstorm.

WE forded a flooding river. In the center of the torrent my pony fell and pitched me headlong. Half drowned and teeth chattering from a chill—I had picked up malaria, and the wetting brought on an attack—I met Hannekin in a little thatched-roof hut at the base of the mountains. The rain stopped, and before long the moon came out. By its uncertain light Hannekin pointed to the gap in the crest of twin-peaked Mount Salnave.

"Meet me there at daybreak," he said. "You hit 'em from the air; I'll hit 'em on the ground; we'll bag us some bandits. There isn't a 'good inhabitant' on the whole mountain, so riddle every hut with machine-gun bullets and pour them into the thickets besides." (The only trouble with the plan was that those bandits were going away from there at that very moment; by morning most of them had left.)

Hal and I retraced our route to Cap-Haitien. By the time we reached the field we were worn out, but dawn was already breaking. Hal's plane started like a charm, but mine refused. Before I could get mine to turning over, his motor was so hot we had to shut it off—where-

Comrades of the flying Marines. Left to right: Guy Hall, Pat Mulcahy, Hal Major, Kenneth Collings, and Arthur Page.

upon mine started immediately and his balked. Time was passing, so I finally took off alone. Hannekin was waiting impatiently in a clearing on the mountainside.

I started making figure eights around the twin peaks. I flew just off the ground and poured mixed tracer and ball cartridges into everything which looked like a bandit shelter. I could see the tracers cut through the roofs of huts and into banana patches but I couldn't see any bandits. (Some were still there, for I afterward found out that I killed four of them.)

About the fifth time I cut through the defile between the peaks, one bank of cylinders of my Liberty motor *quit cold.* I wasn't more than thirty feet off the ground. If I survived the crash, what those bandits would do to me for shooting up their houses!

I started to pancake into the trees. With a roar the missing cylinders kicked into action just as the jungle clawed at my landing gear. The noise of that motor was the grandest sound I ever heard.

Hannekin got a few bandits on the ground. This was in 1920, and—I am told—the first time in all their long history of bandit fighting that the Marines used a concerted air-and-land attack.

ALTHOUGH some of the best rum in the world is made in Haiti, the boys on duty in the interior couldn't get a decent drink. Guy Hall—since killed at Pensacola—and I were alternating in flying the mail run. Guy invented a system for the benefit of the boys at Hinche, the largest camp in the interior. When he dropped off the mail, one of the sacks was always addressed to Lieutenant Jordan instead of to the mail clerk. Jordan always took personal charge of this, and good reason: it contained a two-gallon keg of Port-au-Prince rum.

On the return flight from the cape, Guy would again pick up the mail-bags. And again one of them contained a keg—this time empty. The "Rum Express to the Hills" went along merrily for a year or more, and no one the wiser. And then one day on his return flight to the port, Guy had the assistant adjutant from Brigade Headquarters as a passenger.

By the time they landed in the port, Guy had forgotten about the rum keg. So much so that when the assistant adjutant offered to take the pouches direct to headquarters, Guy said, "Fine; much obliged."

A few minutes later Guy remembered, and almost had heart failure. He commandeered my Ford and told me to drive like hell. We careened into the court in front of headquarters just as the assistant adjutant was mounting the steps—the mail-bags slung over his arm.

Guy tumbled out and yelled at him to stop; he raced up the steps and felt all the pouches.

"Sorry," he said. "My mistake. This bag goes to the flying field."

"All mail," said the assistant ad-

SKIN TROUBLES
that had Defied Treatment
—*completely cleared up when treated this way*

Pimples (ACNE) and boils entirely disappeared as cause was removed

In a noted U. S. Skin Clinic, patients got these results:—

IN a leading American private clinic and two American hospitals, the new Fleischmann's Yeast gave improvement in 77%, 83% and 89%, respectively, of skin cases ("improvement" being defined as "a satisfactory clearing up of the skin lesion"). Typical cases from one hospital's records are:—

CASE OF L. T. WOMAN. AGE 27

Patient had very bad acne vulgaris. Was nervous, shy, shunned company. *Evacuations irregular.* This case surprised me (skin specialist's comment).

Her improvement under treatment with the new Fleischmann's Yeast was little short of miraculous. Her skin trouble is practically gone. Her nervous condition greatly improved . . . also her general health.

CASE OF W. D. YOUTH. AGE 18

Had a very bad case of pimples for one year. *Complexion sallow. Complained of stomach disturbances, belching, gas and uneasiness after meals . . .*

After treatment, his bowels moved more often and easily. He no longer complained of indigestion. His skin condition improved.

CASE OF H. T. GIRL. AGE 17

Suffered from skin disorder which made her irritable and sensitive. Constipated. The yeast made her bowels regular and markedly improved her skin.

Famous dermatologists found it astonishingly effective.

"Best corrective for most skin troubles," says Dr. Hufnagel.

"I used the new fresh yeast in three clinics with very successful results," writes Dr. Léon Hufnagel of Rothschild Foundation, Paris.

New food supplies "Protective Substances" not abundant enough in your diet. That's why it corrects an important cause of skin ills!

DISTRESSING skin troubles overcome—and general health greatly improved—simply by adding *one food* to the diet—

American hospitals are reporting this result in hundreds of their cases!

The commonest *cause* of common skin troubles, such as pimples and boils, is constipation. Constipation, it has now been found, can be *completely corrected* by supplying certain "protective substances" in the diet.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances. One food supplies them in abundance . . . the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

This new Fleischmann's Yeast builds up a more *active* condition of your intestinal tract, increases the flow of stomach juices, and strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles.

As a result, your digestive tract works better. Bowels become "regular." Your skin clears up amazingly.

Eat Fleischmann's new fresh Yeast *regularly*—don't stop after a few days. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Start today!

HOW YOU SHOULD EAT IT

Eat 3 cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Many eat 4, 5 or even 6 cakes a day.

Eat it one-half hour before meals—on an empty stomach—plain—or dissolved in water, milk, or fruit juice. Cut down on cathartics (if you're taking them) *gradually*—not all at once.

Supplies Vitamins
A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily —before meals

THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST can give complete bowel regularity . . help clear your skin and *keep* it clear. It's a food, you know—not a medicine.

To make sure of the cause of your skin trouble—see a doctor.

NRA CODE

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FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES

DEAN SMITH, Pioneer Air Mail Pilot

A stormy night over the Rockies. Suddenly a towering peak! A side slip saved him—but what a close shave!
"I dodge close shaves, except when they're the pleasant, easy kind you get with Colgate's small bubble lather!"
DEAN SMITH

Now, for a Change, Enjoy a Close Shave

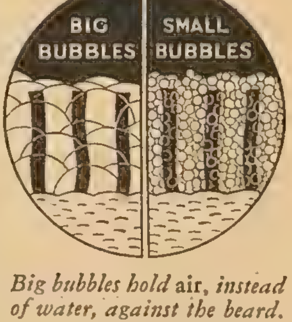
Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream puts an end to razor pull and burn.

THE closer you shave, the longer your shave lasts, naturally! And now you *can* shave close—without suffering from razor pull or burn!

Most shaving creams make lathers with big bubbles, full of air. Blades pull—because whiskers are only half-wilted. Close shaves like that are no fun!

But Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream makes a unique lather of tiny bubbles, fairly dripping with moisture. They get clear down to the base of your beard. Strip off the oily coat that makes whiskers tough—soak every bristle *right at the skin-line,* where your razor works!

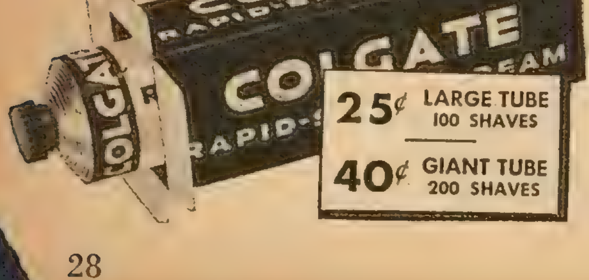
No smart—no burn—not a sign of after-irritation! And your shaves last hours longer.



Big bubbles hold air, instead of water, against the beard. Small bubbles, full of moisture, soak each whisker soft, clear down to the base.

The diagrams show why small bubbles soften beards better. Get a tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream and try small bubble lather tomorrow.

Look for the big blue package



25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

jutant very pompously, "goes to Brigade Headquarters." By the time he was finished no one was listening; we were gone.

Santo Domingo is on the other half of the same island with Haiti, and for a long time we had been trying to get permission to cross the frontier and take a look-see. The answer was "No." There was an admiral running Santo Domingo and the two administrations seemed to wish as little to do with one another as possible.

And then Captain—now Major—Joe Ed Davis arrived in Port-au-Prince with *orders from Washington* that he was to be flown across. I got the job of taking him. In Santo Domingo City I reported to the admiral, and that gentleman had a fit. Why in hell had I crossed the sacred Dominican frontier without his permission? The admiral was very evidently in a bad humor, and later I found out why.

It was all on account of his wife—and the native Guardia Band. His wife had recently returned from the States. It was arranged that she would get a royal reception. When the ship anchored off the city, the Guardia Band was drawn up at the dock to serenade her.

The tender chugged up to the wharf. With great ceremony the admiral's wife was handed up the gangway. The bandmaster tapped his baton; the band burst forth with The Old Gray Mare She Ain't What She Used to Be.

The crowd gasped; then it howled with glee. The bandmaster bowed. He was a Dominican; he didn't realize what he had done. All he saw was that the crowd was pleased; he had picked his number well; he played it again.

What the admiral's wife said to the admiral isn't on record, but I got there just in time for the admiral to take out some of his bad humor on me. He finished his remarks by saying, "Go home immediately. Go home—do you understand me? Go home!"

I GATHERED that I had to start for home or it would be my neck. But I also had to wait for Joe Ed, and that was that. I decided to try and please everybody.

I said good-by all around, climbed in, and warmed up my motor. "Doesn't sound just right," I said, louder than necessary. "But then, I *guess* I can make it home."

I took off. The way that motor was clicking, I could have made it to Borneo. Just when I would have given my shirt to have it develop trouble, it ran like a million bucks. At the far end of the field—thirty feet off the ground—I opened my high-altitude carburetor adjustment. That should have gummed the works, but the motor ran smoother than ever. In desperation I retarded the spark. That worked, and how! Black smoke belched from the exhaust stacks; the engine spit and kicked. I headed back for the field; limped on to the ground—and was ordered to stay right there.

That night at the Cristobal Colon Hotel a little civilian named Elliot got pretty tight and decided that a certain famous and ribald song would be appropriate. He sang it until we told him to shut up; we were tired of listening. In a huff, Elliot disappeared.

In a few minutes there was a terrible commotion across the street in front of the cathedral. The police were dragging Elliot off to the brig. It took us two hours of diplomatic arguing to get him out of jail.

"The Señor Americano," said the police, "was singing at the top of his voice in front of the tomb of the great Columbus, discoverer of our country."

It was lucky for Elliot that those cops didn't understand English. He is probably the only man in the world who ever sang "Christopher Columbo; he knew the world was round-o," with Columbus himself for an audience.

SERGEANT—and pilot—Dunn flew a DH to Maissade. About an hour and a half later we got a radio in the port requesting a new propeller for Dunn's ship; also asking that the pilot bringing out the prop be prepared to take a man to the hospital. I got the job.

Transporting patients to the hospitals by air was a routine proposition. But when I reached Maissade, I found something new. This chap had been caught in Dunn's propeller and was pretty well mangled. His leg was almost severed, and the doctor said he must be kept rigid—in splints—from head to foot.

And that was impossible in a DH. The fuselages just weren't built that way; there were too many cross braces and one thing and another. But I couldn't leave the lad there to die, so I decided on the wild expedient of strapping him on a wing.

I found a mahogany plank, and got an old tent fly and tore it into strips. I wrapped our patient with the strips from head to foot, just like an Egyptian mummy, and then lashed him to the plank with padded ropes.

Next, I tied the whole contraption—plank and man—to the left wing, close alongside the fuselage. When I looked at that unwieldy bundle, and then at the length of the Maissade field, I almost got cold feet. The field was short and curving, with high trees at the end—*a bad field at the best.* Besides which, the patient might fall off that wing despite the best of lashing.

I put the doctor (his name was Ray Storch) in the rear cockpit—which made a double load—and taxied to the far end of the field.

Half a dozen Marines held each wing tip until I had the motor wide open and my tail up in flying position. I held up my hand as a signal; the Marines let go; we staggered along in a curving take-off and hurdled the trees at the far end. So far, so good; we were in the air and headed for the hospital at Cap-Haitien.

There was a range of mountains in between and I cracked the throttle wide to gain altitude enough to clear them. Then I think my heart stopped. The propeller blast was too much for that human bundle on the wing!

With a sickening give from the ropes, the helpless patient slid back toward the trailing edge of the wing—and two thousand feet of sheer drop into eternity.

On the instant I cut the gun. The man tied to the wing hesitated in his slide—the ropes held again in the lessened propeller blast. But now I was losing altitude fast, and I should have been gaining it.

Gingerly I eased on a little power and pulled the nose higher. I found that up to a certain point the ropes would hold; beyond that they gave. And the amount of power which I could use and not lose my patient overboard was not enough to get over the hump.

I had flown that course a hundred times; I knew every foot of it; and now I started flying through the defiles in the mountains. This was still bandit country. A forced landing would have been just too bad.

The Citadel of old Christophe slid by atop its three-thousand-foot mountain. That was the only time I ever had to look *above* me to see the Citadel.

A few minutes later we landed. We unwrapped our patient's face; it was green as grass. However, he finally recovered, but he lost a leg.

BIG news! The Sec-Nav—Secretary of the Navy—was coming to Haiti to inspect us. We flew out along the coast with a formation of five DHs and met his destroyer. Then we escorted him back to Port-au-Prince.

Everything was arranged for him to ride in state through the streets and attend a reception at the President's palace. All the gendarmes along the line of march were primed to spring to attention and present arms when the brigade commander's big car drove past.

But the Sec-Nav—Edwin Denby—was a free-and-easy likable man. Despite the protests of half a dozen aides, he walked up the gangway and climbed into the first thing that he saw with wheels on it. That happened to be an old flivver of the vintage of about 1905.

In this rattling contraption the Sec-Nav galloped off the dock and to the palace. He passed through the streets completely unnoticed, while behind him thousands of gendarmes rendered full military honors to two suitcases and a trunk riding in state.

The flying formation to meet him had been so unwieldy that Guy Hall and I started experimenting. During and since the war, formation flying had consisted simply of a number of airplanes flying as close to each other as they could get and not interfere. All the planes banked individually, and turns were awkward.

We took two DHs up above Port-au-Prince, and before we landed we had invented "formation banking." Or at least we *think* we invented it. At any rate, it was original with us at

Do you "fire up" all day? Why worry!

Your mouth will keep cool as a cucumber

. . . if you keep to Spuds

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CORK TIPS
15c
FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

CORK TIPS
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They have a way all their own of taming the firebug in smoke . . . and releasing tobacco's unspoiled fragrance.

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EVERYWHERE folks are making Hires Root Beer—the great money saver.

Think of it! One little bottle of Hires Extract makes 40 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer—all you add is water, sugar, yeast.

And how economical! 8 glasses for 5c. Think what you save!

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FREE—a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 4 quarts of Hires Root Beer—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3¢ to cover postage and handling.

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Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing L-5-11

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The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

the time and place—Port-au-Prince in 1921—and the system is now in universal use in every army and navy in the world.

A submarine chaser split a cylinder off the southern peninsula of Haiti, near the town of Aux Cayes. Its commander radioed to the port and asked that another cylinder be sent him by air. And that job was also handed to me. Aside from the fact that we no longer had any seaplanes in Haiti, and that there was no landing field within fifty miles of Aux Cayes, it was simple. I finally worked out a plan I thought would work:

With the four-hour gas supply in the DHs, I could fly to Aux Cayes and then return as far as Jacmel. There I planned to land and re-gas. There was only one way to deliver the new cylinder, and that was to drop it from the air. The question was, how?—without breaking it. The only possible way was to drop it in the water.

I consulted a chart of the coast and found that the water would not be more than twenty to thirty feet deep. I wrapped the cylinder in a lot of padding and boxed it in an old packing case. Next, I attached forty feet of light steel cable to the box, and to the other end of the wire I secured an empty five-gallon gas can.

The idea behind all that contraption was really simple: the cylinder would sink in the water somewhere near the subchaser, and the watertight can would act as a buoy and mark the spot. Then, using the cable, the crew could pull up their cylinder.

I took off. About two hours and a half later I spotted the disabled subchaser. I had written a note explaining the plan, and I now flew low across his deck and dropped this note attached to a block of wood.

My observer was an old-time sergeant, Guy B. Smith. He was a small man, and when he stood up in the rear cockpit and picked up the two bulky bundles which must be dropped simultaneously I realized my error. The cylinder weighed ninety-five pounds and the can weighed nothing. The cylinder wanted to drop, and the can tried to kite out above Smith's head in the propeller blast. I throttled the motor and he fought to keep them under control.

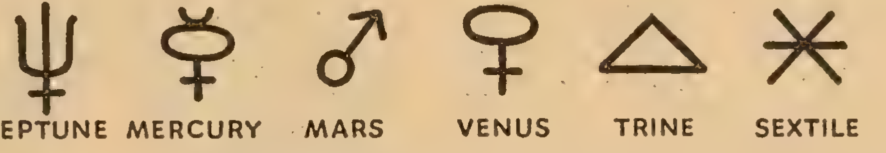
He heaved them out. Just as they left his hands the can kited straight up and back; the cylinder dropped like a plummet, stretching the wire cable right across the tail of the plane. My heart skipped a beat; *it would cut off that tail like so much cheese.*

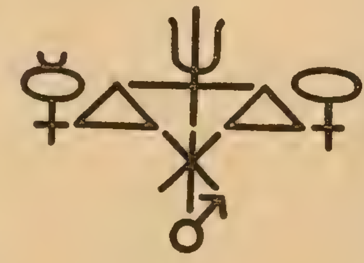
I banked over hard and kicked the rudder violently to swing the tail out of the way. Something twanged like the string of a violin; the wire flicked across the entering edge of the stabilizer, well out toward the end. For a horrible instant it clung, then it slipped down off the now vertical tail surfaces—for by this time I was in a vertical bank—almost nose down—maybe forty feet off the water—and going like the hammers of hell!

And yet Mr. Collings lives to tell of it—and the subchaser got her cylinder! How come? Next week's, the concluding installment, will explain, and will spread a feast of thrilling adventures in barnstorming with Clarence Chamberlin and flying an air liner from Miami to Honduras.

YOUR NAME IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS

by HELENE PAUL





Astrograph of Alfred E. Smith

OF all the astrological signatures I have designed, and they must run into the thousands by now, not one has been more interesting than the combination of aspects indicating the rise to the heights of that happy warrior Alfred E. Smith.

The ex-Governor has Neptune, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, the warlike planet, all trine and sextile to each other! His signature might be taken for some kind of die used in printing figures on silks or cottons, it is so well balanced.

Neptune favorably aspected by Mercury and Venus indicate fully his constant desire to throw his efforts on the side of the workers—his democratic viewpoint and his remarkable intuition in handling important affairs of state.

The sobriquet "Happy Warrior" fits Mr. Smith perfectly. That planet Mars, associated with fighting, doesn't always mean disagreement. In this particular instance, Alfred E. Smith didn't arrive at his present position of world fame on flowery beds of ease. Boy and man he has fought for his footing, and having secured it, climbed still higher. He will always fight for what he believes to be a just cause. In fact, he enjoys this kind of fight quite as much as he loves the victory. He can thank his Mars for being on deck when he came into the world, for having everything needful for a place in the sun. Mars gave him the desire and the fortitude to get there!

William Gargan and Karen Morley in a scene from the stark picture, Black Fury.

POWER, PERSONALITY, PACE

A Stark Coal-Mine Drama, an Arliss-ized Richelieu, and a Swift Play of Laughter and Murder

Reviewed by

BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars—Extraordinary **3 stars—Excellent**
2 stars—Good **1 star—Poor**
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ BLACK FURY

THE PLAYERS: Paul Muni, Karen Morley, William Gargan, Barton MacLane, John Qualen, J. Carrol Naish, Vince Barnett, Tully Marshall, Henry O'Neill, Sarah Haden, Purnell Pratt, and others. Directed by Michael Curtiz. From the story by Judge M. A. Musmanno.

IN making Black Fury, Warner Bros. have shown a great deal of courage. Yet something more than mere courage has gone into the fashioning of this superb film. For this sharp, penetrating, and highly exciting study of hunky coal miners and their struggle for better conditions emerges not only as a ruthlessly honest document which no one who has the slightest social consciousness can ignore, but also as a brutal, ugly, and thoroughly compelling picture.

Black Fury is concerned primarily with strikebreakers — racketeering organizations that stir up trouble in the mines to bring on a strike and then supply "scab" help to keep the mines working and private policemen to see that the ousted miners do not interfere. Actually, these organizations do not try to break strikes but to keep them going; for as long as trouble continues the racketeers can keep their men employed.

Paul Muni, giving the surest performance since his picture debut, is seen as a likable simple miner, a stupid but popular fellow used as a dupe by the strikebreakers when he gets drunk and breaks up a union meeting. Flattered into believing that he can become a big shot, and out for revenge because his girl, Karen Morley, has jilted him, Muni brings on the industrial war.

It is then that the strikebreakers take over the community, bringing starvation, violence, and riots with them. Too late Muni realizes that he has betrayed the very people he meant to help. And the harrowing climax, which has the disillusioned hunky staging a one-man strike against the strikebreakers, grows so exciting that it is hardly bearable.

Michael Curtiz has directed Black Fury with real understanding of its people, and, aided by ideal photography, sound dialogue, and brilliant performances from the whole cast, the picture is certain to be included in the best of the year.

VITAL STATISTICS: Entire mine and complete indoor coal town were built on Warner Bros.' Burbank lot. Coal town incased within stage 135 by 280 feet. Picture cost around $800,000, of which Paul Muni (Weisenfreund) knocked off about $50,000. . . . Serious academic Paul Muni has story-approval and story-veto power specified in his contract. Born into the Yiddish Theater, played old man in long beards at thirteen and fourteen. Once, while roller-skating in theater back alley, forgot his cue and, unable to remove skates, skated on to stage, beard flowing in the wind, while his daughter in the play cried: "Father, I am ruined!" Is married to Bertha Finkle. Has no children. Lives his parts off and on stage during production, practically sleeping in a mine shaft for this one to get the Davy-lamp feel. Disdaining a wig, dyed his hair to get proper called-for red-brown shade. . . . All houses on coal-town set built in "wild" fashion—permitting removal of walls to get interior shots. Buildings had to be aged and grimed. A week was spent in giving town character: with barrel hoops left around, chalk marks put on walls, torn kites hung on phone poles, auto tires left strewn about, weeds planted, etc. . . . Clothes had to be dirtied for cast—all being laundered in coal dust with huge blast bellows. Since director Michael Curtiz is a stickler for such realism, Muni delighted in putting a grimy arm around the clean Curtiz neck every morning. . . . Muni had to learn new slang for picture: coal is called mineron; gob is the coal muck on the mine floor; picks and shovels are mucker sticks; chow chow is the meal hour; a mule skinner doesn't skin but drive them; a stiff is a novice miner; coal carts are boagies; skillets, mining caps; and money remains scarce. . . . Karen Morley is really Mildred Linton of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Mrs. Charles Vidor in private life. Owes her success, along with George Raft's and Ann Dvorak's, to appearance with Muni in Scarface. Refused to remove wedding ring during filming. It had to be taped over. . . . Barton MacLane once made a 100-yard touchdown run on a college football field. . . . Effie Ellsler and Tully Marshall met in picture for first time since 1881, when they played in the Madison Square Theater, New York.

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Users Think of J.B.L. Cascade

Feels Like a Different Woman: I received my J.B.L. on Oct. 8th of this year, and started using it that night. I felt better the next day.

But today I feel like a different woman—no more dizzy spells—no more headaches and no pain down the back of my head and neck. I have also lost those ugly black circles I have had under my eyes for years.

When I ordered my J.B.L. I weighed 103 lbs. Today I weigh 118 lbs. and gaining rapidly.

I have a good appetite now and enjoy what I eat and I give J.B.L. all the credit.

Believe me I will gladly tell everyone I know who are suffering from toxic poisoning about the J.B.L.

You may use my letter if you wish.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Mabel Simonson,
(Dec. 14, 1934),
Grace, Idaho.

●

Worth Ten Times Its Price: I have bought and used many of your Cascades. Have used it for many years and would not think of being without one for ten times the price.

Thos. P. Ryan (Jan. 14, 1934)
520 Market St., Spencer, W. Va.

●

Cascade Brings Relief from Constipation: I have had my Cascade for nine months and I certainly wouldn't do without it for any price. I was troubled with constipation for five years and didn't get much relief until I got your Cascade. I cannot praise your Cascade too much for what it has done for me.

Norman Anderson,
Route 3, Box 68, Wakefield, Nebr.

●

87 Years Young: Have used the Cascade for about twelve years. I am in perfect health. Do not need to use the Cascade now as my bowels are just like a young person's. Am now young at 87. The J.B.L. Cascade has done the job. Of course I did not use it haphazardly, I used it every day all these years. Now I have my reward.

James Nesbitt,
(June 4, 1934),
Schoolcraft, Michigan.

●

Ends 20 Years of Suffering: Your J.B.L. Treatment is a wonderful treatment—my case is a living man 73 years old, very active, stout and hearty, after 20 years of torture and suffering. Refer anybody to me about the J.B.L. Cascade.

F. M. Brown,
(June 1, 1934),
249 N. Main St., Harrisonburg, Va.

●

Cascade Almost Indispensable: For a number of years I have owned and used two of your J.B.L. Cascades in my home and regard them as well nigh indispensable.

G. M. Lewis, *Manager*,
(June 22, 1934),
Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Dothan, Ala.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L5-11, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L5-11, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name..

Street..

City..State..........

★ ★ ½ CARDINAL RICHELIEU

THE PLAYERS: George Arliss, Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold, Cesar Romero, Douglas Dumbrille, Francis Lister, Halliwell Hobbes, Violet Kemble Cooper, Katherine Alexander, Robert Harrigan. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. From the play by Bulwer-Lytton.

George Arliss is at it again, steering an empire in its course and guiding the path of young love. Except that in Cardinal Richelieu this dignified gentleman is seen in religious costume, he might very well be Rothschild or Disraeli, for the performances are identical. In fact, Mr. Arliss seems as limited as that other mixture of elderly coyness and cunning, Will Rogers. And, like Rogers, Arliss is not so much an actor as he is a personality with an act.

Magnificently mounted and given an excellent musical score by Al Newman, Cardinal Richelieu suffers chiefly from its lethargic pace and faulty characterizations. As the film unfolds it is never quite understood just where the sympathy lies. Arliss, for instance, fluctuates between high-flown holiness and grasping materialism; and even when his energy is being spent for the glory of France one suspects that the cardinal is but adding to his personal prestige and power. Instead of becoming a detached inquiry into a colorful figure, the story comes as a confused pictorial history of a man whose true dimensions have eluded the baffled scenarists.

Arliss, as cardinal and adviser to the king, is determined that France shall unite its many feudal estates into one solid country. Using secret doors and other minor magic, he impresses both the king and his courtiers as a demoniac superman who alone can save the country. Hated and feared, he finally brings about the internal war with the king and his lords, and in the end evolves a united France.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero supply the love interest and Twentieth Century supplies an all-round lavishness typical of its productions. Cardinal Richelieu, however, remains as fragmentary and obscure as it is opulent and lovely.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sir Edward George Earle Bulwer-Lytton wrote Richelieu in 1838, an instant Covent Garden success, with Macready in the leading role. Divided his life between poetry (didn't do well at it); novels in poor repute now intellectually but excellent despite that; generally successful plays; and politics. . . . Play has become a permanent vehicle for presidents of the Players, New York. Booth, Jefferson, Mantell, and Hampden have hammed it the repertory world over. Old-timers will miss "In the lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail,'" which for some unknown reason has been omitted from original play dialogue. Line is probably most miscredited line in all literature: everybody attributing it to Shakespeare. Adapters also switched the famous Curse of Rome speech from Richelieu defending the girl to Richelieu defending Richelieu. . . . Arliss claims he never has had an ambition. Just loved his art. Disraeli made him and—who knows?—maybe he made Disraeli. Has a perfect contract. Gets over $100,000 per picture; has editorial power of his stories; can go and come as he likes. Has done four big pictures this year, a pretty high record. Is sixty-seven; a fishetarian; and has never seen any of his pictures. Thinks after he's done them he's done with them. Has a 4.30-quitting-time-for-tea clause in his contract, and got so interested in this role he missed tea and worked overtime for the first time in years. Studied Richelieu in picture and book in British Museum and Louvre before attempting role and made three dozen screen tests to get the right Richelieu. Then, of course, he played Arliss. . . . Picture cost around $750,000—all Arliss productions running over $500,000. . . . Cesar Romero is of a family of Cuban liberals active in recent Cuban revolts. The bombers met at his father's house. He is very popular in Hollywood casting offices at the moment.

★ ★ ½ MR. DYNAMITE

THE PLAYERS: Edmund Lowe, Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi, Robert Gleckler, Verna Hillie, Bradley Page. Directed by Alan Crosland. Story by Dashiell Hammett.

THE garrulous Edmund Lowe forsakes his roughneck mannerisms in Mr. Dynamite to take his place on what is known as the right side of the law. In this fast-moving, quick-talking murder mystery, latest of the hard-boiled Dashiell Hammett bafflers, he is seen as a sure-fire detective who wastes no time on false clues but goes right after the facts and his man.

Brightened with sharp dialogue and a swift pace, this surprisingly enjoyable film is as full of laughs as it is of chills. Though it features three murders and so neatly disguises its clues that the picture is capital fare for sleuthing fans, Mr. Dynamite is also a completely pleasant comedy. Copying the mood of The Thin Man—and for a follow-up coming off very well—the picture includes a gambler, his daughter, the usual perplexed cops, and a couple of estranged wives. All these are mixed up in the murders; but in fairness to you and the film we will not give the plot away.

Jean Dixon, as Lowe's secretary, heads the supporting cast, while Victor Varconi, Esther Ralston, and Robert Gleckler closely follow in making this a somewhat more than satisfactory movie evening.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture an origie by Dashiell (Dash) Hammett, the man who writes with a gun muzzle dipped in buckets of blood. His first novel, Red Harvest, a detective novel based on his experiences as a Pinkerton agent in strike-ridden Butte, Montana, got him high critical recognition and started a Hammett literary vogue culminating in much monetary success. Has received as much as $25,000 for writing an original story, and all the pictures made from his books usually make money, especially The Thin Man, which cleaned up, although nobody knew what it was all about. The Thin Man brought $25,000 alone in magazine rights. Hammett is tall, thin, shadowy-looking—having about him the colorless anonymity of a private detective. Likes to gamble, take a drink, spend his money. Has a wife and children and only one imitator. Did not get more than $10,000 for this one. . . . Edmund Lowe averages $6,000 each week. Is under split contract to Universal and Fox, doing two pictures a year for each. Will do E. Phillips (Monte Carlo) Oppenheim's Great Impersonation next for U. Since Lilyan Tashman's death, shows no remarrying tendencies. Lives conservatively with his mother in Beverly Hills or on his large ranch. Doesn't mind being Sergeant Quirt over and over for Fox, so long as the sarge is involved in hot doings. During filming he fell off a platform on the set, broke an ankle, held up production for an expensive week, then hobbled through to a limping finish. . . . Jean Dixon is a youthful Helen Westley. Has never shaken off George Kaufman characterization: that of a wisecracking lemon drop with a heart of gold. Offstage she actually is as sweet as honeydew (ripe)—no twigging! Has just copped Universal contract. She's unmarried and had to learn to sing and play pianner for her part as a typical Hammett heroine. . . . Esther Ralston has never remarried since her parting with George Webb, once her agent. Once a star, she just sort of goes along now.

★ ½ VAGABOND LADY

THE PLAYERS: Robert Young, Evelyn Venable, Reginald Denny, Frank Craven, Berton Churchill, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Forrester Harvey. Directed by Sam Taylor. Story by Frank Butler.

VAGABOND LADY is a fairly pleasant little item, not quite smart enough to be first-rate satire nor vigorous enough for burlesque. Rather old-fashioned in its treatment and playing, the picture tells of the black sheep of a strait-laced family of merchants who returns home and very nearly ruins his father's department store and steals his brother's girl.

Robert Young, as the playboy son, does well enough in a not very believable role which has him expressing carefree youth by continually eating gumdrops and slapping people on the back. After a series of thoroughly proper roles, Evelyn Venable is not quite at home as the giddy stenographer but manages to endow her part with enthusiasm if not finesse.

Vagabond Lady does not refer to any wandering woman but to Mr. Young's sloop. It is in this small ship that he returns to the city world and in it that he escapes from humdrum business to the free horizons. Frank Craven, Berton Churchill, and Reginald Denny round out the cast of this obvious but occasionally diverting picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture a seven-reeler produced at Hal E. Roach custard factory, Culver City, California. Double-feature programs forcing the two-reeler to the financial wall. Roach will fashion features, continuing with shorts as a side line. . . . Hal E. Roach, Elmira, New York born, ex-Klondike mailman, has been in the humor racket since the days cameramen wore puttees and their cap brims backward. Twenty years ago he left Universal, where he did bits and assistant-directed, and formed the Rolin Film Co., with Dan Linithicum, on a piece of shoestring. Would set out early mornings in huge fourth-hand seven-passenger touring car, purchase a mess of custard pies, rent a few costumes, pick up some actors, discuss an idea while riding around hunting a location, and then shoot a picture, improvising on the spot. The actors would make up on the way, and the two-reeler that cost after such penny-pinching tactics over $500 would be classed a supercolossal. Today as much as $40,000 is spent on two-reelers, Laurel and Hardy costing tops. When he did get a studio, curiously Roach started making two- and three-reel dramas. Soon switched to Lonesome Luke series, featuring a young eyeglassed fellow with a salesman's manner—Harold (Cellu) Lloyd. Lloyd had appeared in early pictures with Roach. Lloyd in Just Nuts pulled Rolin Film Co. out of desperate hole and away Roach went. Our Gang is his pet, and it was he who paired Laurel, a writer on the lot at the time, with Hardy, a heavy whose job it was to throttle Rex the Wild Horse. Recently Laurel and Hardy have differed over stories and there have been moves to dissolve the team. This may blow over. Roach clings to ancient employees, is polo nuts, was president of Santa Anita race track during meet, never got beyond the year one in high school, has two children, and sits in on story conferences.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, the Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure.

"*I've traveled from*
MOSCOW *to*
MELBOURNE
since installing
MY PHILCO
ALL-WAVE AERIAL"

"I've traveled from Moscow to Melbourne and to dozens of other places all over the earth since installing my Philco All-wave Aerial. This aerial is certainly a world-beater. It brings in stations I never could hear before and gives me reception that's unbelievably quiet and free from interference," says H.C.S*.

You, too, need a Philco All-wave Aerial to span continents and oceans—to enjoy the greatest thrills your radio is capable of giving. Thousands of owners of all makes of radios are getting marvelously improved reception through this scientifically designed aerial.

It is specially engineered to pull in the faintest signal from thousands of miles away and to reduce to a minimum, man-made static and local electrical interference. It improves reception on any radio. Price $7.50, including lightning arrester. Your Philco dealer can install one expertly and quickly.

*Name on request.

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A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

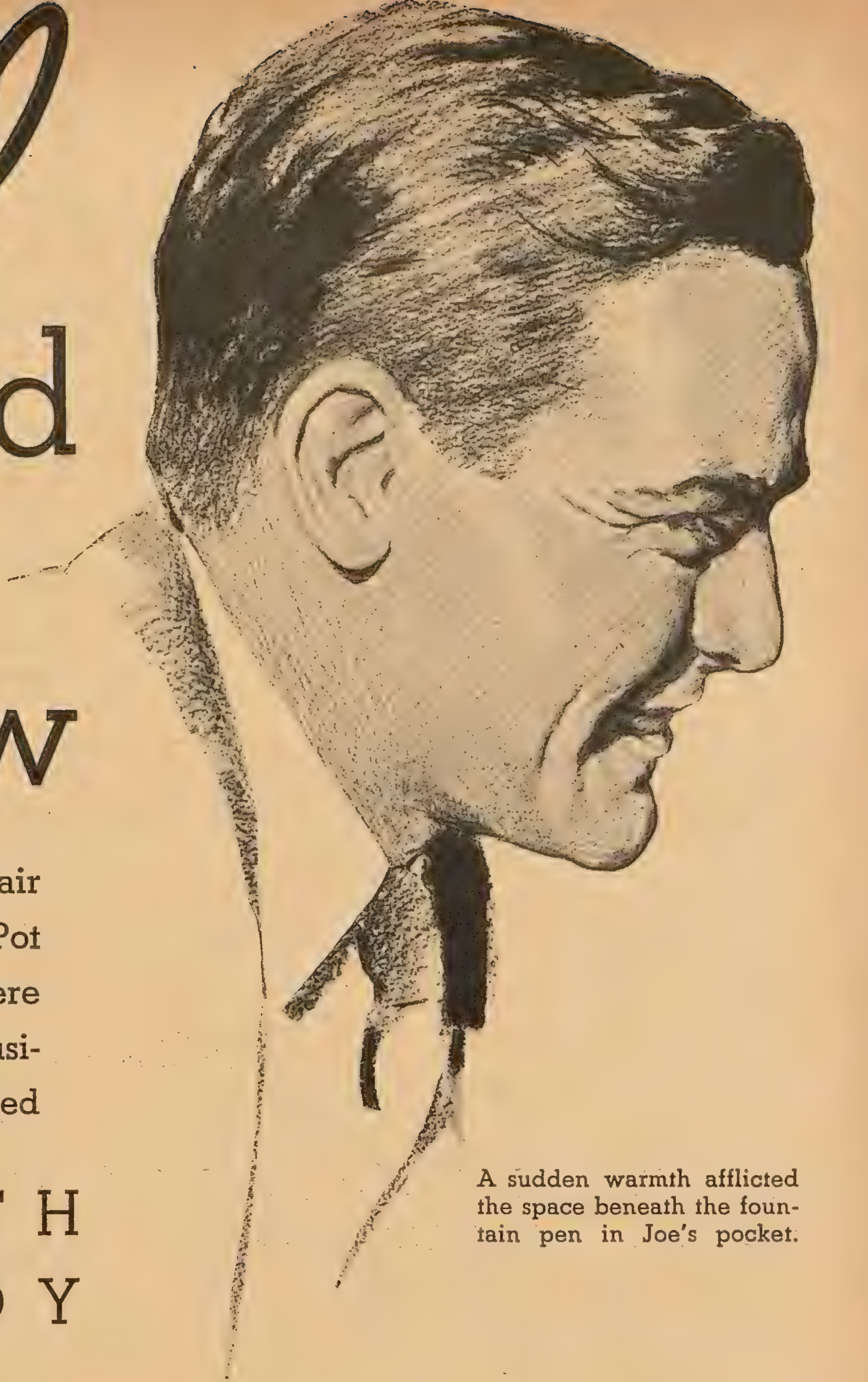
HOME RADIOS . $20 TO $600
AUTO RADIOS $42.95 TO $75

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

The Girl at the End of the Rainbow

The Story of a Will-o'-the-Wisp Pair of Blue Eyes and an Elusive Pot of Gold—If You Don't Think There Are Such Things in Modern Business, Read and Be Persuaded

by ELIZABETH TROY



A sudden warmth afflicted the space beneath the fountain pen in Joe's pocket.

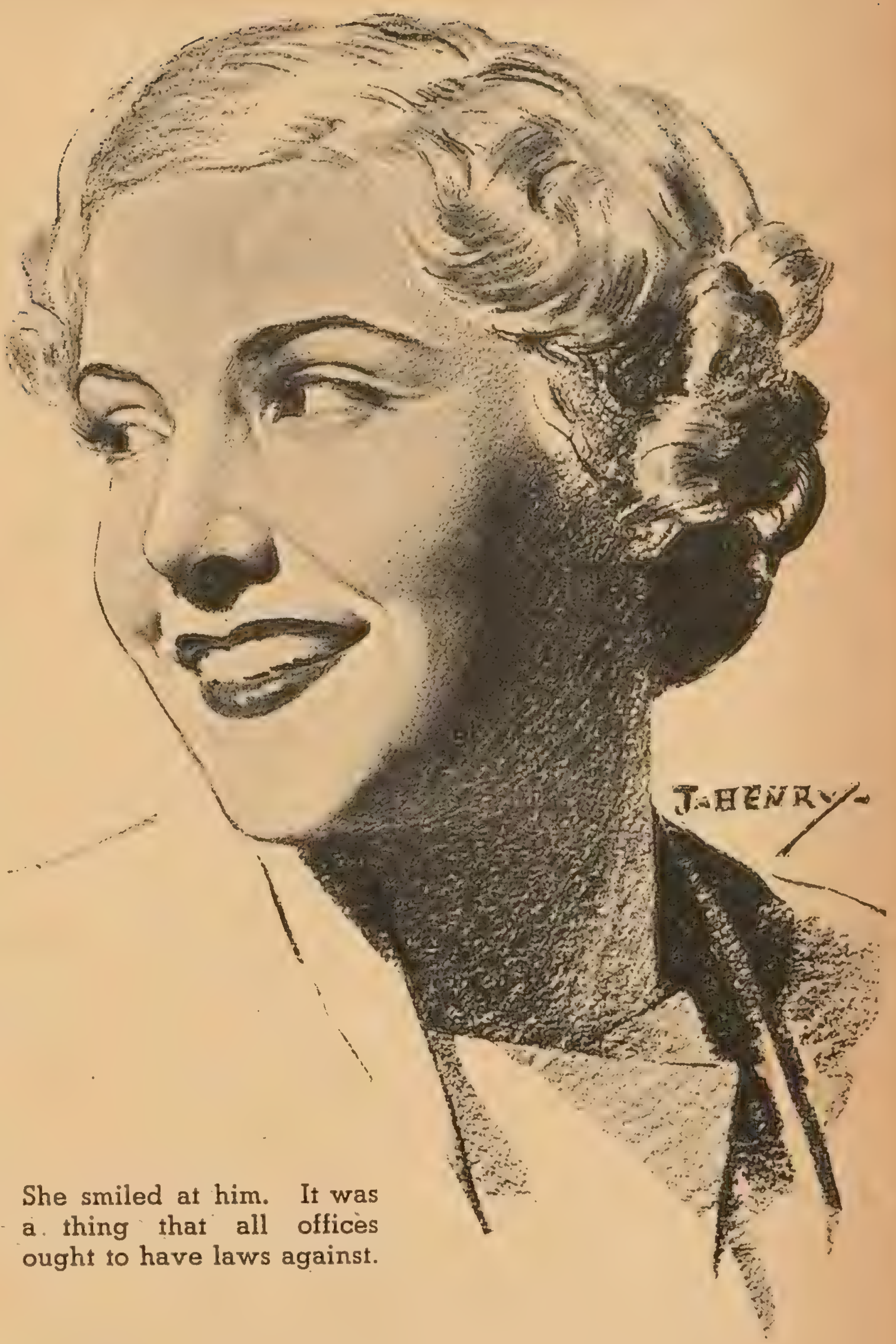
READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

JOE ARNOLD, hurrying through the excessive architecture of the WUSA Building, didn't mind in the least tossing a casual greeting to the talent. The talent swarmed in and out of elevators and got underfoot in the miles of glittering corridors, but it did not halt him on his way. It went its own—and, though a bit on the high-English-waistline side if male and given to stuck-on eyelashes if female, it was intent and serious.

It was the females of the office force he really minded. A denizen of the machine age, he did not, of course, feel that woman's place was necessarily in the home. It might be, for all he cared, in the rumble seat. But where it was not was in the office. In his opinion, it was overdecorative and confusing. There was, for instance, something in its gay and amused eyes when it said good morning to him that not only reminded him that he was young and looked younger, but seemed actually to be straightening his tie and washing him maternally behind the ears.

An attitude as personal as this had no place in the morning of a man whose mind was severely upon his work. On this bright May morning, with spring sillily in the air, the effect of their greetings was more annoying than ever. He could feel the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY



She smiled at him. It was a thing that all offices ought to have laws against.

back of his neck warm as he sped into his own little kennel and flung himself sternly upon his mail. Considering that he was not quite twenty-four years old and in the business world but a year, there was quite a lot of mail. He was not, he assured himself defiantly, so darned young but that some of the biggest leads had come to the sales department of WUSA through his serious, dogged industry.

The letter on the top of the heap, however, was not an uplifting influence. It had in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope a full-blown red rose. It was therefore a letter from the Flower Soap Corporation. He knew, without need for opening it, what it said. Once more had arrived the tidings that Mr. Herbert C. Humphreys, president of Flower Soap, was of the opinion that nothing could be less likely to sell soap than bad noise. It would be brief and chill and it would be signed as usual, D. B. Ransome, assistant to the president.

Nevertheless, he ripped it open. He was still, he observed without joy, D. B. Ransome's Dear Mr. Arnold. This time—Joe's mouth fell open and his eyes bulged—this time, would dear Mr. Arnold please call at the Flower Soap offices at twelve of this very day?

Young Mr. Arnold's leap to the water cooler was in the free, unconfined spirit of an adagio dancer. He poured a cupful of water down his throat to keep it from loosing a loud, immodest yell.

Now and then you had to admit that concentration, a cold plunge every morning, keeping decent hours, and working like the devil made a whale of a salesman out of you. Look at this. Three months of hard digging. And you had an opening!

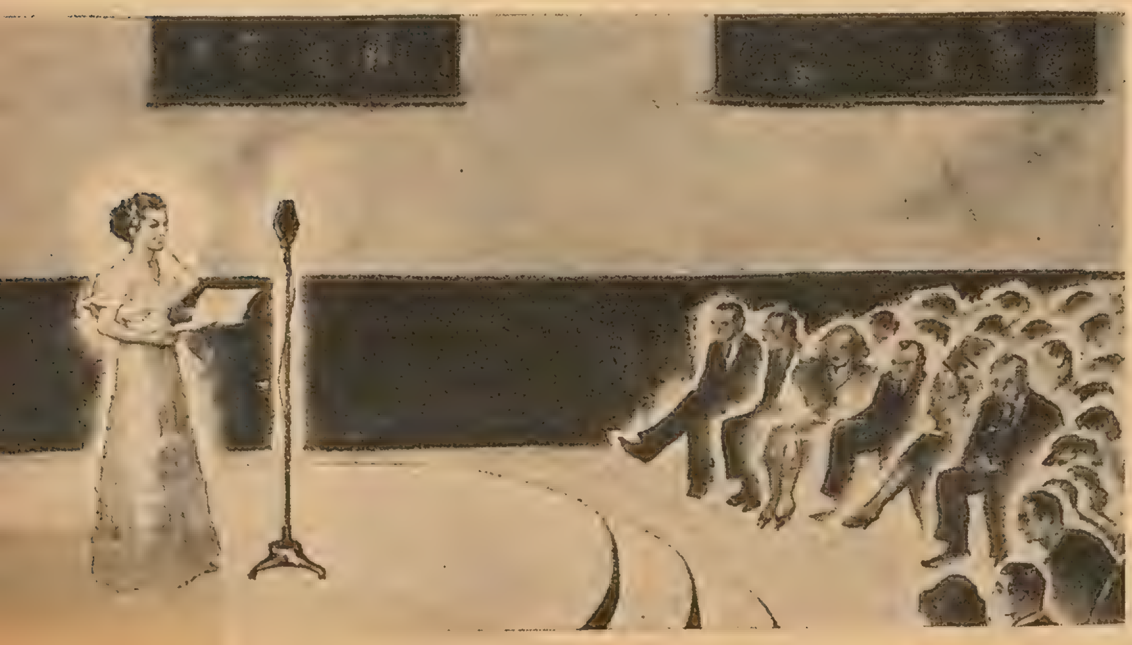
His door opened. Into his office walked the very man he wanted most to share this exalted moment with him. The boss. Mr. Andrew J. Flanders, vice-president in charge of sales. Mr. Flanders was big and handsome and happy. He liked Joe. He liked everybody, girls and all. This morning the spell of spring was plainly upon him. Charm, the confidence of one who had been a great football player and had gone on to become a great advertising salesman, exuded from his beaming smile.

"Hyuh, Joe," he said affectionately. He came straight to the point. "About Flower Soap."

Joe grinned. He lit a cigarette. Ordinarily the successful presence of this commander of the five biggest accounts in WUSA made him feel a little less than his really excellent height. But not today. Today he was as big as anybody.

"The president," he said in an entirely new voice which he liked the sound of very much, "is still the same old hush. But the Ransome bird is breaking down. That means the president has weakened. And so I predict the air will be full of soap bubbles very shortly. You may shake my hand, Andy."

Andrew gripped the hand firmly. He flashed his famous smile and boomed, "That's great, Joe." He looked at his broad clean nails critically. "I was just going to tell you," he said thoughtfully. "I was at a



dinner party out in Westchester the other night and I met—just by chance, Joe—it was a lucky break—the——uh—" he paused, regarding his young subordinate curiously—" Ransome bird. We talked things over a little."

" I see," Joe said.

Of course if the business went through he'd get his share of the credit. But he'd wanted to drag in this half-million-dollar business single-handed. Not that he wanted to play the lone wolf against Flanders, but merely because he needed a big deal like that to sort of stiffen his confidence in himself. He wanted that sure look in the eyes and that something hard about the chin that Flanders had.

" Well," he said bravely, " I guess that puts Flower Soap in the bag, Andy."

Andrew widened his eyes innocently.

" Just because I—" He laughed uproariously. " That's a good one. Why, good gosh, this is only a wedge. We didn't talk program at all. There's plenty for you to do, and this morning you start doing it."

" Better be you," Joe murmured.

" Can't. I've got to go to Chicago on the condensed-milk job. You whip around there and see what you can do about getting an audition date. Humphreys won't be there. He's in Washington in a huddle with the codes. But his—uh—assistant has all the dope. Build up my program the way I've outlined it to you."

" But—listen, Andy. I've been arranging the whole set-up for Flower Soap around an Enid and Ted Stuyvesant program. I think—"

" Now, Joe." Flanders's tone was patient. " The Stuyvesants are swell but they're arty. And they're not material for five hundred thousand dollars' worth of air. They won't," he said, looking at his watch, " sell soap. So don't gum things by going down there and getting idealistic about a new art deal for radio."

" But they aren't arty, Andy. They're just different. And the way I've doped old Humphreys, he's out for the quality circulation. That's why—"

" Humphreys," said the vice-president in charge of sales firmly, " desires to sell soap to the unwashed as well as the washed. Don't kid yourself. You're not to mention the Stuyvesants at all, see? My program is the program. Get it, Joe?"

Joe nodded, but without conviction. He had been sure of the dope on Humphreys. Now he was not sure of anything. When Flanders had gone, he picked up the letter from D. B. Ransome. The words were the same—but it was different now. It no longer meant that Joe Arnold had done a swell job of letter selling on radio advertising. It meant that sweat over irrefutable facts netted you exactly nothing. What you had to have was the kind of stuff that goes over big at dinner parties.

HE bowed ironically to the slender signature of D. B. Ransome.

" Excellent brandy, Mr. Ransome," he said. " Have another of these Régie cigarettes. By the way—not that it matters—how would you like to buy a half million dollars' worth of air for Flower Soap? You would? Fine! Shall we join the ladies?"

He snorted and seized the rest of his mail. At eleven forty precisely he smoothed down his hair and put on his hat to set forth, with no heart whatever, for the opening Flanders, not he, had got with Flower Soap.

The usual barrier to undesirable aliens met young Mr. Arnold in the reception room. She had a golden-glint permanent, a mouth of fire-wagon red, and a cold have-you-an-appointment eye. Joe eyed her with a distaste designed to convey his conviction that she was less appropriate to her surroundings than a ruffled sewing basket to a board-of-directors table. But after she had looked at him she spoke gently: " Go right in, Mr. Arnold."

Feeling under her gaze that an embroidered collar graced his neck, he stalked redly past her to the door she indicated.

He went into a very large office. It had a huge plain desk and a dull brown rug. It had big roomy chairs of red leather and a tall filing cabinet as prim and severe as a New England spinster. He approved of the room. It was restfully masculine, except for the only occupant. The occupant sat before a typewriter over in the corner and spoiled the whole thing by being pretty.

This jarring note got up when Joe came in. She too had a golden glint but it was plainly her own. Her mouth was her own, too. She was rather small and young and she had the kind of blue eyes that show you they're blue all the way across the longest room.

She said in a somewhat doubtful tone, " Mr. Arnold?"

He nodded casually.

" Won't you sit down?"

He sat. He flung one knee over the other, opened a newspaper and got behind it. The interior decoration waited a second and then she spoke again:

" Is there something very unusual in the news this morning?"

JOE flipped to another page.

" When," he inquired accusingly, " will Mr. Ransome be in? My appointment was for twelve o'clock."

She said, " Oh!" in a funny quick sort of voice. Then she got up from her corner and as cool as you please sat down at the big desk. She put her arms on it and folded her hands softly.

" Maybe while you're waiting," she said invitingly, " you'd like to go over some things with me."

" No, thank you," he said frigidly. " I'll wait."

After a slight pause she ventured once more. " Mr. Humphreys," she said, " doesn't like radio much. He has teen-age children and they keep radios going with jazz most of the time. It drives him mad."

Joe nodded.

" Discovering that Mr. Humphreys has radiophobia," he told her coldly, " was part of my research."

But there seemed no way to squelch her.

" Mr. Humphreys thinks," she informed him conversationally, " that radiophobia is more prevalent than production managers have any idea of. He says if they don't do something about jazz on programs, the disease will become epidemic and get out of control. In that case, he says, people won't be listening to their radios any more."

There was no use trying to read the paper. He put it down. He looked at her.

Even more than most of these office blights, you could see her in a rumble seat—or a speed boat—or on a dance floor—anywhere where an arm could be got around her conveniently. Anywhere but in an office. Her eyes were too blue; her mouth— Joe swallowed.

He said, the words slipping out before he could stop them, " I think Mr. Humphreys would change his ideas about programs if he heard the Stuyvesants."

Her eyebrows went up in innocent interest.

" Really? Who are the Stuyvesants?"

He shook his head. " Nobody—yet. They could be—they will be sometime—the biggest radio sensation in years. Just now—they wouldn't sell soap. So I can't talk about them."

She smiled at him. She had a dimple. It was a thing that all offices ought to have laws against.

" I don't see why," she said softly, " you can't tell *me* about them."

A sudden warmth afflicted the space beneath the fountain pen in Joe's vest pocket. There was, moreover, a strange blue haze getting in front of his eyes. So he told her about the Stuyvesants.

They were Enid and Ted and they were happily married to each other. In these two was wit—hers was the spark that touched off his, his the spark that enlivened hers. Their nonsense was inspired, sophisticated, and subtle—diametrically opposed, Joe explained, to the delusion that the American Public had been dropped on its head in its infancy. Add to this their music. Ted could play Beethoven and Ted could play jazz. Enid had one of the loveliest lyric soprano voices in the country. They were young, happy, good-looking, and beautifully educated.

" And the stuff they write," Joe concluded on his high wave of enthusiasm, " has form—unity. After studying Humphreys's advertising and digging up a good deal about his personal tastes, it was my idea that they would cure him of his phobia the way nothing else could. But of course I was wrong."

Her eyes upon him were bright and interested.

"How do you know?"

He felt himself slipping into deep healing blue pools. Sympathy and understanding were in the depths. He wondered wildly what it would be like to find love in them. The thought was so dizzying that he had to hold fast to the arms of his chair to keep from leaping up to seize this lovely girl in his arms. Making a supreme effort of his will, he turned his fixed gaze away from her. It fell fortunately upon the filing cabinet—severe, accusing, reminding him that he was not walking with beauty beneath arched apple blossoms. He was, the filing cabinet informed him sharply, in an office where the sacred law of business is business must prevail.

He backtracked through the fog in his mind and found her question still unanswered.

"How do I know? Oh! Well, you see, Mr. Ransome met our vice-president in charge of sales at a dinner party. Our Mr. Flanders. And Mr. Flanders got the idea that another sort of program—that is, a big variety program with a lot of names—would be in order."

"Did he? I don't see why, because the question of programs didn't come up at all." She broke off, and a new color came into her cheeks. Her eyes on Joe were apologetic and confused. "I—it was such fun you're not knowing—"

"So you're Ransome?"

She nodded. "Dana Brooke Ransome. Mr. Humphreys's niece. You see, I—he lets me handle most of the advertising. It's—it's terribly silly, isn't it?"

Joe, very pale, was on his feet.

"Isn't it?" he echoed politely. "Fun, though, isn't it? A swell job if you like kidding people. It's been a great day for kidding. First, I thought I'd got this opening all by myself. You can see how comical that was, because I didn't know Flanders had met—you—at a party. And then Flanders thought it would be funny to let me go on thinking you were a—a man. And you thought it would be even funnier—"

"PLEASE, Mr. Arnold." She was just a little less apologetic now than indignant. She too was on her feet, and her eyes were cool and steady. "That's not true. I wanted to hear about these Stuyvesants the minute you mentioned them. And I was pretty sure I wouldn't hear about them unless I let you go on thinking I—I was some one else. So nothing that's been said or done here this morning has been in the interest of anything but business."

Joe leaped upon the word. "Business!" he said hoarsely. His young eyes were hard and hurt as the hot fierce wave of his embarrassment swept up through him. "It's your business to sit around being beautiful and—and making a sap out of—of a man, so that he forgets orders and loses his head." He seized his hat and flung toward the door. "That's not business. That's just *women* messing *around* in business."

He left the assistant to the president of the Flower Soap Corporation staring at a closed door with startled, indignant blue eyes.

Four days later Andrew J. Flanders swept into Joe's office on his usual breeze.

"Hi, you old gopher!" he said heartily. "I've got the condensed-milk people hypnotized. They want a three-ring bang-up shoot-the-works program. Money no object. Two solid hours a week for fifty-two—count 'em—weeks." He grinned happily upon the grave pale young man at the desk. "And now for Flower Soap. I've got Merriwether and Heeney lined up. Funniest guys on the stage. Gloria Garland in a string of absolutely new Harshwin blues. Ted Whiting and his band. That's one half of it. When do they sit to listen?"

"I don't know," Joe said.

Andrew sobered a little.

"What's the matter, Joey? Hangover?"

"No. I gummed Flower Soap. I got the—I got Miss Ransome sore. I guess I sort of insulted her. Anyway, it's off."

Flanders jingled silver in his trousers pocket.

"You couldn't," he said in a tone of perfect control, "insult a half million dollars' worth of business. It isn't done. But if you did, I suppose you apologized?"

Joe lifted weary eyes. "Two minutes after the fumes blew out of my head I knew what I'd probably done to the business. I went back, but she—wasn't there. I telephoned five times. I wired. I wrote letters. I did everything possible. No answer."

He lit a cigarette carefully. "So I'm resigning."

Andrew jingled the change in his pocket somewhat more agitatedly.

"She was sold," he said slowly. "I knew she was sold on radio that night I talked with her. She was swinging old Humphreys into line, too. It needed only the right kind of program to put the thing in the bag. And you—for heaven's sake what *did* you do?"

Joe wanted to yell out of his torment, "I fell in love with her, damn it!" Instead, he answered rigidly, "I didn't know who she was. I thought she was Ransome's secretary. Not telling me Ransome was a girl was your little joke." His eyes accused Flanders bitterly for an instant.

"So I didn't sell your program at all. I talked the Stuyvesants."

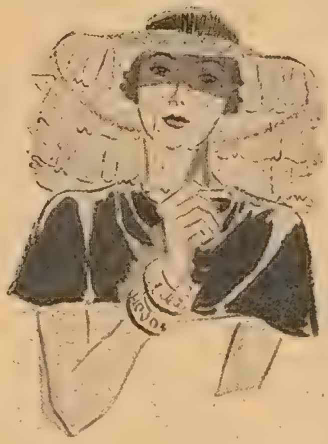
"Implying, I suppose, in your boyish way that my program was lousy?"

"No. I said that in my judgment, knowing what I did about Humphreys's personal aversion to radio, the Stuyvesants—"

"*Your judgment?*" Flanders laughed. "Kid stuff. Maybe you started judging her, too—a girl in one of the biggest jobs in advertising—"

He broke off, opened the door. "Wait," he muttered, "until Gridley hears this one."

FASHION FLASHES from PARIS



Romantic Chantilly lace veils quintuple lovely woman's charms as used by leading modistes to trim the latest summer hats. . . . Black Chantilly veils laid flat over pastel felt cloches, or ruffled sun veils flowing to the shoulders from big Victorian leghorns are featured by Agnes and Louise Bourbon. . . . Reboux's arsenic-green Chantilly eye veils, dripping off the visor of a dressy black antelope cap, have a more sophisticated tang.

Horse-show hobbles are being seen now on thoroughbred girls instead of ponies. . . . Style notes in the smart grandstands show prewar hobble skirts with knees tightly "belted" below looped or draped skirt tops. . . . One of the "famous forty" wore a pale-gray wool-crepe frock with a gray-dyed ermine hobble matching a short cape. . . . Contrasting colored ribbon knee sashes, matching hat trimmings, hobbled several print dresses à la Schiaparelli.

DORAMILLER

Joe went through the empty drawers of his desk methodically. He unfastened three keys from his key ring and laid them carefully in a small tray. He had not long to wait. Mr. Horace Y. Gridley, president of WUSA, sent for him.

Mr. Gridley's blood pressure was at a dangerous altitude. He gave Joe a check that covered several months' salary and commissions. The gesture was made to an accompaniment of a good many words, easily summed up in a small single word. Joe listened very carefully to the end. . . .

When Joe came back from Atlantic City a week later he had made no progress whatever with an effort to forget that he was the fellow who had let a girl in an office change him from well trained salesman to gibbering idiot. Nor did he make any notable advance with trying to forget the girl herself. This might have been slightly more endurable could he have shaken off the shuddering conviction that she rated his mental age as somewhat under preschool.

Engagingly tanned but still tormented, Joe took an early-morning train back to New York. Enid and Ted Stuyvesant, to his surprise, met him at the depot. Ted's long arm shot out and clutched his sleeve before he was barely off the train.

"You," Ted told him grimly, pulling him rapidly through the station, "have been harder to trace than a ransom dollar bill. Please hurry. We've got mike fright and we've only got twenty minutes before—"

"Hey, wait a minute. I've got to go home—"

"Taxi! WUSA Building—"

"But listen, Ted, I'm not with 'em any more. I'm in the unemployed. I'll get out at the next corner—"

"You," said Enid tensely, "are coming with us. We're getting an audition this morning and we're paralyzed with fear. We need you—"

"But I tell you I—"

"We need you," pursued Ted firmly, "to laugh in the right places—to clap your hands—to soothe our sponsor—"

"Who *is* your sponsor?"

The Stuyvesants said blandly that they didn't know. The whole affair was very mysterious. They had received a telegram ordering them both, accompanied if possible by Mr. Joe Arnold, into Station WUSA, Studio D, for an eleven-o'clock audition.

"But what have I got to do with—"

"We don't know. We began at once to try to find you. For six days we went from door to door. And finally we heard you were in, of all places, Atlantic City. And here we are. Ted, I think I'm going to faint."

Enid didn't faint.

Joe, however, refused to go into the studio with them. "I'll look on from the mezzanine balcony."

HE darted away from them and slipped into the dim little balcony overlooking the biggest studio in WUSA.

An orchestra blared music into the loud-speaker.

He leaned his elbows on the balcony rail and looked below.

Through the enormous double-glass windows designed to shut away from the delicate microphone in the studio every alien sound, he could see a girl, a small thin-chested little girl, whom he recognized at once as the owner of one of the deepest blues voices of the stage.

She began to sing, a vocalized brooding over some one who had loved her a little while and then left her all alone.

Joe scarcely heard her.

Flanders was there—big, good-looking, bending over some one. Joe remembered that she had the bluest eyes in the world, eyes upturned now and smiling—for Flanders.

The blues singer ended her song.

The gong struck its three notes.

An announcer's lush baritone said reverently, "This is Station WUSA, Nyu Yo'k."

There was a brief interlude of music. Then:

"Before we continue the second half of the program, presented for the first time tonight by the Flower Soap Corporation, I wish to pass on to you a wonderful piece of nyuse. You cannot confuse Flower Soap with other soaps, because each cake of Flower Soap is molded in the shape of the flower from which it takes its name. Carnation, rose, geranium, lilac—in the scent, ladies, that you prefer and in the color that may best match your guest towels. Beauty is imprisoned in each cake—"

Joe listened intently.

Something had landed Flower Soap, after all. The something, of course, was Flanders—his big program, his high confidence and unerring judgment—the things that made a man a success.

"—and why not enjoy," the announcer's notable diction intoned persuasively, "the thrill of romance, the glamour of beauty and color?"

Flanders was the kind of man that a girl like Dana Brooke Ransome could be proud of—the kind of man she'd marry.

"And now, those mystery men of comedy, Merriwether and Heeney—"

Still, he was glad WUSA hadn't lost the account. The part of his anguish that dealt with the loss of a half-million-dollar sale could, if he looked at it sensibly, be put aside.

"Rate of exchange, Jimmy? You say it's cheaper to get a divorce in France on account of the rate of exchange? How do you figure it, Jimmy?"

"Count my divorces, Sidney. Count 'em, old bean. Five. This'll be six. Is that a high rate of exchange or is it a high rate of exchange?"

MILD laughter came through the loud-speaker. Then, with abrupt shock, another voice cut in suddenly upon Merriwether and Heeney.

A high-pitched, rasping voice: "Cheap. Awful! Just as I thought."

Joe leaned nearer.

He saw a wiry little man with white hair and a very red face whose hands spread in a quick gesture that seemed to encompass the whole of the biggest broadcasting studio in the world.

"Look at it. Maximum effort. A million dollars' worth of architecture, murals, science—for what? Minimum result. Jazz. Second-rate jokes. Dana, take me home."

Her voice, saying soothingly, "Not yet, Uncle Herbert. You promised. You said you'd wait for the Stuyvesants."

Joe shut his eyes.

When he opened them again, he saw Ted and Enid, young, good-looking, a little pale but confident, coming into the studio.

He saw Enid and Dana Brooke Ransome greet each other; they were laughing. Then Dana nodded and vanished abruptly. . . .

"Well," said a voice beside him, "you were right, after all. He didn't like it. My uncle, I mean."

Joe said, "Oh," weakly.

She was quite close to him. A soft fragrance came to him.

He thought suddenly how blue her eyes were. But he didn't look. He didn't dare. He even bent a little away from her.

"Enid told me you were here," she said. "I won't hurt you."

He said grimly, "You couldn't—any more than you have."

"I know. I'm sorry. I—I realized suddenly—after you'd gone that day—just what I'd done to you. You needed to find out that your judgment about what would sell Uncle Herbert and what wouldn't was right. You needed it for your confidence."

He couldn't say anything.

He was being accused of being sensitive—which no sensitive person can bear.

"That's why," her voice went on softly, "I asked Enid to find you—"

"Enid?"

"I went to see her. And Ted. And I took Uncle Herbert—up to their apartment. Uncle Herbert loved them. He said, 'If I could get these two for a Flower Soap program—' I didn't say he could. I wanted you there."

Joe turned to her at last.

The blue haze that had been haunting him for days swam before his eyes.

"But why," he asked huskily, "this other audition?"

"I wanted to prove to you that your judgment had been right. I wanted it proved to Mr. Flanders, too—your job—" Her voice trailed off.

"I," Joe said unsteadily, "haven't any job."

She smiled at him.

Even in the dimness of the little balcony he saw that unbusinesslike dimple.

"Yes, you have. Mr. Flanders will be looking for you. The—the way I have. He will have a new contract for you—a bigger and better job. You are to have the credit for bringing in Flower Soap—single-handed."

"Wait a minute."

He cleared his throat.

"Just what," he asked very carefully, "is it to you whether I have a job or not?"

There was a pause.

She said, her voice so low that he had to bend his head pretty close to hear: "Well, when a girl sort of can't g-get a man out of her head, she'd like to know that—that if she should happen—after she got to know him better, of course—to—to fall in love with him—why, she'd like to know that he's got some sort of a—of a job—"

Joe said severely: "I suppose you know that these are business hours—and that kissing a girl in business hours is against my—my principles, Dana—Dana Brooke Ransome?"

The blue haze came nearer—much nearer . . .

The gong rang again. The lush reverential voice of the announcer said, "This is Station WUSA." The Stuyvesants moved a little nearer the microphone.

Mr. Herbert Humphreys, president of Flower Soap, seated in a luxurious reception room, listened happily to Enid beginning a song.

Mr. Andrew J. Flanders, vice-president in charge of sales for WUSA, nodded cheerfully to Mr. Horace Y. Gridley, president. Mr. Gridley rubbed his hands softly.

Business was flourishing. In the balcony, too—

Dana Brooke Ransome said breathlessly, "There's lipstick on your mouth."

Joe said, "Never mind wiping it off. There'll be more . . . lots more . . ."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Where was the town of Philadelphia, referred to in the Bible, located?

2—What is the difference between a recipe and a receipt?

3—Where is the only Pittsburg*h* in the United States?

4—Which Canadian province leads in coal production?

5—To what European countries can a one-ounce letter be mailed from the United States for three cents?

6—What great sea disaster occurred on May 7, 1915?

7—From where is the quotation, "Of making many books there is no end"?

8—When was the Quebec Bridge over the St. Lawrence completed?

9—What is an apprentice printer called?

10—When did Francis Scott Key write The Star-Spangled Banner?

11—Where is the Isthmus of Darien?

12—What is the meaning of legal tender?

13—Alopecia is what?

14—What was the original name of the Hudson's Bay Company?

15—What is the meaning of the medical abbreviations c.m. and c.v.?

16—A holograph document is what?

17—What is the difference between canapés and hors d'oeuvres?

18—When was McGill University, Montreal, founded?

19—What were the highest and lowest temperatures ever officially recorded in the United States?

20—What American author created a character in fiction whose name became his own nom de plume?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

A HUSBAND WHO ALWAYS GOT FIRED—UNTIL....

POOR BETH! BOB SIMPLY CAN'T KEEP A JOB. FRED, HE WORKED IN YOUR OFFICE ONCE. WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE THEN?
BOB'S CLEVER. THE BOSS LIKED HIS WORK. BUT ONE BAD FAILING GOT HIM IN WRONG WITH EVERYBODY— YES, I MEAN "B.O.".....
A HINT FOR BETH
YOUR SKIN IS LOVELY, SO SMOOTH AND CLEAR. AND YOU SAY ALL YOU DO IS USE LIFEBUOY?
YES, BETH, FOR FACE AND BATH! FRED DOES, TOO. HE WON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." HE'S SEEN MEN LOSE JOBS BECAUSE....
"B.O." GONE — Bob keeps jobs now!
WELL, BOB'S BEEN IN HIS NEW JOB SIX MONTHS. A RECORD FOR HIM! HAD A RAISE, TOO
BETH TOOK MY HINT. I'VE SEEN HER IN THE STORE BUYING LIFEBUOY. THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING
YOUR COMPLEXION GETS PRETTIER EVERY DAY, BETH
I FOUND A NEW BEAUTY SECRET, BOB. AND IT'S SO SIMPLE
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"B.O." (*body odor*) spoils your chances. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It deodorizes pores, stops "B.O." Lifebuoy lathers abundantly in hardest water. Its own clean scent rinses away.

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Can We Mortals SEE WITHOUT EYES?

Science Now Says We CAN—An Amazing Chronicle of Experiments Which Seem to Prove that "Sixth Sense" and "Second Sight" Are Not Fancies, but Actual FACTS

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DID you ever have a hunch that turned out 100 per cent accurate? Did your Aunt Mary ever perceive, without use of her ordinary, everyday senses, that her child was ill or her brother badly injured in a distant city? Has your family two "near" and sympathetic sisters who find themselves, when separated, thinking the same thing at the same moment? Has your Uncle John moods wherein for weeks at a time he knows as soon as the telephone rings who is on the other end? Was a death in your family ever announced to the living by the seeming apparition of the dead?

If your family annals have no record of such experiences, it is the exception rather than the rule. Do you doubt that? Then try it out the next time you meet with a gathering of intimate friends. The chances are that at least half of them, after professing that they really do not believe in these "queer" occurrences, will come out nevertheless with tales of strange events in the lives of their mothers, brothers, or cousins. For example: There is in New York a small dinner club composed of eminent women artists, authors, lawyers, and physicians. One night, with perhaps forty members present, the talk turned to telepathy (what the public in general calls "mind reading") and clairvoyance ("second sight"). All but three or four of the members had lived through flashes of "psychic" experiences or could tell stories concerning such happenings in their own families. Yet few of these able, highly educated women would go so far as to admit a belief that people sometimes saw without eyes or heard without ears.

"It's slippery," said one of them. "First, there's the wish to believe. When such a thing happens, it's so unusual or so romantic that you don't use your cool judgment on it. Unconsciously you stretch the facts just a little—especially if it seems to prove that the soul lives on after death. Then there's coincidence. Jane here has just told how her mother had a dream her brother was dead in Cape Town. Next morning came the cablegram. Perhaps Jane's mother had often dreamed that a member of the family was dead. Since the other dreams didn't come true, she forgot all about them. But in this case—it just happened to happen."

The lady was only taking the attitude of the professional psychologists. Even when Gilbert Murray, the famous admired and upright professor of Greek at Oxford, had the courage to publish his extraordinary results in experiments with mind reading, and Upton Sinclair, the author, printed at his

Gilbert Murray, who tried mind reading with amazing results. He is Oxford's famous professor of Greek.

Mr. and Mrs. Upton Sinclair. He has published some astonishing proofs that she has clairvoyant powers.

own expense astonishing proofs of clairvoyance in the case of his wife, the universities remained calm. Murray did not work under strict scientific rules. As for Sinclair—well, Sinclair was a literary man and a Socialist.

Science must now back water. One university has dared to risk a reputation for being queer and has proved beyond reasonable doubt that people—at least some people—do see without eyes and do read minds. For three years the department of psychology at Duke University in North Carolina has been experimenting with the process of "calling" the devices on hidden cards. They conducted 90,000 such experiments. As they went along, the results seemed to give absolute proof. But the psychologists at Duke were not content with that. It might be just a run of luck such as every gambler knows. So they turned their charts over to mathematicians, who checked them against that law of chance which most scientific experimenters use. "If anything was ever proved, this is!" reported the mathematicians. The chance that these results had come by coincidence was not one in a hundred or a thousand or a trillion. It was one in—well, even astronomy has no name for a figure so large. To express it, you must set down the figure 10 *followed by 1,240 zeros.* Such a string of zeros would fill more than a third of a page in Liberty!

THE sixth sense seems now as definitely proved as the fact that the world is round and revolves about the sun. Only, in the first place, not every man or woman—probably—has the faculty of seeing without eyes. It resides only in certain gifted individuals. In the second place, it is not 100 per cent accurate. It comes and goes. We cannot fully command it—at least, not as yet.

These experiments began when Dr. William McDougall went from Harvard to direct the psychology department at Duke University, and took with him Dr. J. B. Rhine and Mrs. Rhine. The Rhines were already looking into what they called "extrasensory perception." Years ago Professor Coover at Stanford University experimented for two years, with his students as subjects, on the process of "calling" a set of ordinary playing cards. The professor or one of his assistants lifted a card from the pack; the student tried to name it. He got results a little above "chance expectation" but not far enough above to constitute scientific proof. Looking over these results, Dr. Rhine laid his finger on one interesting detail. Consistently, eight of the student subjects had made scores far in advance of the others. He decided to find such "sensitives" and try them out.

Coover had used playing cards. Rhine felt that he needed simpler apparatus. At the suggestion of Dr. K. E. Zenger, he had a printer make up packs of twenty-five cards, each bearing one of five different devices —a circle, a square, a plus mark, a star, and two parallel wavy lines. With these Zenger cards he tried out student after student, professor after professor. He would shuffle, draw off the top card, hold it out of sight of the subject, and ask him to name it. Now, if you are merely guessing at the hidden identity of twenty-five cards of five different kinds your average score over a long period will be five hits to the pack. Whenever one of these subjects failed consistently to make much more than this "chance average," Rhine dropped him. But from the first a few scored much higher than five hits out of twenty-five tries. These Rhine signed up for his experiments, until finally he had a dozen promising subjects of both sexes.

These were in every way normal people. They were sociable beings, mentally well above the average. Nearly all of them, it is interesting to note, had some talent for painting, music, or writing. All were more or less religious, although not in any case narrowly so. None of them was a spiritualist. Above everything else, they were men and women of proved integrity. Rhine sometimes gave them opportunities to cheat. None of them ever did it.

It was trying, monotonous work. The subject sat, usually with his back to the experimenter, and gazed out of a window or closed his eyes. Rhine or an assistant would shuffle a pack, lay it on the table face down, then pick up the top card. Sometimes immediately, sometimes after half a minute of intense thought, the subject would try to name the figure on its face. These people scored consistently above five out of twenty-five. They would run four above, eight above, nine above; on rare occasions they would make almost perfect scores.

This method Dr. Rhine calls "telepathy plus clairvoyance." It was possible that the subject perceived the device on the card by reading the experimenter's mind, and possible also that he perceived it by second sight. So Dr. Rhine tried out "pure clairvoyance." The pack being shuffled, he laid it without inspection face down on the table and asked the subject to name the cards in order from top to bottom. The results ran at about the same rate—generally far, far above chance expectation. Oddly, most subjects scored strongly on the top and bottom of the pack, and fell to "guessing average" in the middle. Then along came Miss Sara Ownbey and did better with the middle than with the top and bottom.

So far, this team of explorers into the mind had been working in the same room but under conditions which made accident impossible and trickery most difficult. To forestall any charge of cheating, Rhine changed to new cards as soon as one pack showed the slightest trace of a soiled back or edge. Lest any one insinuate that the

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experimenter was unconsciously whispering the call of the card, he kept a noisy electric fan going. Now, said Rhine to himself, let us try the effect of distance. He or the assistant working with him established himself in a room of one college building, while the subject sat in a room of another building. They made connections by telegraph. A single tap on the key signaled to the subject, "I am ready"; a single tap in the other direction meant, "I have named my card and written down the name." The results, in both telepathy plus clairvoyance and pure clairvoyance, were if anything a little better than those obtained when both sat in the same room.

But the most startling results as regards distance came when Dr. Rhine began dipping into pure telepathy—"mind reading"—without the help of any visible object. When you try that, cheating is easy. If John and Jane tell you that they thought of the same thing at the same time, you have only the word of John and Jane to go by. In this case Dr. Rhine used three subjects whom he and the whole psychological faculty at Duke believed incapable of cheating or self-deception. George Zirkle and Miss Sara Ownbey, who were engaged when the experiments began and married before they ended, formed one "team"; Miss Ownbey and her close friend, Miss May Frances Turner, the other.

Zirkle, working with Miss Ownbey, made an extraordinary high score in pure telepathy when he sat in the room with her. When he went into the next room, communicating by telegraph, his score rose even higher. And it was highest of all—sixteen hits in twenty-five tries—when he established himself two rooms away.

HE tried it at a distance of many miles and did not much exceed "guessing average." Then Miss Ownbey as agent at Durham, North Carolina, and Miss Turner on the receiving end at Lake Junaluska tried it over a distance of 250 miles. They synchronized their watches. When, at nine o'clock in the morning, they sat down to work, Miss Ownbey would think of the device on a Zenger card—but with no cards in the room. For three minutes she would concentrate intently upon that image; then set its name down on paper. At the same minute Miss Turner would record her impression or intuition or guess—or whatever you want to call it. Then Miss Ownbey would think of another card; and so on.

Having finished their day's task of twenty-five tries, they sent their records to Dr. Rhine for comparison. The first report nearly took his breath away. Out of twenty-five tries, Miss Turner had scored nineteen hits! (Remember that five hits is the guessing average.) On subsequent days the score ran sixteen, sixteen, seven, seven, and eight—after which, Miss Ownbey being by now worn out with her intense concentration, the results fell to the guessing average. But these are better results than the two girls ever achieved in the same room.

The mathematical chance that any man or woman could by luck alone call a pack of twenty-five Zenger cards, in their order, is one in three hundred quadrillion (300,000,000,000,000,000). Yet in flashes Dr. Rhine's subjects approached this mark or even excelled it. Several times Zirkle scored runs of twenty-two without a miss, and once twenty-six. Miss Ownbey made twenty-three hits in succession. Hubert Pearce, a young clergyman and on the whole the star performer, once scored an even twenty-five. And the circumstances of his performance throw light on the manner in which this force operates.

DR. RHINE was trying to find out if it lies under control of the human will. On this occasion he lashed up Pearce to a special effort, as a football coach lashes up his team—by appeals to his pride, his loyalty, even his sense of humor. When they fell into that silence in which they always worked, Pearce called the whole pack without a miss. Rhine, preparing to go on for a record run, picked up another pack. But Pearce had thrown himself backward in a state bordering on nervous collapse. "Whew! I hope you never ask me to do that again!" he said as he recovered. We can command the force to a certain extent, and intense concentration seems necessary to success. For further proof: anything which broke the routine seemed also to break the charm. When strangers visited the laboratory, scores went down. When the subject grew used to their presence, they rose again.

Finally: although this force scorns distance, it ties in with the human nervous system. Rhine experimented with the effect of drugs. He gave his subjects sodium amytal, a narcotic which makes its taker sleepy, lazy, thick-tongued. The scores fell to guessing average. He gave them caffeine, the active principle of coffee. Invariably the scores rose. This may go to explain why so many creative artists, like authors and musical composers, feel that they do their best work during a "coffee jag."

But there you are. The sixth sense, the hunch, mind reading, second sight—science seems to have proved them beyond manner of doubt. Now, perhaps, we can let ourselves go and admit that the romantic stories which societies for psychical research have been gathering all these years are true or have a foundation of truth.

Gilbert Murray's experiments began as a parlor game in his family circle. Professor Murray would go out of the room. The rest would construct an imaginary sentence. Usually it described the adventures or actions of some person whom they knew or of some character in fiction. Then they would concentrate their minds upon it. Re-entering, Murray would take the hand of an agent—in most cases his daughter, Mrs. Arnold Toynbee. No one but him was supposed to speak; and a stenographer took down all his conversation. In these circumstances he made 505 tries. Classified scientifically, they showed 167 full successes, 141 partial successes, and 197 failures, including sixty-eight in which he got no impression whatever.

Mrs. Toynbee was thinking: "The choir singing carols in New College Chapel next Sunday night."

Professor Murray, entering and taking her hand, said: "It's something like the waits—it's people singing in the street. I'm not sure it's in the street. It's people singing things in the choir at New Chapel."

Lady Murray, his wife, had suggested this thought: "A Glasgow classroom, and the students presenting us with a wedding present."

Professor Murray said: "Oh, it's Glasgow. It's the Greek classroom. It's that man, I think, presenting us with the Waverley Novels." (This last detail was a fact.)

Mrs. Toynbee was thinking: "Mr. D. poking the fire, with the kettle boiling."

Professor Murray said: "A red-hot poker. A man bending down, poking the fire. It's Mr. D."

Miss Agnes Murray thought: "The two G.s sitting in a dugout decorated with Persian rugs and talking to a German officer they have just captured."

Professor Murray said: "These are people killed in the war. I should think it was G. and his brother. They are in a dugout which is absurdly furnished like a boudoir and talking to a German officer they have just captured."

WHEN Professor Murray had the courage to publish these experiments, he took a great deal of hammering from skeptical psychologists. Finally he himself came to wonder if it was not a case of hyperacute senses. Critics said that the conditions were not wholly scientific. No one had made certain, when he left the room, that he was so far away as not to hear, subconsciously, the conversation of his family. (This notwithstanding the fact that the family talked in whispers.) Then he always held the agent's hand. So the agent might have given him unconscious signals.

Then there is the case of Mr. and Mrs. Upton Sinclair. These were unwitnessed experiments; we have only their word for them. But I know Sinclair, and while I do not agree with him on politics, I have not the faintest doubt of his personal integrity and his honest desire to get at the truth. He had discovered that his wife was a "sensitive" and that her clairvoyant flashes appeared as pictures on that gray field curtaining our vision when our eyes are closed.

Sinclair, alone behind a closed door, would draw a picture. He would enclose and seal it in a double wrapper through which it was impossible for any one to see with eyes of flesh. He would bring it to Mrs. Sinclair, who lay on a sofa in another room. She would put the envelope on her breast, concentrate for a few minutes with closed eyes, pick up a pad and begin to draw—or sometimes to write down what she saw. In two hundred and ninety tries she scored 23 per cent of successes, 53 per cent of partial successes, and 24 per cent of failures. To check up, Sinclair tried the same process with a group of women who are professedly not "psychic." In one hundred experiments they registered only one success and seven partial successes.

Among the objects which Sinclair drew and Mrs. Sinclair reproduced were an ax, a dog chasing a ball on a string, a smoking-tobacco pipe, an erupting volcano, a lighted match, the links of a chain, a bird's nest with eggs, a spiked German helmet, a telegraph pole with wires. The drawings of which she wrote accurate descriptions included a hornless cow with her tongue sticking out, a table fork, and a milk bottle.

The partial successes seem sometimes as convincing as the hits. He drew a pair of shears. She drew a pair of spectacles surrounded by scratchy lines. Then, as though feeling that this figure was not exactly right, she had drawn one side of a pair of shears when "vision" left her and she quit. He drew a steamboat with its stack smoking. She drew merely the stack and smoke. He drew an American flag. She got the pole and the stripes but missed the stars. In a shorter but equally successful series, with her brother-in-law Robert L. Irwin doing the original drawing, she worked across a distance of twenty miles.

Two of the women who served as subjects at Duke recorded afterward that when they were working well with Zenger cards the image of the hidden device would seem to appear on the wall or before their closed eyes. This bears on one of the commonest experiences in the records of psychical research—the seeming appearance of the dying to distant friends at the moment of death. The British Society for Psychical Research once compiled about two thousand records of these apparitions; and the witnesses included hundreds of people eminent in the professions, the arts, diplomacy, business, and politics. If you doubt the frequency of this

CRITICAL MOMENTS No 1

"THAT FOGGY NIGHT OUR ENGINE FAILED"

"It was black as pitch, and rocks were all around us. We could never have made shore without our Eveready Flashlight. As we rowed along, its bright beam picked up every rock."
(Excerpt from an actual letter)

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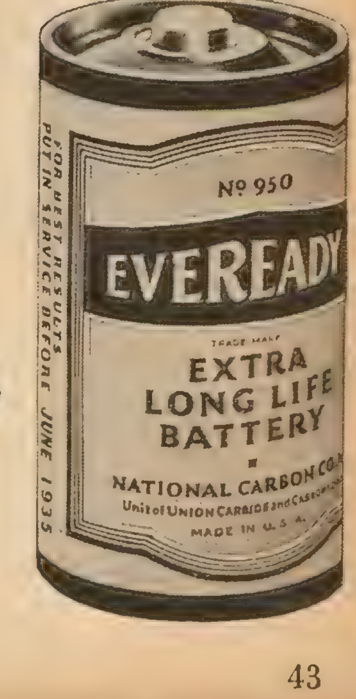

strange occurrence, ask among your intimate friends. It has happened in my family, in my wife's family. It has happened so often to people of my own acquaintance that I myself regard it almost as a commonplace. For example:

Bart, as I shall call him, is one of my intimates. He is a brilliant worker in one of the arts. A Yankee, he will understate rather than overstate. In thirty years of close acquaintance I have never caught him lying.

He is the son of a Baptist clergyman. When he was a boy, the church authorities transferred his father from Massachusetts to Rhode Island. His father's closest friend was the family physician in the old parish. I will call this man Dr. White.

ONE morning Bart's mother came down late to breakfast looking pale and distressed. Both Bart and his father noticed this and the father asked: "What's the matter? Aren't you well?"

Bart's mother hesitated before she replied: "I've just had the strangest experience! I was combing my hair. I reached out backward to get at the ends, and I turned my head. And I saw Dr. White standing in the doorway behind me. Nobody else in the world but Dr. White. Then I turned all the way round—and he was gone!"

Before noon there came a telegram. Dr. White had died that morning—a few minutes before Bart's mother "saw" him. None of them had known he was ill.

Sometimes this flash is an overwhelming inner conviction. A man of my most intimate acquaintance was engaged to be married. His prospective mother-in-law, whom we will call Mrs. Benson, lived with her three daughters about two miles away from his own city residence. At the time, his fiancée's work had taken her to a distant city. Mrs. Benson had a chronic disease, in those days considered incurable. But the doctors gave her at least six months to live.

On Christmas Day he dined with the family. The invalid was no better and no worse. Two or three days after Christmas he had an important engagement out of town which involved taking a ten-o'clock train. He was shaving before the mirror when he became aware that Mrs. Benson was dead. He saw no vision, heard no "voice." He knew—that was all. He finished dressing and, ignoring his engagement, took a tramcar for the Benson house. The car discharged him two blocks away. At the corner he met a certain Mrs. Hayward, friend of Mrs. Benson. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" she asked. "To the Bensons—Mrs. Benson is dead," he replied, and hurried on. Before the house he waked as from a trance. He had been expecting to see crape on the door, and there was no crape. What a fool he had been making of himself! Was he going insane? He rang. One of the daughters answered the bell—in tears. At about the moment when he received the impression, Mrs. Benson had died.

But most often, perhaps, the signal is an apparition—a hallucination, if you please—like that which Bart's mother experienced. Men and women have in all times seen such visions. Old biographies are full of cases. And in all times those who believed these stories true have accepted only one explanation—that "the dead live." The Duke experiments suggest another possible explanation. A minority of the subjects, searching their minds to read the device on a hidden card, saw its image on the wall; this did not happen to the majority. Now, it is possible that in people who have the gift—realized or unrealized—of sending out a telepathic message, the disintegration which comes with death may release a flood of this power, as from a broken dam; and that in certain persons sensitive to such impressions the message takes the form of hallucination. And somewhat the same thing may happen when the distant friend is not dying but is meeting some great danger or crisis.

These flashes come sometimes as an impression while the receiver is awake; and as often, perhaps, in vivid dreams. The literature of psychic research is full of testimony by eminent persons—like Charles Dickens, General Pickett of the Civil War, Ian Maclaren the author, Henry M. Stanley the explorer, and John Frémont "the pathfinder," in the past. In the present, a regiment of scientific men, artists, authors, college presidents, and business executives have recorded such experiences, but usually without permitting the use of their names—they do not wish to be regarded as eccentric.

THE search for an explanation of these mysteries of the mind began about a hundred years ago. So far, it is a mad tale. Speaking generally, hardheaded people left the subject severely alone. Speaking generally again, sentimental and romantic people, cranks, religious theorists took over the job. In these times a few "psychic researchers" like Dr. W. F. Prince and Dr. Hereward Carrington have kept their balance; but they have been obliged to spend much more time in exposing frauds than in dealing with those occurrences which one cannot explain on the grounds of trickery. A very few outstanding scientific men like Sir William Crookes and Professor William James have dared look into telepathy and clairvoyance and even the claims of spirit mediums. Now the subject has become respectable. The experiments at Duke have made it so. Our university laboratories are bound to follow them up. That monotonous card calling at Duke may be more important to the future of the race than all the political and social experiments which mark this confused age.

THE END

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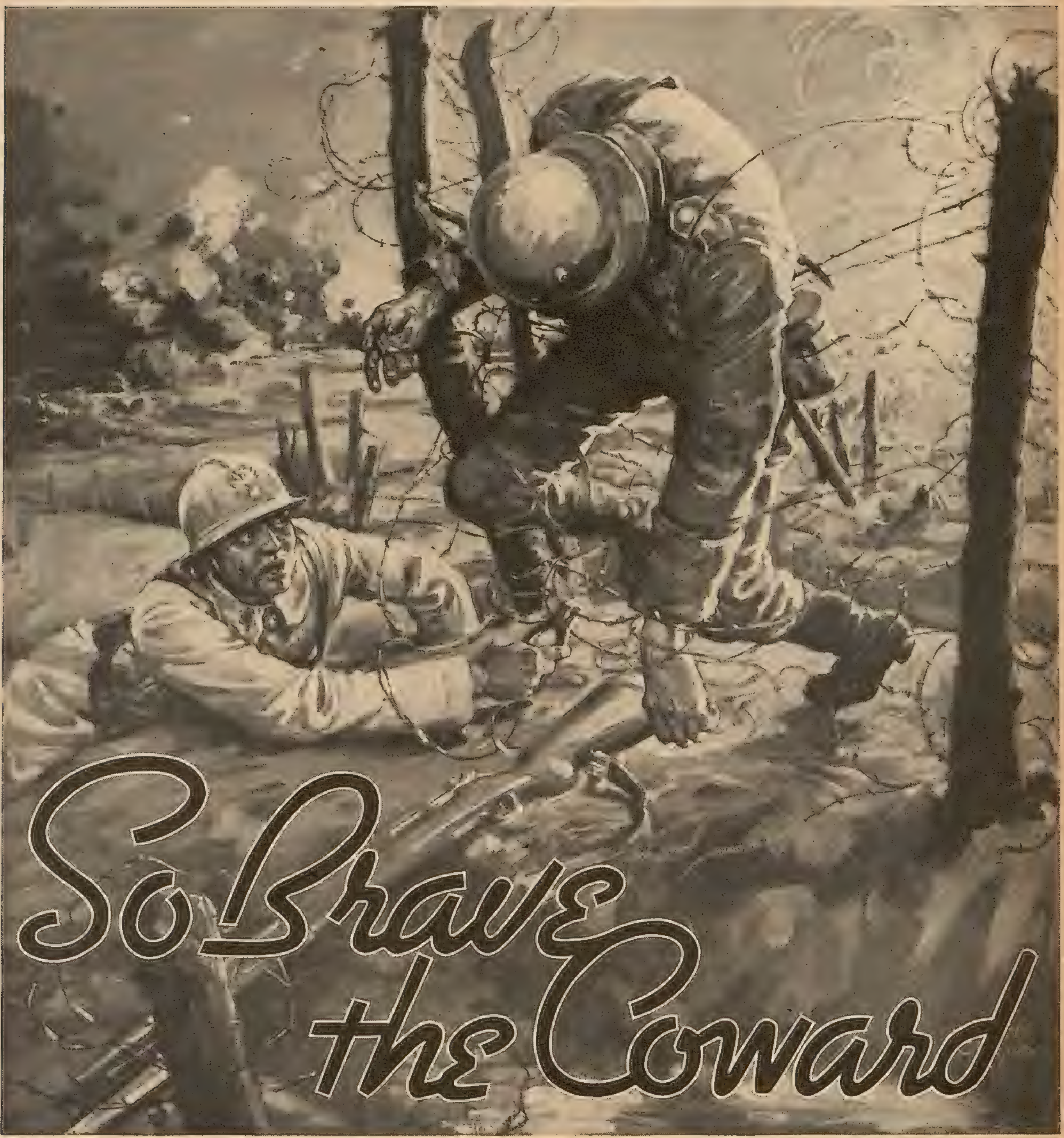
A Strange, Dramatic Story of Human Hearts—and War



So Brave the Coward

At last he was at the feet of the young German. His small strong cutting nippers attacked the wire.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

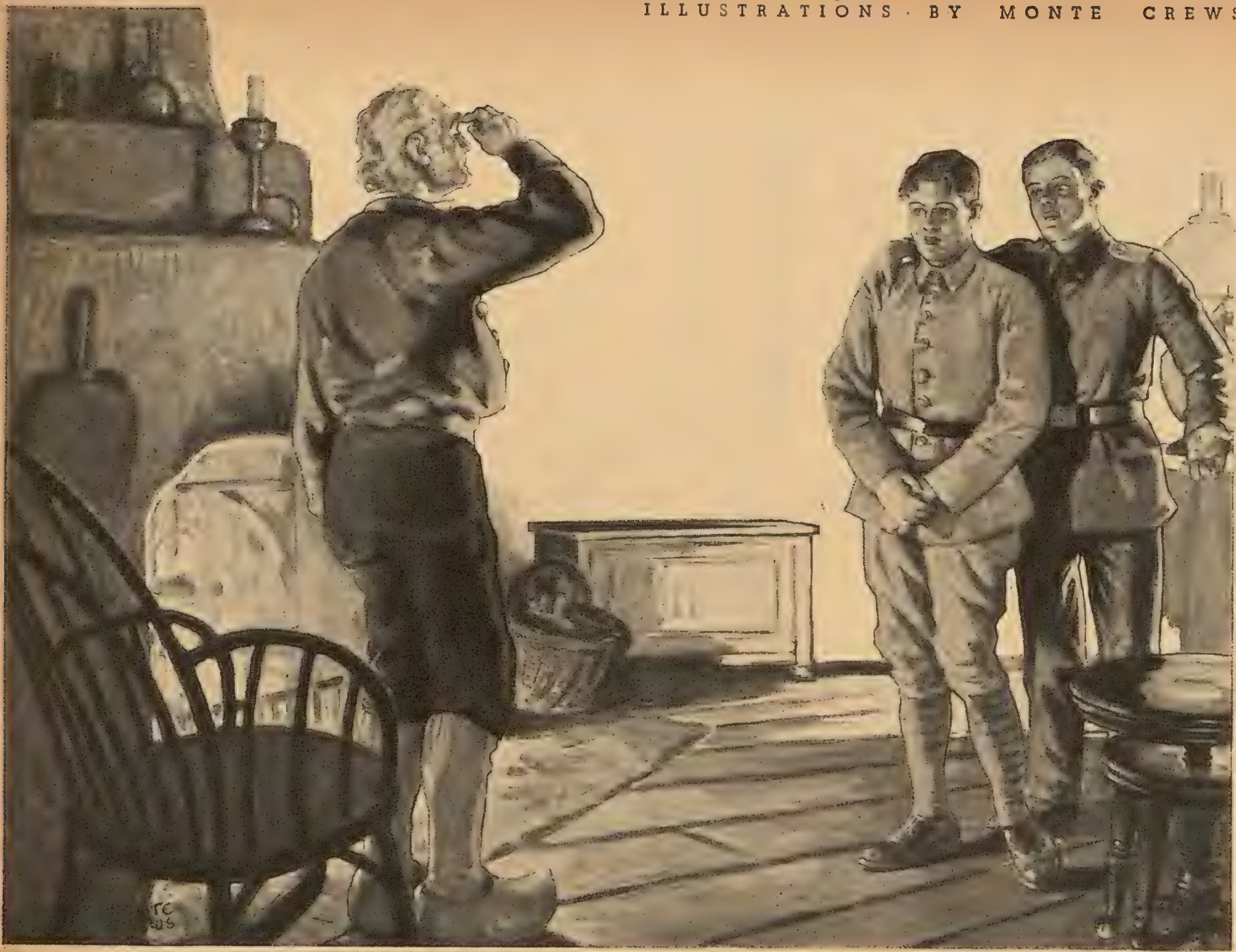
by KAY FOUGERA and WAYLAND BOWMAN

IT was May in Brittany. Old Jules Despel, white hair cut severely *en brosse*, lighted pipe clenched between his teeth, sat sunning himself on the doorstep of his red-roofed cottage; a letter dangled loosely from gnarled fingers.

An ambitious vineyard trailed up the hillside; birds chattered, nesting among the budding trees; buttercups and daisies cluttered the grass, as though defying the threat of the heel of the Hun. An enchanting scene, ripe for brush of painter or pen of poet; but the old Breton gave no heed to the beauty about him.

Today his stern face was set toward Ypres; his dark eyes were visioning through close-drawn lids

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS



Old Jules Despel arose. "Jean, I—salute—a great soldier!" The old hand whipped to his forehead.

the grim battlefield. There his two oldest grandsons, Raoul and Henri, were fighting—dying perhaps—for France.

Old Jules rattled the letter crisply: Raoul's letter telling of the great drive in which both he and Henri had been cited for conspicuous bravery. The old man's heart warmed with pride.

Tiens! Who could foretell what honors awaited the Despel-Prevost family! A pair of medals at the least! His wrinkled face lifted in a slow smile. Brave boys, these two. Worthy sons of a veteran of the days of 1870. He pictured their triumphant return. The village of Quimper bedecked to greet them; bands playing; flowers strewn beneath their victorious feet.

SHRILL childish voices, broken into by the unsteady tones of a youth approaching manhood, stopped the old veteran's revery. His face hardened. Jean was coming. Jean, youngest of his grandsons, content to play child nurse to his five-year-old twin sisters and be chore worker about the place rather than intrepid poilu like his brothers. Jean who— Bah!

Old Jules jerked the pipe from his lips, spat disgustedly, and called scornfully through the window to his daughter:

"*Tiens,* Marie. Here comes thy poltroon son!"

Marie Prevost, widowed early in the conflict, was preparing the noonday meal. A flush quenched momentarily the war-born misery of her face.

"He is no coward! Only gentle and of tender heart!" she flung back.

Jules sneered, knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Thou doest well to defend thy weakling son; but, *mon Dieu,* he sickens even to see a chicken killed. Now, Raoul and Henri—"

"'Tis because of his kindness, I say!" Marie defended loyally, a little bitterly, deftly smoothing the red tablecloth.

How unjust her father could be, and had been! Her mind raced back the twenty years when he had banished from the family records the name of her own twin sister Elise because, with her father's same willful spirit, she had defied him and married the worth-while young German from across the Rhine, a student of history who had had the impudence to assert that the Franco-Prussian War had been promoted by the lovely, too ambitious Empress Eugénie!

Struggling to protect a basket of eggs from the mischievous onslaughts of the twins, a slender youth appeared. His mild brown eyes and sensitive mouth proclaimed the dreamer.

Old Jules greeted the trio curtly; stamped into the house; seated himself at the table and began to eat in silence.

Flanked by the lively twins, Jean started light-hearted talk with his mother. Marie's hand crept up, rested on the dark hair. How she loved this youngest son who so resembled herself, and who recoiled at the sight of suffering, but whose skillful hands could coax more milk from the old cow Clovette than could any one else; whose strong young arms kept the woodbox filled, the fires burning. Ah, yes; Jean was precious to mother, family, and community.

Marie furtively studied the beardless boy beside her. Self-deception whispered that he was too young, a mere child—the army would not reach out for him! But cruel truth leaped up to remind her that others of his age had marched away to the blare of the Marseillaise. . . .

The day came. Marie Prevost held her head high, smiled and waved to the pale-cheeked boy in horizon-blue who kept turning around to scold back old Bruin, who thought that if Jean went he too must go. . . .

October on the western front. Dull autumn clouds over no man's land.

Jean Prevost's regiment was held in first-line reserves.

True to harsh old grandpère's prophecy, Jean was indeed an indifferent sort of soldier. What he was ordered to do he did. But no blood-eagerness of the natural warrior stirred in him.

Jean's regiment was flung forward suddenly in the chill gray of dawn. So swift was the French drive, the Germans literally hurled themselves backward out of their trenches.

In that his first action Jean stumbled forward like one in a hideous dream. Something hard slashed through his cheek. He stopped abruptly; not on account of the sticky wetness that suddenly covered his cheek, but because of what he saw, there a little to the left.

A young German soldier was caught in the barbed-wire maze in front of the enemy trenches and was hanging there, struggling weakly to free himself. Somehow in the confusion of the sudden French attack he had been trapped, was helpless; like an animal mangled and bleeding, held fast in a snare.

The Germans rallied. The swift rattle of their machine-gun fire ripped back into the face of the French.

The sharp order in French:

"Down! Down! Back into the trench!"

Trained men hugged the ground, edging backward.

"Down, you!" a poilu yelled—yanked Jean to earth.

Then one of those earth-bellied duels raking no man's land with livid hell.

Jean fired mechanically again and again, scarcely aware of what he did, nor heeding the blood oozing from his cheek, or that it pained. His mind was holding the picture of the young German sagging on the wire out there a little to the left of Jean's line of fire.

Jean lifted his head. The figure was still there.

A surge of unbearable pity wrenched the poilu's breast.

He threw down his gun, flung himself forward and, flat on his face, started to crawl out across that death-swept field. Bullets and shrapnel whined above and about him; bombs and shells jolted the earth, pockmarked it with hungry, yawning mouths. Yet he whom old Jules had called "poltroon" crept stubbornly on.

At last he was there, panting and sweat-drenched, at the feet of the young German. His small strong cutting nippers attacked the wire. He tore away the barbs stabbing into the victim's ankles and legs.

The gray-green figure moaned. The strapped iron helmet was tilted tightly down over his face. The poilu worked harder, faster at the wire.

The boy's body was free to the waist. French airplanes zoomed over the German lines, dropping bombs, checking for the moment the machine-gun fire. Jean seized the chance, sprang up, tore loose the remaining strands. The German tottered, tried to steady himself—fell into Jean's arms.

The poilu braced himself. A red spot was seeping through his slashed sleeve. From his wounded cheek thick drops still dripped down on to his chest.

A wraithlike apparition suddenly appeared on the other side of the barrier. It stood there, weirdly tall and silent, and wore the cumbersome Teuton war helmet. For a moment Jean blinked groggily at the vision.

The German's hand went to his breast. It came away clutching the Iron Cross, torn from its place over his heart. In guttural French his voice came brokenly, hoarsely:

"Take it, poilu! It is thine more justly than mine. Never yet hath man deserved it more than thou!"

He flung the priceless treasure, bought by his own bravery, at the feet of Jean Prevost, enemy poilu, and vanished.

Jean reached down, picked up the medal, mechanically fastened it in his blouse. It was all unreal, impossible, he told himself. Soon he would awaken from a strange dream.

He was thrust back into reality. His prisoner was slipping down unconscious, out of his arms. Jean's own trembling legs gave way; he too slid to the ground. Wearily he looked at his charge. The boy needed air. Jean wrenched at the helmet to lift it from the other's face. No use! The strap held—was too tight. He let it go; he must save his strength. He rolled on to his back, rested for a few short breaths; turned over, flung his hands above his head, grasped the feet of the prisoner, and began to hunch caterpillarlike, dragging himself and the dead weight of the young German toward the French lines. Inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard.

His wounded arm grew painfully numb. Blood and sweat drenched him, blinded him; his mouth was thick with slime, his nostrils stopped with dirt. Another yard—another—still a few more—

Hoarse shouts came from throats tight with emotion:

"Bravo! Bravo, poilu!"

Swift feet leaped into the face of death; quick hands dragged the poilu and the German over the saving welt of earth.

Propped against the knees of a poilu, Jean saw others lift the unconscious German. The stubborn strap gave way; the loosened Prussian helmet rolled to the ground.

Jean's eyes set in stark bewilderment. His sight or brain, or both, must be tricking him.

Except for the closely cropped dark hair, the pale face of the young German, even through its coating of dirt, was Jean's own—as like as if reflected back from a mirror!

His eyes still on the face of the German, Jean's head fell forward. Darkness. . . .

The young Breton moved, struggled up from a pit of unmeasurable depth and blackness; he fought to escape an insuperable weight; he opened his eyes.

A white-uniformed nurse bent over him.

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"*Eh, bien,* poilu, so thou hast awakened!" she whispered.

Jean's stiff lips managed a barely audible:

"Where—where—am—I?"

"In a hospital, *mon brave.*"

"Hospital?" he mumbled, dazedly. Memory whirled a strange jumble of faces, places, horrors before his vision.

"Why—am—I—here?" he strained his voice to ask.

The little dark-eyed nurse became the autocrat.

"*Tais-toi,*" she commanded. "Wilt thou start thy fever again—once more become delirious—lose thyself? Sleep! Be calm!"

Jean was sleepy, deliciously so. He slept for hours plus other hours. With morning his mind was clearer; tongue less clumsy.

"What—brought me here?" he asked huskily.

"Thine own folly and the Boche thou rescued," replied the nurse a little chidingly.

"Boche?" he repeated wonderingly.

"Boche. Thine enemy whose life thou saved instead of destroying!" the nurse answered with a queerly tender smile.

Remembrance came to Jean.

"Ah, yes. The young Boche on—on—the wire. How—where is he?" Jean questioned a bit excitedly.

"Tut-tut," the brisk young tyrant admonished. "Thou must be quiet. The Boche, he is in the prison hospital. Doing well. Lost blood—much blood; has some not too bad wounds. Otherwise—"

"I—I—must see him," Jean muttered, remembering the last vision of the young fellow's face.

"*Plus tard, mon chou-chou,* but not now," the nurse answered with finality, stepping to the window, throwing up the shade.

Jean's eyes followed her hand. Snow was falling past the window.

"How long have I been here?" he asked tensely.

"Two months."

"Two months?" he echoed weakly.

The nurse nodded.

Groups of soldiers were passing the window. They were laughing, making merry. From somewhere came the strains of Madelon and voices shouting, "*Encore! Encore!*"

Jean became aware of a strange absence of familiar sounds. There was no roar of cannon, no vicious splatter of machine-gun fire, no shriek of shells. War sounds were gone.

"What is wrong?" he asked suspiciously.

The nurse turned from the window.

"Wrong?" she repeated. "Nothing is wrong. Everything is right!" She paused and smiled. "The war is over, *mon brave!*"

"War—over?" incredulously.

"Yes, yes, my cabbage. The armistice was signed last month. Soon we will all go home!" She flashed a happy smile.

JEAN tried to realize it. War over? Home soon? Could it be? Yet why should she lie?

Home! With the twins, and Bruin, and old Clovette, and—mother. Ah, *bon Dieu,* it was good to be alive! He would get well—quickly!

Another week and, with the dark-eyed nurse beside him, Jean Prevost, with his nose buried in greatcoat against the biting cold, was driven to the prison hospital.

Eyes turned curiously as Jean and the white-clad nurse crossed the threshold. At the door of Ward No. 7 the Brittany boy stopped. By a far window sat his ex-prisoner, munching brioche and enjoying a bottle of wine.

The young Boche at the window glanced toward Jean and the nurse, the bottle he was lifting stopped, poised in mid-air. He stared at the *flacon* and set it down. Seductive stuff, these French wines! He looked again at the approaching poilu. It was true. Save for the other's paleness, it was his own double he saw coming toward him!

The nurse pushed a chair beneath Jean's unsteady legs.

Other occupants of the ward crowded around, exclaiming at the striking resemblance between French poilu and the German.

"Thy name, soldier?" Jean challenged, his voice trembling.

"Fritz von Hagen."

"Von Hagen, from the Rhineland?"

"But yes, poilu. And thine?"

"Jean Prevost."

The young Boche started.

"Prevost?" he echoed—pushed aside his glass. "Prevost—" He went on eagerly: "Is—is thy mother Marie Despel Prevost of Quimper?"

"Yes," Jean answered breathlessly. "And thine is Elise Despel von Hagen, my mother's own twin sister, is she not?"

Sudden emotion for the moment robbed Fritz of speech. He reached out, caught Jean's hand, while in the young Breton's eyes too came unhidden mists. At last Fritz spoke unsteadily: "But thou, my cousin—how didst thou know that I was here?"

Jean hesitated; the reply was difficult; but not so for the nurse.

"*Ma foi!*" she cried. "'Tis late to learn that it was he who dragged thee out of hell!"

"He!" the young Boche exclaimed. "He—my own cousin—who saved me! But why, Jean—why didst thou risk thine own life for me, then a—stranger, thine enemy?"

THE dream look that old Jules Despel so despised filled Jean's gentle eyes.

"I—do not know why. Something within me said 'Go!' That is all." He smiled.

"Strange—very strange!" Fritz muttered softly.

Jean regarded him musingly.

"Strange?" he echoed. "Was it, I wonder?"

"My life is thine, my cousin! I can never repay thee for it. But if ever—sometime—something—a—a favor—" the young German stammered.

A quick audacious thought flashed into Jean's mind.

"Yes, there is—a favor," he answered, smiling. . . .

Three days before Christmas an overcrowded troop train plowed its way toward Quimper. Overcoats, kepis, trench souvenirs cluttered the overhead racks. Joyous pandemonium reigned. Even the wounded thumped their crutches on the floor in rhythm with shouted war songs or folk melodies, while the occasional yelp of some smuggled canine mascot added to the din.

Jean Prevost pressed his face against the window, his eyes searching for familiar places, objects. But behind his eagerness was a growing uneasiness. Fritz von Hagen slid a gray-green-clad arm around Jean's shoulder.

"Don't be distressed, Jean, if thy surprise in bringing home a—a—friend—" Fritz hesitated.

The Brittany boy glanced up. Odd that Fritz too should sense the doubt rising in Jean's own mind. It might have been safer, wiser to have announced the identity of his Christmas guest, instead of merely that he was bringing home a "friend." Nothing then would have been left to chance, nor the reaction of grandpère who, good as he was, had a harsh and cruel way at times.

"*Sois tranquille;* all will be well. My mother will love thee!" Jean retorted reassuringly.

"Thy mother, yes, so I hope and believe; but even when I promised to return with thee, I realized that grandpère Despel is—"

"The greatest soul in the world!" Jean interrupted loyally.

"But my mother has said—"

"'Tis twenty years since thy mother hath seen her father! Thou shalt see—how good he is. Wait!"

Yet both boys fell silent as they neared the *gare.*

Jean and Fritz were among the last to leave their compartment. Each was conscious of a curious reluctance. But suddenly the sight of the eager twins, Marie Prevost, gruff old Jules Despel—all watching for him, straining their eyes to search him out—and the poilu forgot all else. Swooping up his few belongings, he stumbled out of the car into the arms of his family.

Fritz followed slowly, feeling forlorn, isolated. For a whole minute the young Boche stood on the platform, apart, unheeded by the joyous groups greeting their own. He glanced wistfully after the receding train. Wistfully his mind raced to the Fatherland—his war-widowed mother, his sister Elise, his ten-year-old brother. A wave of homesickness threatened his self-control.

But now Jean, contrite and confused, was tearing himself away from the clutching twins, the clinging arms of his mother, the anxious inquiries of grandpère.

"Oh, my guest—my guest!" he stammered.

"Ah, yes, thy guest. Where is he?" Marie echoed hospitably.

"There—over there!" Jean pointed, leading the way toward Fritz.

At the sight of the Prussian uniform the eyes of Jules Despel grew cold, hardened. Silence held them all until Fritz, with an embarrassed movement, pushed back his kepi and looked directly at them.

Old Jules's frame stiffened. Slowly, as if hypnotized, he advanced across the platform, his eyes searching Fritz's face. The young German gave back stare for stare, and suddenly lifted his head to a semidefiant pose reminiscent of his mother.

"*Regarde,* the Boche looks just like our Jean!" one of the twins shouted.

Marie Prevost caught her breath. She did not require the twin's startled cry to reveal to her that here was her sister's boy.

Jules Despel and his enemy grandson faced each other. The old man's breast heaved; his breath came in slow, deep efforts. A trembling hand reached out, clutched the gray-green sleeve.

"Thou art the son of—Elise Despel von Hagen?" he muttered.

"I am—and thou art my grandfather," Fritz answered softly. To old Jules and Marie Prevost it was the voice of Elise—daughter, sister—that spoke.

THE arrogant spirit of the old Frenchman wilted. The heart hunger of the years for the absent Elise, stifled and beaten down by his stubborn will, found vent in a broken cry:

"My son, my son, why hast thou remained so long away—thou and thy—mother?" The old arms folded Fritz to his breast.

Wondering questions came then, thick and fast:

When — what date — how — where did the cousins meet?

"Oh—on the battlefield," Jean replied evasively.

Fritz smiled, with a queer look at his cousin. "'Tis a wonderful story, grandpère—we will tell thee later!" he promised.

After supper in the red-roofed cottage, Marie, seated beside the cheerful lamp, picked up her knitting; old Jules slumped comfortably in his rocking chair before the blazing grate, lighted his pipe; while Jean lounged against the piano where Fritz, a twin on each side of him, ran his fingers lightly over the keys and broke into French folk songs. Contentment was in the heart of old Jules Despel, for now he knew that Elise had never forgotten the *patrie*—her German-born son sang the songs of France!

There came a pause. Marie turned to Fritz.

"Ah, Fritz, how I wish Raoul and Henri were here—and thy dear mother."

"Raoul—Henri—" repeated the old man, rousing from his revery. "Ah, yes. We have news of thy brothers, Jean. Great news," he went on proudly. "Both of them have received the Croix de Guerre—both of them!"

A glow of family pride suffused Jean's face; he cried warmly:

"Splendid! Splendid! A great honor for the family!"

Fritz spun around on the stool.

"Jean too has received a medal!" he exclaimed.

"Jean—a medal?" old Jules repeated.

Fritz's shoulders straightened.

"Yes," he answered—"the Iron Cross!" For the instant it was the Prussian soldier that spoke. Answering their bewildered looks, ignoring Jean's embarrassment, Fritz continued:

"Thou shalt have the story! It was this way. . . ."

OLD Jules's pipe went out, remained unlighted; Marie's needles stopped knitting, were idle in her lap; the twins ceased teasing the dog, grew silent, wide-eyed; Jean, miserably awkward, self-conscious, kept his eyes averted, downcast, while Fritz talked.

". . . And so," Fritz finished, husky-voiced, "it was that way that our Jean won his decoration—the Iron Cross!"

He got up, stepped quickly to Jean's side, put his arm around his cousin's shoulder. Old Jules Despel too arose, with slow military pride approached his grandsons. First, to Fritz:

"I thank thee, my son, for this wonderful story which, had thou not told it, we would never have heard. Jean—the modest gamin—would never have let it pass his lips!"

Then, with erect shoulders, flashing eyes, to Jean:

"For thee, my Jean, I am prouder of thy Iron Cross than any honor that has yet or shall ever come to the sons of Jules Despel. *I—salute—a great soldier!*" The old hand whipped to his forehead. He reached out, drew Jean to his breast—the soldier dead, the father living. Haltingly, tears raining down his cheeks:

"Compassion for thine enemy hath discovered for thee—a brother; thy courage, my Jean, hath restored to me—a daughter; made again thy family and thy father's family—one!"

He turned toward Jean's starry-eyed mother. The old arrogance flashed up through a proud smile:

"Did I not always tell thee, Marie," he challenged, "that our Jean was the most remarkable of all our children?"

Tactful Marie nodded, smiled; it was enough.

THE END

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THE GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

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Here is a test of your ability to recognize the likenesses of some of your famous fellow citizens even though they appear in combination with others. All of the people whose pictures will appear in these composites are men or women who have made the headlines through some achievement or event. Most, if not all, are internationally famed. However, all are Americans in fame and in fact.

Read the list of prizes if you have not already done so. Liberty will pay $2,000 in cash for the best entry. Think of it! Two thousand dollars is a large sum and you may be the one to win it! Just think of what you could do with a windfall like that. This is an opportunity you cannot afford to neglect. Your chance to win is excellent. No one has any advantage under the rules. No special preparation is called for. No special knowledge is required. If you have all the money you need you can compete just for the satisfaction of winning and give your prize money to somebody else. Whatever your motive, get into the Game of Famous Americans. You'll enjoy it.

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SECOND PRIZE	500
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $25	250
100 PRIZES, Each $10	1,000
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100
334 PRIZES	$5,000

The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.

2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.

3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.

4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.

5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

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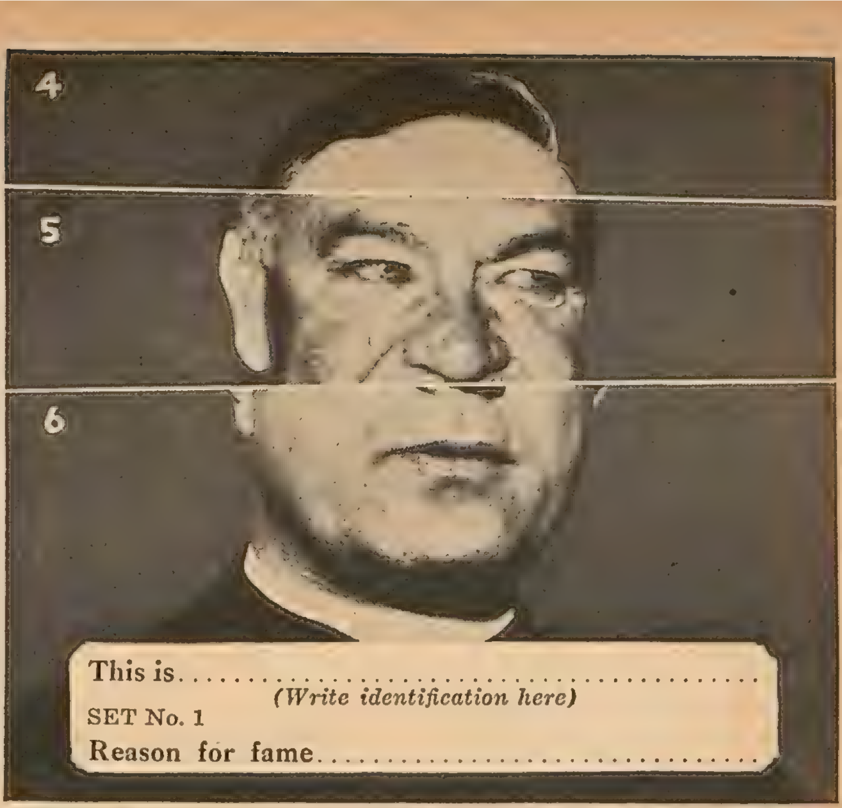
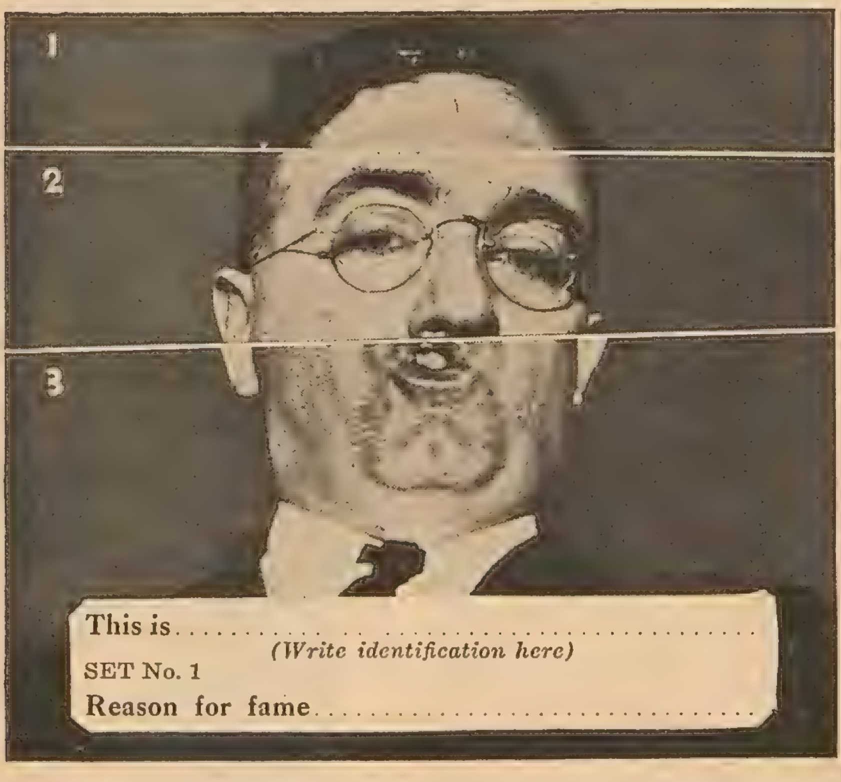
PRIZES!



This is . . . .
(Write identification here)
SET No. 1
Reason for fame . . . .



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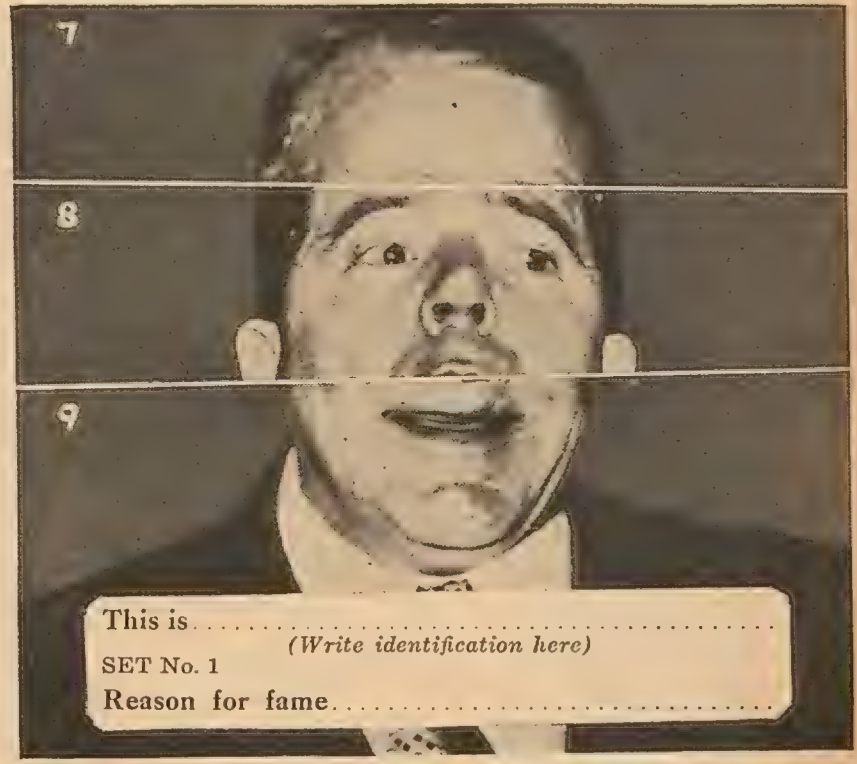

This is . . . .
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SET No. 1
Reason for fame . . . .

How to Solve This Week's Composites

BEGIN by reading the rules carefully so that you are sure you understand exactly what will constitute a winning entry. Then cut the composites apart or trace the various sections. Put them together as you think they belong. Can you name the three persons immediately? Then write or print the names in the spaces provided and follow this with an identification of the reasons for their fame. A single word will suffice for this if you wish. Educator, orator, churchman, legislator, writer, scientist, reformer, philanthropist—any of these and many more may be among the descriptions you will use in your set of thirty identifications. If you feel that a longer identification is necessary, that is permissible; but be as brief as possible.

When you have solved the three composites in Set No. 1 to your satisfaction, put them aside pending the completion of your entry. Do not send in any solutions until your set of thirty pictures is complete. Three composites will appear each week until the contest ends with the issue of Liberty dated July 13.

CLUES

To assist you in getting started this week, although you should experience no difficulty at all in identifying these first three Famous Americans, here is a hint that may help. All three men are contemporary headliners. One is a former army man. Another is sometimes termed a dictator. Another's voice is known in every state in the Union.

ANOTHER SET OF COMPOSITES NEXT WEEK!

To the Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

● A new reason for eating avocado pears comes to me from Haiti. I learned it through a talk with Captain John H. Craige, the ex-Marine officer who writes about that magical island. Avocado pears will keep legs straight, say the people of Haiti. They claim you never will be knock-kneed or bowlegged if you eat avocados.

When I met him, Captain Craige was eating bacon and eggs in a lunchroom at Rockefeller Center, where he now edits the house organ published by that institution. We drank black coffee and talked black magic—the captain being an authority on both those tropical products.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. CRAIGE

"Plenty of West Indian voodoo doctors now practice their trade in this country," he told me. "You can hire them to put a spell on any one you dislike. Their fees range from two dollars up. But I wouldn't try them, if I were you. They might tell your enemy, and get themselves rehired to put your spell right back on you. That is supposed to be the worst voodoo of all."

Seven years ago, during his Marine adventures in Haiti, a witchwoman down there put a curse on Captain Craige. That, at least, is what the natives said. And things happened. First he nearly died of fever; then his house burned down and his bank went bust. So a voodoo friend of his made him a good *wanga* to offset the bad one. A *wanga* is a magic bundle of silk, feathers, bones, teeth, and what not. But thieves stole his good one. Then his automobile turned turtle, gravely injuring his spine. He had to resign from the Marine Corps. The captain has authored two books on Haiti: Black Bagdad was one, the other is Cannibal Cousins.

Of course he doesn't really believe that he was bewitched. Yet he hangs on to an article of strong protective magic that was fixed up for him by a Chinese sorcerer in Alaska.

His Chinese charm looks like a laundry ticket.

● A few weeks ago I inquired on this page if it is true that many wives cut their husbands' hair. From the dozens of letters I have received in reply, I can now tell you definitely that any number of wives do all their husbands' haircutting—and the husbands like it.

Let me quote from some of the letters:

"I cut my husband's hair and also keep it finger-waved," writes a lady in Augusta, Georgia. "My wife has cut my hair for thirty-five years because I hate to wait in barbershops," writes a gentleman from Colorado Springs. A New York State girl says:

"Dad don't care how he looks, so mother chases him with the scissors and cuts his hair by force. She also cuts the hair that grows in his ears." From Long Beach, California, comes this confession: "I have all the paraphernalia, from electric clippers to neck duster, and if I do say so myself, I give my husband a neat haircut. The barbers used to make him look like a peeled onion."

Stacks more letters of the same sort. And very few saying they cut their husbands' hair to save money.

● Some friends and I were talking about strange marriage proposals. The strangest we knew was this one concerning a man who now holds a high government position. He knocked a girl down with his automobile. She threatened to sue him. He went to see her at the hospital. She was very pretty.

"Would you sue your own husband?" he asked her.

"No; but what of it?" she said. "I'm not married."

"That's fine," said he. "I'm going to marry you."

He did, and their marriage has been extremely happy.

● Now we know how much a typical New York working-girl spends every year. The National Alliance of Art and Industry has been finding this out for us. They say the unmarried girl who earns about $25 a week is the typical consumer. She shares an apartment with another girl. She spends $255 a year on clothes, $240 for rent, $208 for groceries, $149 for carfare and lunches, $30 with her dentist and doctor, $50 for her vacation, $35 at the hairdresser's, $20 for cigarettes. She salts $52 away in the bank.

● A mild vogue for Armenian riddles has broken out here, brought back by tourists who have been in Soviet Russia, where such goofy gags are always attributed to the Armenians—for some unknown reason. Two of the riddles go like this:

What is it that runs through the woods, has spots and two legs? Half a leopard.

What is it that stands on the shelf on Monday, under the bed on Thursday, out on the windowsill on Saturday? My ash tray. But why? Why under the bed? Why out on the windowsill? Because it's my ash tray—I put it where I please.

● Best novel I have read this month is The Emerald Buddha, by Elizabeth Morse. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

● Swiss eggs come to the table in style.

Butter a shallow fireproof dish. In it lay thin slices of Swiss cheese. Break very fresh eggs on the cheese. Dust with salt, nutmeg, pepper. Over the eggs pour ½ cup thick cream. Top with generous sprinkling of grated cheese. Bake briskly for 15 minutes. Serve quickly.

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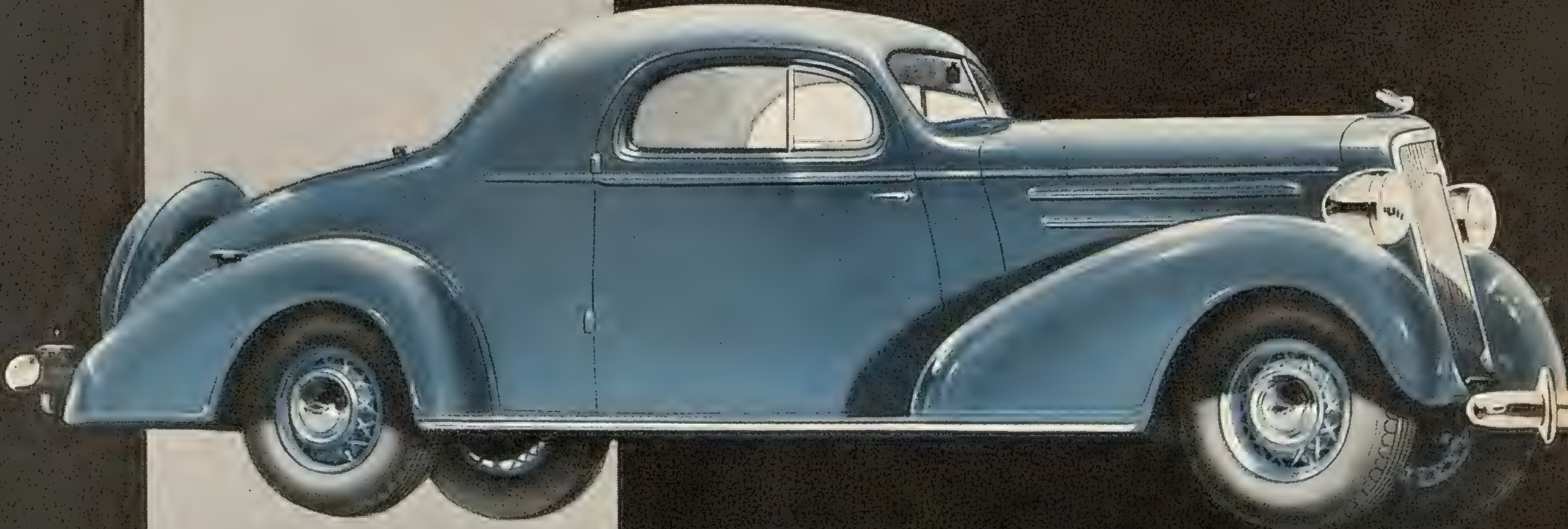

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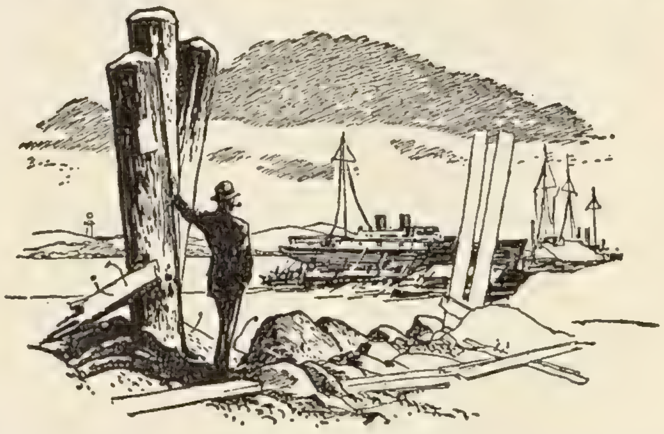
The MARY MALOT

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by NARD JONES

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



EASILY Jarvis Macdonald picked his way among the slippery wet boards strewn about the boat yard, and his eyes looked with an old familiarity out across the deep green of Lake Union.

This lake water front, and the water front along the bay downtown, had known him earlier, when he was "Seattle Mac" and not Mr. Macdonald, with swank offices and membership in the Ranier Club.

He stopped before a smooth unpainted hull—seventy-five feet of trim lines that were to be the Macdonald yacht. The owner of the yard was standing near him, watching the work.

"Has Miss Garfield been here yet?" Macdonald asked him.

"Haven't seen her. I'll ask in the office."

"Never mind." He faced the shipbuilder suddenly. "Bill, I've known you all my life, and by gad I'm going to talk to you. Have you heard anybody say anything about—about Miss Garfield and me?"

Bill knew when to lie. "You and Miss Garfield? No—can't say as I have."

"Well, I'm going to marry her. It's—it's been a long time since my—since Cora died, and, damn it all, a man gets lonesome. I don't have anything to do any more. I've young fellows who know more about how business is done nowadays than I do. They're fancy and smooth, and I don't like to do business like that. I like to ram hell out of things. When I got wild, Cora used to say to me, 'Steady, Mac—steady now!'" Macdonald chuckled. "She was usually right, too. The kids are like her. Both Jill and Todd are like that—always wanting me to get steady."

He stopped suddenly. A soft yet imperative voice had come from just beyond the shed: "Oh, Jarvis! Jarvis dear, won't you help me through this mess?"

They turned to see a slender, unusually attractive young woman in her late twenties. When Jarvis hurried forward to help her, she clung hard to his arm.

"Oh—it's coming along, isn't it?" she cried, lifting her delectable chin. "Mr. Sorenson, I think it's heavenly. Did Jarvis tell you what we're going to call it?"

"Well—no, he didn't."

"Jarjess. You see, it's a combination of Jarvis and Jess—quite an idea, isn't it?"

Bill nodded. "Me," he said, "I like a good husky female name for a ship. Like—well, like the Mary Malot."

Jarvis Macdonald started. "The Mary Malot?"

"Yep, the same old Mary. Captain Svegler brought her down yesterday for a calk-and-paint job and then she'll be fit again for her old mail run from Nome to Kotzebue. She's down on the Number Three ways."

"I went north on her the first trip she ever took. I want to see her!"

The girl beside him gave a little sound of dismay. "Oh, Jarvis, do we have to go down there on those greasy old boards?"

"You can stay here," Macdonald said, starting off.

Macdonald struck out along the soft-mudded lake front, and as he rounded a clump of ancient piling he saw the Mary Malot, high and dry and battered now, but still the Mary Malot.

His mind rushed back thirty-seven years, sped back to a Seattle that was small and sprawling, excited as an urchin over the knowledge that "Seward's folly" harbored gold. Everything that could float went to Alaska then. Two thousand dollars he'd paid for his ticket on the Mary Malot; and eleven hundred of that had been Cora's money. It had been hard, leaving her in the raw rough town, without friends and with little money. But there was no more room aboard the Mary or any other boat; and it had been their one big chance to win security in the new Northwest.

As Jarvis drew himself on to the deck of the Mary Malot, somehow he felt that he was squirming among the hundreds on her overcrowded deck, trying to find a spot where he and Cora could say good-by.

They pushed and edged their way toward the stern rail, this slender young fellow in the self-conscious derby and this grave girl in her leg-o'-mutton sleeves.

"I'll come back with a stake, honey. I'll come back down to Seattle with a stake or I'll beat the daylights out of a bunch of cheechakos up there!"

The young girl laughed. "Steady, Mac," she said. "Steady now." But there was a catch in her laughter and her eyes were wet. Suddenly she burst out, "Oh, Mac! Mac, what if the boat went down, and you with it, and—"

"Nonsense," he told her. "Look, honey—I'll cut off a chunk of her and give it to you, and you just hang tight to it, and then she can't go down!"

His young vandalism hidden by the mob, he sliced a splinter from beneath the stern rail, a splinter a good half-inch thick and at least three inches long, and slipped it into Cora's muff. . . .

NOW the old Jarvis Macdonald shoved toward the stern of the Mary Malot. "That rail'd be changed at least half a dozen times," he told himself. "At least that."

But he walked aft, remembering it had been a good hefty rail, and remembering, too, that he had carved it on the under side where nobody'd notice, where it could be painted over.

His hand reached out and grabbed the wood.

His fingers felt the deep indentation, layered over now with a dozen coats of paint. His heart leaped dangerously and his breath came so fast in his throat that he knew he was really old. And he kept hearing a voice whisper, "Steady, Mac. Steady now."

When he came down into the yard, Jess Garfield and Bill looked at him strangely.

"When that magazine fellow comes again, tell him this cracker box here is for sale," he said to Bill.

"For sale!"

"Don't get excited. I'm taking her over, but I'm putting her up for sale. Right now! And you can give him another piece of news, too: I'm buying the Mary Malot."

"But she ain't for sale, and what in the devil would—"

"You tell him he can put it in the magazine that I'm buying her. I'll pay twice whatever Svegler wants and he can be the skipper. I'm going to take the kids north in her. They ought to see it up there."

For the first time since Macdonald had reappeared, Jess Garfield managed to open her carmined lips: "Jarvis—Jarvis, have you gone *insane?*"

When he answered he roared. Nobody but Seattle Mac had roared as he roared now:

"Me? Insane? Hell, no! I've just got my sense back. And don't call me Jarvis. Come to think of it, don't call me at all!"

THE END

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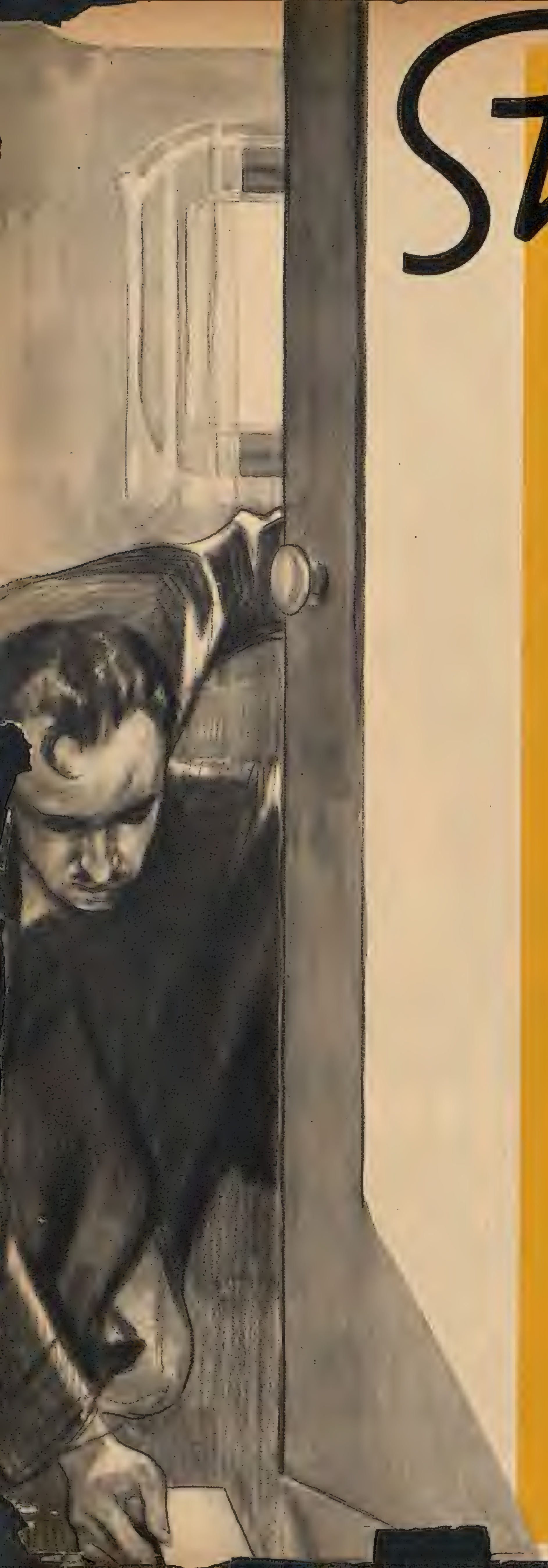


She made

A Wild Ride Through the Night and Into the Dawn—and the Thrill of a New Adventure . . . So, Vividly, This Stirring Novel Reaches Its End and Climax

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

HUMBLE pie. . . . Sylvia junked, thrown into the bay. Ned, gone wild, had killed his beautiful mistress. . . . Was it for love of Frieda or because his hatred of her had made him want to destroy? . . . Somebody else—somebody whose art Ned despised—would build the tower that Frieda's wantonness had wrecked. Ned was committing professional suicide, ruining himself by stepping out of the picture. . . . Time was passing, reeling itself out on the silver spool you can never turn back. . . . Angels themselves can't breathe on the past and blow it back again, new and pure. . . . What's done is done. . . . Why did Doris speak of Ned as somebody buried, talking, the way Frieda had been trying to remember him? . . . Only not talking—saying the hateful things he thought of her. . . .

In the night stillness she could hear the tiny pulse of the wrist watch, measuring life, measuring death. The silvery hour hand had turned from three to four, was edging its way downward. . . . Frieda had wanted time to think. . . . Well, here were her thoughts, grinding together like broken timber in a flood. . . . Humble pie. . . . Ned sitting alone, wildly quiet, because he was bleeding inside, planning to crawl away into a hole somewhere, like a dying dog. Ah, but his accusing eyes! Could she face them and live? . . . Dear, bleeding man! His poor puzzled head should be in her arms, as it used to be when he was tired.

A silent voice out of the darkness said to her, Go now!

Softly, so as not to waken Doris, she stole

The door opened and a head—she hardly knew it for Ne

her bed

by

WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

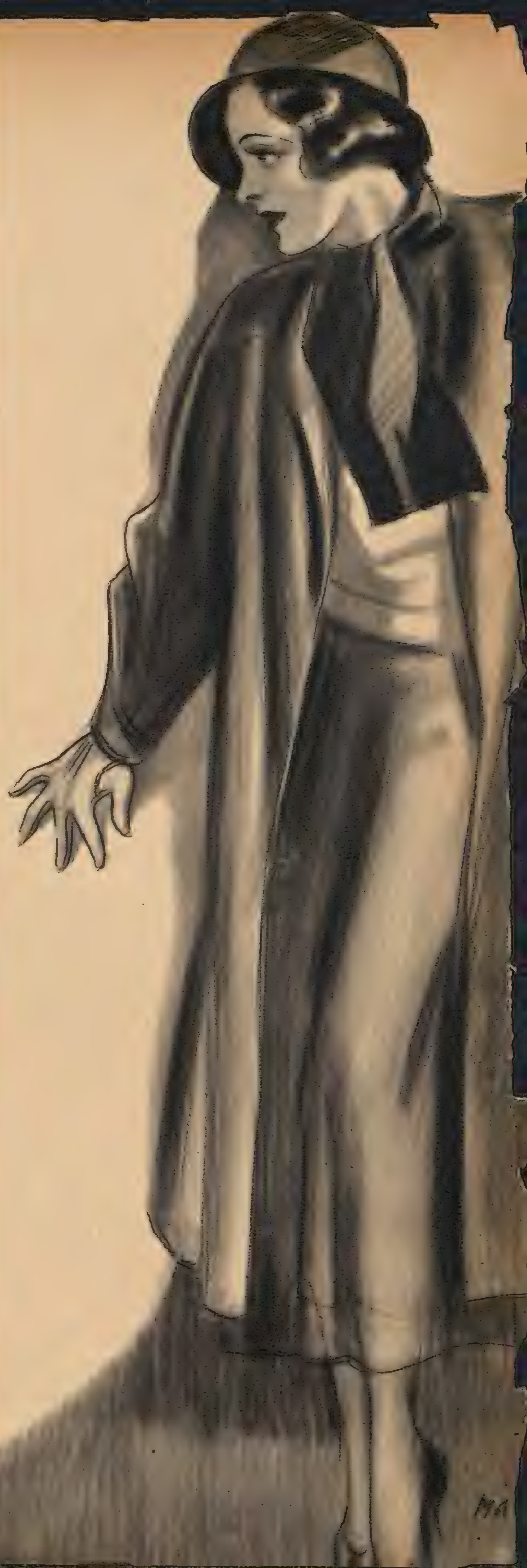
out of bed and groped around the room for her clothes. She knew it was cold, but didn't feel it as she pulled on her undergarments, her stockings, her shoes. Softly, like a burglar, she fished into a closet for her dress. She even found her hat, hanging on a nail in the door.

She hadn't any program, except the following of the voice saying Go now! Hurry, hurry, Frieda. Don't let any more minutes pass into hours. Something formless, terrible, unseen is hovering over him, reaching out to smother him down—somewhere back there beyond the hills. You'll be too late—you must hurry! . . .

She stood a moment on the dark porch. The moon, once a globe of nectar, was now a tattered rag smudging its way into the west. Under the trees she saw the two cars, Joe's little short one, Kirk's long racer. They didn't need two cars, the three of them. What did it matter? Doris would understand. She'd fix things with Kirk. Anything to get away, to rumble up the grade—hurrying, hurrying to San Francisco.

She ran over to Kirk's car, threw herself into the seat, switched on the lights. The key was gone. Unaccountably she remembered where he kept it, tucked in the leather shade over the windshield. Her nervous fingers fumbled for it, found it, turned it in the lock. The starter made a frightful whining sound that cut into the silence like a saw. The roar of the engine was artillery brutalizing the still night. Then the sound died, the engine stalled.

" Hey, look here! "



it was so disheveled—came out. He stooped for the note.

HOW TO CHECK GOOD GIN

We've taken the label off this bottle of America's most popular gin so we won't influence your decision. Now check *all* gins by these standards.

1 Smooth? ( )
2 Crystal clear? ( )
3 Good flavor? ( )
4 Can you drink it straight? ( )
5 Does it mix well? ( )
6 Always made in America? ( )
7 Filtered by milk filters? ( )
8 100% distilled? ( )
9 90 proof? ( )
10 Clear bottles? ( )
11 Handy measuring cup? ( )
12 Respected name? ( )
13 Popular price? ( )
14 Popular with everyone? ( )
15 Great sales success? ( )

R174 BOSTON, MASS.

OLD MR. BOSTON DRY GIN

FITS THESE SPECIFICATIONS *one hundred per cent*

Under the faint moon she saw white-pajamaed legs striding toward her, a bathrobe fluttering loosely. Kirk Bailey's big face, staring in under the hood, was like that of an offended giant.

"Freed, for heaven's sake, what's the big idea?"

"Don't stop me, Kirk. Please!" she entreated, still pressing the starter.

"But what's the matter?" His forehead was all incredulous wrinkles.

"I've got to go home."

"Are you nutty? What for?"

"Ned—I've got to see him! Please let me—"

"Did he send Doris to get you? Is that it?" There was scorn in his voice.

"No. Nobody's sent for me. But I'm going."

"Why didn't you think of that a week ago?"

"Because—"

"Come back in the house, Freed, and calm down. You can't do a crazy thing like that." He took her arm, tried to draw her out of the seat; but she shook him off.

"All right. If I can't have your car I'll take Joe's."

"What's that got to do with it?" he grumbled. "But you've got to stay here until—"

"No. No!"

"Freed," he said softly, "you don't need to be afraid of me. I won't be rough with you any more."

"I know it, Kirk. But—"

"Then why? Why are you going back?"

"I've told you—I've tried to."

With the swiftness of a trained boxer he thrust his hand in to the dashboard, turned out the lights. Then, just as swiftly, he turned them on again. "No, Freed, I'm not going to be rough," he mumbled. Then his voice became thunderous: "You're not going back now! I've told you how it was. Do you want to walk in on Ned and have him kick you out like a— That's the way it'll be. And I won't stand for it!"

"I DON'T care what he does to me." She was gazing at the instrument board. The lighted dials were magic signs marking her destiny. "What he does to me—that's all right. But I've got to see him!"

They were silent as the woods, the two of them, their faces grave in the softly glowing lights. She looked at Kirk and caught a sorrow in his eyes; somehow it was out of place, and very touching. He swallowed hard, as if it hurt him, and leaned farther into the car.

"Freed," he asked, "do you love him that much? Is that why you don't care what he does to you?"

"I'm afraid it is, dear." She put her hand over his.

"All right." Like a soldier he stood erect, and he was brusque again. "You'll break your neck on that grade, trying to drive it alone. There's a bad fog up there. Give me five minutes and I'll take you home."

She tried to thank him, but he was gone.

He was gone, she thought, for hours. But when he came back, dressed for the city in the same suit he had worn that day they left the Abalone, the dashboard clock said twenty minutes past four.

"Here." He held up an overcoat and thrust her arms roughly into the sleeves. "You'll freeze in that outfit."

Then he was beside her, and at his touch the car obeyed him, as all speeding things obeyed him. They seemed to leap from the clearing down the rocky road to the gully. The ford, when they crossed it, gave one weak protesting swish. I'm over it, she thought, and the water's very low now.

THE car was a wild strong beast, plunging and scrambling over the rocky ruts, snorting its protests, yet controlled always by the hand at the wheel. Frieda, even in the passion that was urging her on, remembered Kirk in the racing plane, tearing through heaven, a devil on a cloud-eating dragon. Kirk was the master of brutes.

Fog began gathering around them, blanking out the great tree boles. It seized the headlight glare three yards ahead and seemed to gather it in. The car was slowing down, feeling its way. With a last lurching rattle it set its tires on smooth asphalt. They were on the grade now, nosing their way through the smother of whiteness. Frieda felt her nails digging into the balls of her thumbs. Her feet were shoving at an imaginary throttle, trying to move the car along.

"Kirk, can't we go a little faster?"

Huddled in his big coat, his eyes set on the spot of foggy headlight, he said out of a corner of his mouth, "Yeah. We can go faster till we hit a curve. Then what?"

Death for them both, that was what. A shriek, the boom of tumbling metal down the cliffside, then they'd be swallowed into the blind fog. It would be like drowning, only more horrible and sudden. Then they'd be gone. There wouldn't be any today, any tomorrow. Nothing to explain away. No accusing eyes to meet with living shamed eyes.

Frieda sat up very straight. I'm going back to Ned, she told herself again, and was calm, as if she heard his voice speaking to her kindly.

They made their way over the mountain, yard by yard. Cunningly, silently, the fog had disputed every inch of the way. When they came to the flat country and Redwood City, the sun, well up, was blazing through and the road was clear ahead.

Now Kirk was stepping on the gas, shooting the car torpedolike into the north. The speed waked Frieda to a wild elation. Ned had called to her. She was coming home! Coming like the wind to be with him before—Before what? Doris had hinted it, Frieda had sensed it.

Excitedly she saw the towns an

orchards of Santa Clara Valley, blurs of color as they shot past.

They were silent all the way, the two of them who, not so long ago, had rambled down this road singing and laughing, a little drunk. Now Kirk's face, bending over the wheel, was lined and solemn, years older than it had been even yesterday. Her eyes were straining ahead, glad to see the hilly suburbs of San Francisco. It was nearly nine o'clock. Dear God, keep him here! she was praying.

A traffic policeman stopped them at a red light. Frieda could have jumped out and beaten the man with her fists. "Steady, kid," Kirk said in the voice of a tennis coach.

Then they were going again, up and up the steeper hills, mounting toward the North Beach section. She closed her eyes a minute, afraid to look; for they were coming closer to the cliff-side street in front of Ned's house. Then suddenly, as though a cold hand had touched her face, she stared around her, alert to danger.

"That's Ned!" she yelled out crazily.

"What's Ned?" Kirk stopped the car with a jerk.

A BIG town car had rounded the curve, moving rapidly, and disappeared in the opposite direction. Ned's car, Sullivan at the wheel, a glimpse of Ned's gray hat—you couldn't mistake that, any more than you'd mistake anything he wore.

"Freed, you're just seeing things."

"No. That was Ned—"

"That was a Buick. Ned's is a—"

"It's our car. He's going—"

"Well, if it is his car, he's starting down to the office, probably."

"No—no! It was full of bags—the trunk rack. Kirk, he's going—"

Kirk laid his hand on her arm, a gentle brotherly touch.

"Key down, kid. I'll lay you any amount you say that he's in the house right now."

"No." She was weaving her fingers distractedly. I must stop that, she thought. No good to go crazy. I must stop it!

They started again up the street, and came to Ned's iron gate. Frieda sprang along the path. And although her eyes were now too wild to see, something in her mind took in the aspect of the house. It had the empty look of a beautiful woman betrayed. Then she saw that the shades were down. Ned's garden seemed to have turned to gray. Furiously she rang the bell, then pounded on the door.

"Easy, Freed. Easy." It was Kirk, standing at her side.

The door opened cautiously. Old Shimba, gray as the garden, blinked out at them.

"Mr. Pierson gone to boat," he said, eying her as he would a stranger.

"Boat? What boat?" asked Kirk, for Frieda couldn't say a word.

Shimba, who spoke very little English, merely shook his head. "He say boat. Gone long time."

Some men are older than they look

HERE'S HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE

"HI BABE!"

LOOK in the mirror. See how those wrinkles and age lines are etching themselves in your face.

If you lived in the tropics there might be some excuse for premature old age showing on your face.

The broiling sun soon dries up the natural skin oils and makes men and women look old before their time.

Shaving with alkaline soaps dries out the skin in much the same way as a tropical sun or a frigid winter wind.

That's why you see so many wizened-up old young men everywhere about you.

If you want to keep looking young and fit, throw away the old shaving brush and buy a tube of Barbasol.

Start shaving tomorrow with this modern latherless Barbasol that makes a pleasure out of the daily chore of removing whiskers.

No ingrown hairs when you use Barbasol. It holds each whisker steady to the cutting edge so that there is a clean cut at the base.

And finally, the bland oils in Barbasol leave your face in the pink of condition. It's so soothing that many people use it for sunburn, windburn and chapping.

You'll look younger if you shave with Barbasol.

Tune in Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Friday evening over WOR, WLW and WGN. (See your newspaper for local time.)

FOR MODERN SHAVING:
NO BRUSH • NO LATHER • NO RUB-IN

Try Barbasol's new razor blades—scalpel-sharp, 5 for 15¢

"No more 'tired,' 'let-down feeling' for me."

"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back."

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you . . . and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

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This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone . . . if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upward today. © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

"You don't know where to?" persisted Kirk roughly.

Shimba shook his head again. "Matsu gone too," he said slowly. "I go tomorrow."

"I've got to find him," said Frieda, standing frozen and still.

Kirk's forehead was a knot of wrinkles as he looked at her keenly. "Where's the phone?"

She pointed to the closet under the stairs. Kirk turned the dial, listened, and mumbled, "He didn't shut the phone off, anyhow." More turns of the dial. "Stephens Bureau? . . . Tell Mr. Curtis that Kirk Bailey wants to talk. Yes, in a hurry. . . . Hello—Bob? What's sailing today? . . . The Octavia, New York, via Panama. O. K. . . . What's that? . . . Noon?"

He turned to Frieda, saw her doubtful look, and asked into the mouthpiece: "Bob, isn't there a Matson liner going out? . . . Oh, the Lurline! Fine, I know that ship —Honolulu. When does she move? . . . Ten o'clock?"

Frieda felt her heart bump against her ribs, and she almost shouted, "That's it, Kirk! The Lurline! He'd go on that! It's the one we came on. It's—"

"Bob," said Kirk, "make out a ticket for Mrs. Edmund Pierson, will you, and rush it down to the wharf? Get her the best you can, that's all. . . . Yes, it's all in a hurry. But she's got to make that boat." He hung up.

"Kirk, my dear." Frieda put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him. His face flamed up, but his arms hung loosely at his sides. "It's too bad, Kirk."

"A lot of things are too bad," he said tersely. "But that's all right. I guess you'd better get going, kid."

They were silent all the way down to the wharves. The Lurline's smart hull loomed above the dock. Her great funnels were smoking; people were flocking aboard. The whistles blew, warning visitors ashore. Frieda saw Ned's car, empty now, except for Sullivan on the box, driving away from the wharf. She had guessed right. Ned was on the Lurline. Panicky, for fear the boat would sail without her, she leaped out and would have run for it, but Kirk's strong hand held her back.

"HERE'S the man with the tickets." He gave her a fountain pen. Her signatures were crooked blots. Why were people always trying to stop her? Hungrily she snatched the tickets, then turned and gave Kirk's arm a savage squeeze. That was her only good-by before she hurried past the group of roustabouts standing ready to raise the gangplank. . . .

Early evening of the third day out. Frieda, alone on the boat deck, could almost smell the Western Islands. The first day out she had found Ned's deck chair up here, under the stern of the lifeboat, now in shadow, where they had sat together in the starlight, finding each other, loving and suffering. Now, in the chair marked Edmund Pierson, she sat alone, waiting. For three days he had stayed in his cabin. She knew the number. She often went by it, lingering in the corridor, making false errands for herself. She couldn't go to him there, she said. He would find her here. The spot would tell him almost everything; maybe he'd let her tell him the rest.

He had stayed below so long! Was he ill? He was a good sailor, and the voyage had been unusually smooth. He must be ill or he wouldn't stay out of the air—Ned, who loved the air.

SHE knew his place in the dining salon; three times a day she saw its emptiness. Sometimes she saw a steward, with a bottle of milk, knocking at his door. The door would close, then open again to let the man out. That was all.

In Ned's chair, queerly homelike for her, she sat, her dark eyes dreaming into the increasing purple of the seas.

Inwardly she was troubled. What should she say, really, when they were together at last and his eyes went through hers to the quick of her? How could she make him believe her? Or would she try to explain? Just let him think— Oh, he must be very ill! she told herself again tonight. Would he let himself die down there, alone?

All her calm gone, frantically she arose and went below.

She sought out the ship's doctor and stopped him awkwardly. "Doctor, is Mr. Pierson very ill?"

"Mr. Pierson? Not that I know of, madam. And they usually tell me first." With a round belly laugh.

Then that isn't it, she thought. It's me.

Suddenly a hand seemed to be guiding her urgently toward the writing room.

Hastily she snatched a piece of paper and scrawled the flighty words: "Ned, don't mind my being here. You don't have to talk to me. But please come out, dear. It isn't good for you . . ."

The rest was a blot. She folded it crookedly, carried it down the corridor to his room. There it was—37. The number was burned in her brain. Not giving herself time to think, she slipped the paper under his door.

Some one inside was moving. She jumped to the wall, crowded herself against it. Her heart was pounding so that she couldn't breathe. Had he seen the note? Would he read it?

Presently the door opened just a crack, and a head—she hardly knew it for Ned's, it was so disheveled—came out. He didn't look up; merely stooped for the note and closed the door again.

Frieda ran away, a crazy thing. She flew up the companionway to the boat deck, back to Ned's chair. Lying there, trying to get back her breath, fishing aimlessly for something to say, if she ever had the chance to say anything. I'll say, she decided, "If you think those things about me, and you won't listen—"

She looked up, and there he was, standing over her, a paler, thinner Ned. Then, without a word, they were in each other's arms, crying, laughing, hysterical. His head was against her breast; his hair was wet with her tears. "Of course you've come; of course." "Darling, I had to." Aimless unfinished things like that. No explanations. Only her body melting into his, home again, satisfied. "Oh, and I thought—" Wild, broken words again. What had she thought? She drank his kisses; she had been thirsty for them so long.

"I've got you back! I've got you back! Darling, don't tell me anything—don't ever talk about it." Smothered against her breast, he was begging her.

"But I've got to—"

"Nothing, nothing. Just say you've forgiven me."

"You, Ned?" In her agitation she had forgotten what there was for her to forgive.

"For my damned selfishness. Not seeing what you—"

"I was the selfish one."

"No. I let my work eat me—eat me alive. I knew that—when you were gone. You couldn't stand any more—you walked out. You were right. And I walked out too. I just went. That building was yours, Freed. I couldn't bear to look at it any more—it was too much for me."

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" Her arms could feel the suffering she had caused, and the damage.

SHE held up his head so that she could look into his eyes. "Ned, tell me this. Ned, listen! Who knows you've walked out?"

"Doris. I told her I would."

"But you can't do that, Ned. Don't you see what you're doing? You're wrecking yourself. You're kicking yourself out of the profession!"

"Do I care? Freed, I'm so damned tired. If we could just loaf around, the way we did, in Honolulu—"

A long silent sweetness. Then Frieda laughed. They'd loaf again, they'd play, they'd be happy together, she told him. And when she had soothed him she asked quietly:

"Ned, how long does the radio room keep open?"

"I don't know. All night, maybe. Why?"

"We ought to radio right away."

"Radio who?"

"Your office—or whoever's in charge, where you can get him now—"

"What for?"

"Tell 'em you're taking a short rest—coming back on the next boat."

In the dim light she searched his face. Something was coming back into it—the something she had seen when the vision of Sylvia's tower arose above Lake Tahoe.

"Oh, what a girl you are! Gosh, Frieda!" The heavenly huskiness was in his voice.

She looked down at the purple,

"I DON'T MIND FLYING THROUGH SMOKING CRATERS, BUT I'M AFRAID OF ANOTHER **BLOW-OUT**"

says **ROBERT SHIPPEE**

Famous Explorer and President of Aerial Explorations, Inc.

ANOTHER JOB FOR THE WRECKING CREW

HOW GOLDEN PLY PREVENTS BLOW-OUTS

"EXPLORING by plane is dangerous, alright, but I'd rather take chances in the air any day than have another blow-out," says ROBERT SHIPPEE, well-known explorer. "It was in the summer of '29—near Deal, New Jersey. I had just passed another car when my left front tire blew out. I smacked a bank and the motor came back through the dash—would have gotten me sure if I hadn't been thrown against the side of my car. But I don't worry about blow-outs now, for my car is equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns."

* * *

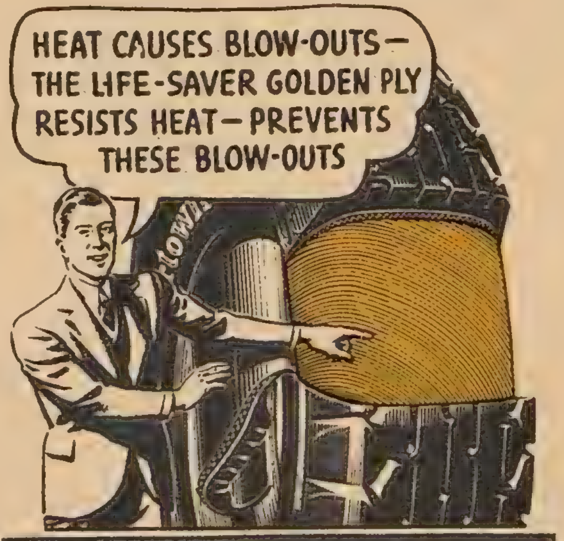
To protect against blow-out tragedies and accidents—to give motorists a safer tire—Goodrich engineers developed the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This amazing invention, found *only* in the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown, resists heat *inside* the tire at today's high speeds. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Heat blisters don't form. High-speed blow-outs are prevented before they get started.

More miles! safer miles!

For even greater safety, every Silvertown has a sure-footed, deep-grooved tread. Place the palm of your hand on the tread and feel the big, husky cleats *grip*. Then you'll realize why Goodrich Silvertowns also protect you from "tail-spin" skids that are always so dangerous. Notice the ruggedness of this extra-thick, tough tread that gives months of extra, money-saving, trouble-free mileage.

No extra cost!

It's better to be *safe* than sorry. So put on a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns now. Sign the Goodrich Certificate of Warranty and count yourself among the many motorists enjoying the priceless feeling of security that these tires give. And remember, in spite of all the *extra* safety and mileage in Silvertowns, *they cost not a penny more than other standard tires.*



HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS—THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY RESISTS HEAT—PREVENTS THESE BLOW-OUTS

DON'T MISS THIS RADIO TREAT

Circus Night in Silvertown

starring **JOE COOK**

with **B. A. ROLFE** *and others*

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK

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WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGOT!
JOHAN BULL

TEN YEARS AGO the elephant caught a whiff of that old pipe, and his trunk was sore for weeks. Today the first sniff brought it all back and turned a peace-loving zoo-pet into a vengeful rogue.

Two easy steps will make buddies out of this pair. First—a thorough pipe cleaning. Second—a tin of mild, fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. This friendly blend of Kentucky Burleys is a pal to every living creature. Smokers and non-smokers like its aroma. Well-aged and cool-burning, Sir Walter has raised pipe-smoking to the *n*th degree of joy. Try a tin.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH
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glowing through the blackness of a night-bound sea. Yes, it would be beautiful to be with him again in Hawaii, if only a week, a day, an hour. And then she thought, I gave him Sylvia; I took her away from him; and I've got to give her back. Clairvoyance, born of her passion, showed a glimpse of their life as it was to be. Long spells of silent absorbing work, and Frieda waiting for him to be hers again. It would be worth the waiting—the ecstasy of their reunions, their bright companionship, their joy in having each other.

"Ned," she said plaintively, "will you let me tell you now?"

"About Kirk?" The confident Ned, full of his recovered dream. "What in hell is Kirk to me?"

"Darling, he's pretty fine in lots of ways. He didn't run off with me, Ned. I ran off with him. I was in a stinking mood that day. But nothing happened—I mean, about me and Kirk."

"Why didn't it?" If his look, leaping out of the dim light, had not shown complete relief, she might not have been able to go on.

"He bored me so, Ned. I haven't any morals that would count, I suppose, if it came to a showdown—but you've spoiled me for all the Kirks in the world."

Ned held her for a little while, silently. Fading sunset was a burning smear of red against the water. The birds with sickle wings cut the dusk, screaming for Hawaii. Ned turned with an anxious look and asked:

"Freed, what's the best time to have a baby?"

She laughed; he was so boyishly serious.

"All right. Laugh if you want to. But one school of thought says that winter babies are best. The other sticks to the summer-baby theory—"

"Come along," she said, rising and shaking down her skirt. "Let's go see if the radio room's open."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **TEN THOUSAND PUBLIC ENEMIES** by Courtney Ryley Cooper with foreword by J. Edgar Hoover. Little, Brown & Company.
The best study of modern crime in a popular manner that has yet appeared.

★ ★ ★ **NEW PATHWAYS IN SCIENCE** by Sir Arthur Eddington. The Macmillan Company.
An elaboration of this great scientist's lectures at Cornell, which explains in an understandable way the phenomena of the physical universe.

★ ★ ★ **SYMPHONIC MASTERPIECES** by Olin Downes. The Dial Press, Inc.
A book which will help to a better understanding of what the great composers intended to convey in their brain children which they set down in notes in the musical scale rather than in words as the poet or novelist.

★ ★ ½ **PYLON** by William Faulkner. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas, Inc.
The story of a group of strange otherworld creatures. Of a pilot, a parachute jumper, their mutual "wife," a mechanic, and a reporter. Will undoubtedly be hailed as a great achievement by Faulkner fans—but prove difficult reading for others.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 39

1—At Alashehir, seventy-six miles east of Smyrna, in Turkey in Asia.

2—Strictly speaking a recipe is a formula or prescription for compounding a medicine or remedy; a receipt is a formula for making a dish in cooking.

3—In Pennsylvania.

4—Alberta, which produced 4,718,788 tons in 1933. Nova Scotia was second with 4,557,590 tons.

5—Only to Spain, Spanish possessions, and the Republic of Andorra.

6—The Lusitania was torpedoed and sunk with a loss of 1,198 lives.

7—The Bible: Ecclesiastes 12:12.

8—In 1917.

9—A printer's devil.

10—While detained on a British warship during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Baltimore, by the British in 1814.

11—The neck of land uniting South and Central America, now generally known as the Isthmus of Panama.

12—Coin or other money that may be lawfully offered in payment of a debt.

13—Loss of the hair, wool, or feathers; baldness.

14—The Company of Merchants-Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay.

15—*Cras mane*, tomorrow morning; *Cras vespere*, tomorrow evening.

16—A document, such as a letter, deed, or will, wholly in the handwriting of the person from whom it proceeds and whose act it purports to be.

17—Both are appetizers, but canapés are always served on some kind of bread or toast.

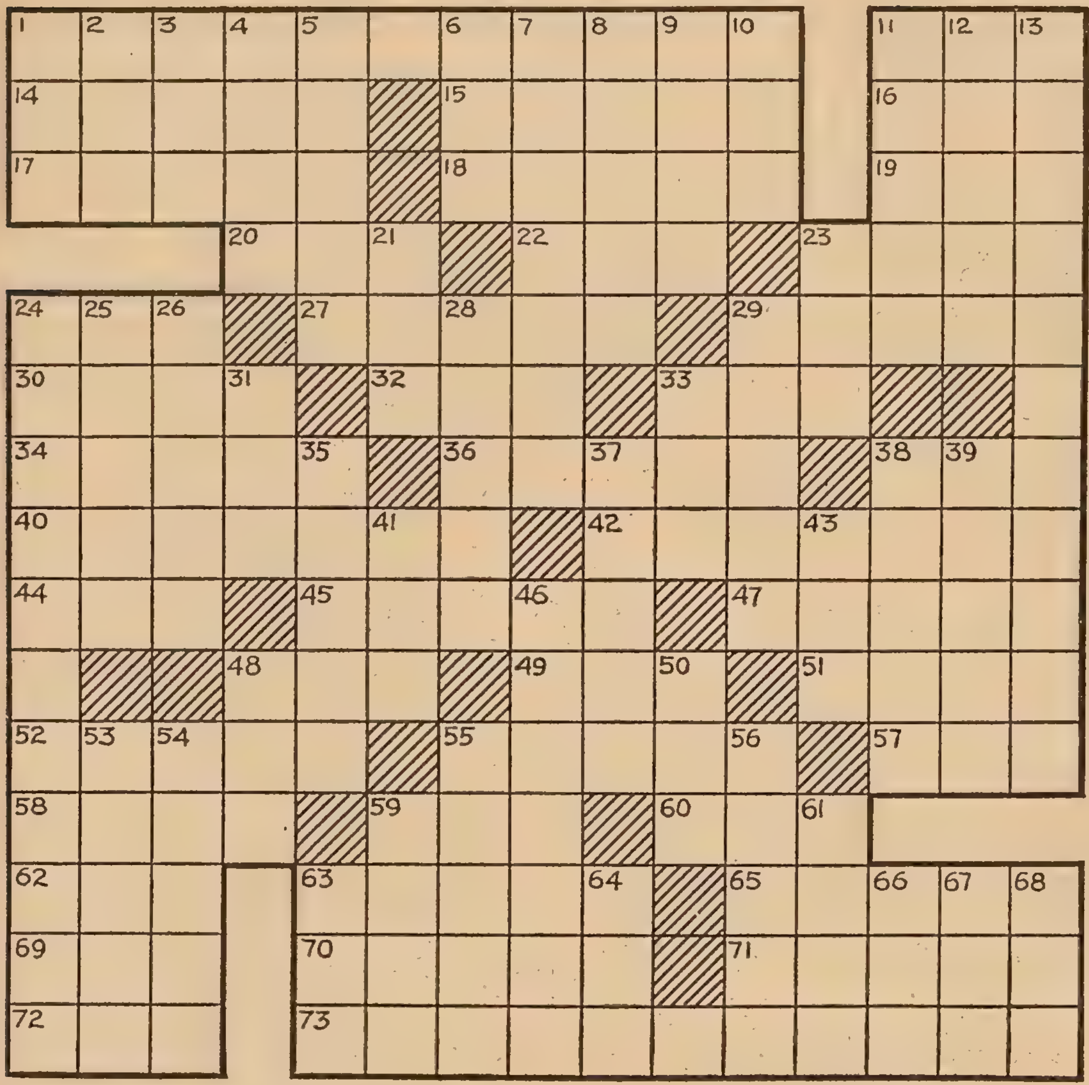
18—In 1821, by royal charter.

19—The highest was 134 degrees Fahrenheit in Death Valley, California, July 10, 1913. The lowest was 66 degrees Fahrenheit below zero at Riverside Ranger Station in Yellowstone National Park, February 9, 1933.

20—Charles Farrar Browne, creator of Artemus Ward.

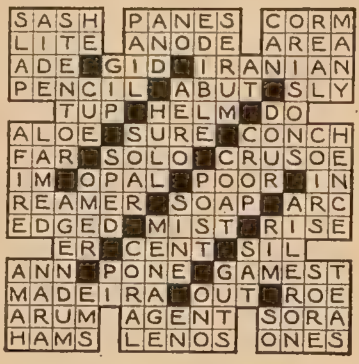
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 I know a woman who held five of these and only got a full house out of it
11 What she urned at the end of his living (sing.)
14 If you come out of this unexpectedly you're bound to hear a few cutting remarks
15 This kind of thing induces chills
16 If you add a couple of letters to this you'll have a flower (there's no telling!)
17 Not quite bright upstairs
18 Translated into English this means: Would you desire to?
19 The sick state of the Middle West (abbr.)
20 Social oil
22 Catch on?
23 This is sensational
24 A rag, a bone, and a hank o' hair
27 The pants of love
29 Heel
30 Wouldn't these sicken you!
32 The early beginnings of the finnish tribe
33 A good thing a woman sits down to enjoy
34 Here's a gal you can O. K.
36 "One this of Liberty leads to another" (adv.)
38 Stonewall Jackson's all
40 The custard-pie king
42 To impede progress
44 All the young man had on his mind
45 To oh, yeah?
47 Southern tannery
48 The letter-writer's stand-by
49 A popular brand
51 Here's a case in which a woman can make a 7 go into a 3½
52 It's the top, sing the cake-eaters
55 Get thee hence, bum!
57 A short reply
58 A buss in the jaw
59 Put it down on a sofa
60 You wouldn't think of keeping this butter in the house
62 This is on the house; the kind of time you have in 'ot spots
63 Filbertism



SASH PANES CORM
LITE ANODE AREA
ADE■GID■IRANIAN
PENCIL■ABUT■SLY
TUP■HELM■DO
ALOE■SURE■CONCH
FAR■SOLO■CRUSOE
IM■OPAL■POOR■IN
REAMER■SOAP■ARC
EDGED■MIST■RISE
ER■CENT■SIL
ANN■PONE■GAMEST
MADEIRA■OUT■ROE
ARUM AGENT SORA
HAMS LENOS ONES

Answer to last week's puzzle

65 These run around the country between hot-dog stands and billboards
69 Air got a little mixed up here
70 Rouge popular in the South (it's freely plied by Huey Long!)
71 Greece spot surrounded by water
72 He's worn stripes for years and seen a lot of stars
73 A place to throw old razor blades—(what a crack this turned out to be!) (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Initial sign-off at the mathematician's
2 Was his face red (funny how he never turned white!)
3 You'll find these in the middle of Maine, the end of Utah, and the beginning of New Hampshire
4 Cheep lodgings for the flighty set
5 Toothpicks-to-be
6 A quiet spot for a Sunday-morning nap
7 These lead a dog's life in the city
8 Constant ocean crossers
9 Naughty little deers get the point of this
10 Where people go to make contributions to the Atlantic
11 A fond farewell
12 A bewitching place in old New England
13 A national broadcasting problem
21 Trombone players need a lot of this
23 To pan a lot of poor fish
24 If you injure their thumbs they sue for complete disability
25 I'll be seein' ya in Honolulu
26 To heh-heh-heh!
28 Kind of concern a bus company runs
29 The 400 has an idea it's this
31 Sanctified Tiddlywink Players (abbr.)
33 This usually bears a tin can tied to a tail of woe
35 Common talk
37 What steering-wheel nuts don't always do well
38 Lincoln's rival in Nebraska
39 A drop that's soured the candy market for years
41 Work'll do this to a Turk, they say
43 Follow this along and you'll get a spell of the Father of Waters
46 The old oil
48 These have their outs
50 This goes boom and you faw down
53 Breath catchers—they're right under your nose
54 Easterners swear by this
55 A popular West Indies Cruz
56 Surname of ex-Vice-Prexy Dawes's girl friend Helen
59 When Hitler got this back, was France this!
61 A great silver mush melon, which if partaken of too freely induces heart trouble
63 Mombasa Boodle Galumphers (abbr.)
64 This has been in the coupling business for years
66 The number of free drinks that Andy MacTavish can put away
67 The better half of Dionne
68 You can't see a Diego by without thinking of this

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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ROCK ISLAND

Vox Pop

YOU BET!

RICHMOND, VA.—It has been estimated that one billion dollars annually leaves this country for foreign lottery tickets. Why doesn't the government take over the supervision and taxation of this now illegal gigantic business, as it did the manufacture and sale of liquor, and enjoy the enormous profits?

The lottery is legal in more than thirty other countries. Why doesn't Uncle Sam get his share?—*J. H. Norvell.*

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—Put an extra tax on a citizen and listen to him howl. Give him a chance to win lots of money on a race horse, a slot machine, or a roulette wheel, and he'll gladly hand over his money.

Don't you think the government could fatten its coffers if it adopted this psychology in obtaining additional revenue?—*C. A. Ready.*

HALVE A STAR ON US

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Out of a possible five choices, why does Beverly Hills insist on squeezing in another additional part rating, such as have been appearing beside the titles of motion pictures reviewed?

Since the five ratings, ranging from no star to four stars, is very clearly explained on the page, don't you think the reading public is intelligent enough to distinguish between the poor and the extraordinary pictures?

Anyway, we feel justified in the fact that the public who attend the motion-picture theaters really don't take these ratings too seriously.—*M. A. Temple.*

CHECKBOOK CURRENCY

FREELAND, PA.—A. F. Gruber in his March 23 letter to Vox Pop called Father Coughlin a money quack. I wonder where he got that idea? Father Coughlin is a leader, not a doctor. I do not favor the use and issuance of "pen, ink, and checkbook currency." But I would rather be called a lunatic than support the plutocratic system of finance under which we now live.—*R. C.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Mr. Gruber is blind to the fact that the debt system has caused wholesale destruction of values and confiscation of private property—first from the common people, and later from the wealthy. No Americans want unsound or "free" money.—*S. P. Panton.*

WONDERFUL KINGDOM

CHICAGO, ILL.—Will Irwin's series on Huey Long, The Empire of the Kingfish, concluded in April 13 Liberty, furnished the facts regarding the dual characters woven around this famous Southern statesman.

There are two Longs: the one manufactured by opposing press and public, picturing him as a tyrant, a mountebank, and a selfish ogre; and the Long known to the liberty-loving, righteous voters who believe in his principles.

Mr. Irwin gave us a vivid portrait of the genuine Long and proved beyond a doubt that the man possesses certain invaluable characteristics beneficial to the public.—*Samuel R. Maxwell.*

MUSKEGON, MICH.—The Kingfish is un-American, unpatriotic, and is out to satisfy his own selfish ends. Please don't encourage him.—*S. W. Inman.*

SHREVEPORT, LA.—I live in the Empire of the Kingfish and I'm sure it is the most wonderful kingdom in the world.—*Mrs. Merle Brewster Marioneaux.*

WINDBER, PA.—Huey's Congressional record proves that he is 100 per cent for the people. If we had more men in the national Capitol with similar recommendations we would never have man-made depressions such as we're suffering from now.—*A. Sumley.*

P. S.—No doubt I'll never see this in Vox Pop, as you'd be afraid to print it. —*A. S.*

SHORT CUT TO THE POORHOUSE

SAUSALITO, CALIF.—What's become of the old-time American who considered it a disgrace and an insult to shove their dependent old folks out of their homes? For my part, should I be unfortunate enough to raise a son or daughter who didn't want me hanging around, I'd take a short cut to the poor farm that I had helped support by my taxes paid during my earning days, and not yell around for an already overtaxed public to dig up a couple of hundred bucks monthly pension for me to blow in.

The people who really need pensions (or paying jobs) are those struggling fathers and mothers who are trying to get their children through school and keep up with the arm-long lists of supplies, diets, tooth pastes, medical inspections, dental inspections, baths, etc., etc., etc., submitted by old-maid school-teachers who have nothing to do but lie awake nights and plan longer lists.—*Jake.*

OUT WHERE THE PESTS BEGIN

DALLAS, TEX.—After reading Renée Hazel's letter in Vox Pop of March 30, one wonders just what sort of people she expected to find in Arizona.

She certainly couldn't expect to find any matinee idols in a rural district such as she described. These people have no more use for a dress suit than her drug-store cowboys back home have for a saddle.

Doubtless, if she would express her opinion openly in the community she is visiting, they would be glad to pass the hat and raise the return fare she so badly wants.—*W. M. Vaughn.*

FRESNO, CALIF.—Renée Hazel's frank and amusing description of Western he-men pleased me no end. The big bullies out here are nothing but short-haired gorillas in overalls, with as much culture and refinement as a bull in a china shop. To me they're the lowest form of pests in the world.—*E. M. L.*

IN DEFENSE OF PLUMBERS

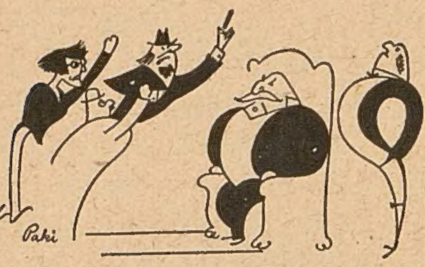
NORTH BAY, ONT.—I take exception to Rube Goldberg's reference to the forgetfulness and tardiness of plumbers in his I Am Always On Time, appearing in March 23 Liberty.

Is a plumber supposed to answer a call with every wrench, washer, and valve he possesses? He only brings tools necessary for the job as described by the customer. Yet, when he must return to the shop for more replacements, every one blames his forgetfulness. If you could see the bills the average plumber sends out every month you'd be convinced a lot more people than the plumber forget.—*A Plumber's Wife.*

CHAMPAGNE AND CAVIAR

GARY, IND.—George Lewis, who stated in March 23 Vox Pop that the right to rule belongs to the wealthy and not the poor white trash, would do well to remember that without the assistance of the latter no wealthy individual could exist nor could any individual become wealthy.—*C. A. J.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The space in Vox Pop is too valuable to waste on such a petty thing as Mr. Lewis's delirious rantings caused by too much champagne and caviar.—*J. R. Rachlin.*



NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Lewis belongs to that arrogant class which—in most cases deservedly—kept the guillotine busy during the French Revolution.—*Major Cecil Emerson Johnson.*

SANTA CRUZ, CALIF.—I take off my chapeau to George Lewis. Not in reverence or admiration, however, but to scratch my head. He gets in my hair!—*Art Durst.*

[Among numerous others who were extremely annoyed over Georgie's blast and wrote to tell us about it were: Aubrey Spencer, Russellville, Ala.; Patrick Emmett McGriff, New Orleans, La.; Earl Quinn, Fort Mitchell, Va.; Victor Bagley, Portland, Ore.; Wendell Peele, Raleigh, N. C.; W. D. Richmond, Shinglehouse, Pa.; J. Zavolosick, Ventura, Calif.; W. O. Newell, Norwood, Win.; Sam From Alabam, Montgomery, Ala.; Joseph Warshol, Erie, Pa.; James B. Scott, Warrensburg, N. Y.; G. W. Munger, Dubuque, Ia.; F. E. Merritt, Millsap, Tex.; Rhoda Casto, Canton, Ohio; Davison Dalziel, Jr., Evanston, Ill.; Myrl Parker, Chesterton, Ind.; F. A. Procter, Brielle, N. J.; Walter Hobson, Kansas City, Mo.; B. E. Johnson, Henderson, N. C.; Jim Stealey, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Thomas J. Henderson, Grand Canyon, Ariz.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

STATION FOR CROONERS?

ANACORTES, WASH.—Radio entertainment should be available in the same manner that other commodities are available. You should be able to get what you want approximately when you want it.

This could be done easily if different stations specialized on one kind of program all the time.

Symphony music should be available every day—not just Saturday or Sunday afternoons.

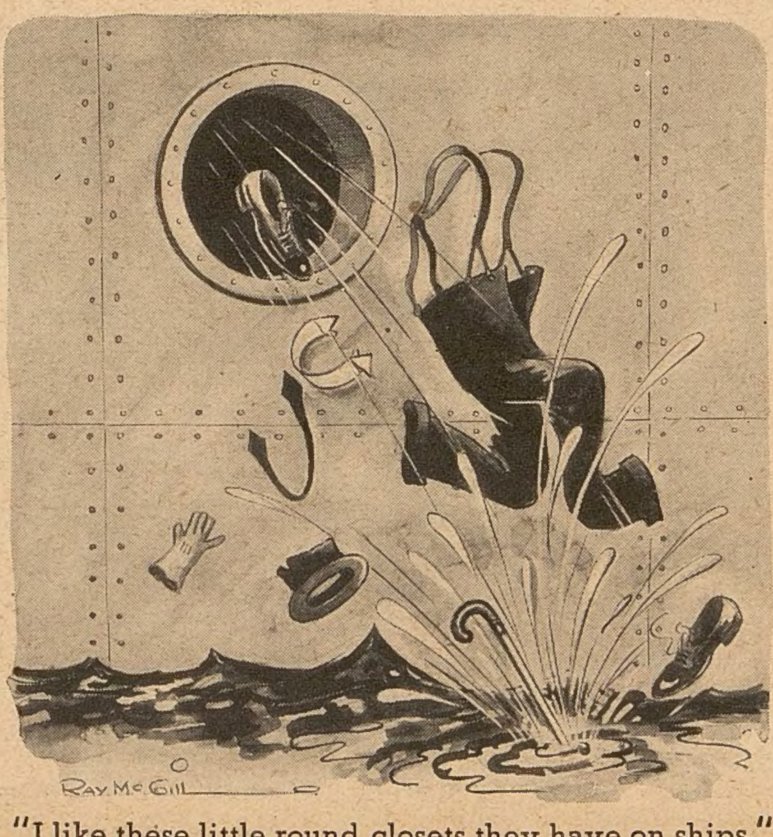
There are enough symphony fans to keep one station at least busy on that type of program.—*J. O. McNary.*

DESERT WITH BACK UP

DETROIT, MICH.—It keeps on popping up all the time. Who or what is Beverly Hills?

Beverly Hills is just a desert with its back up! I know. I've been there—*R. Wilkins.*

ROXBURY, MASS.—Beverly Hills must be a man. No woman could have that sense of humor.—*Bernard E. Edelstein.*



"I like these little round closets they have on ships."

BOOSTS FOR BOOTS

SAN SABA, TEX.—I'd like to express my pleasure and thanks for Hell in Boots, concluded in your April 20 issue.

Every word of it was fact dressed up in the right way. I have lived in Texas for over fifty years and have a vivid recollection of the time Captain Bill McDonald and his company of brave Texas Rangers drove out the rustlers in the late '90s.

At the time I was the newly elected prosecuting attorney of San Saba County, and I combined forces with the captain in his campaign. He was head of the greatest law-enforcement body of men in this nation, and this country owes him a great debt of gratitude. He was a square shooter, honest, fearless, true to his friends, and a man every inch of the way.—*A. B. Wilson, Attorney.*

"THAT MONSTER TROTSKY"

SCRANTON, PA.—I was shocked as well as surprised to see the columns of Liberty (March 23) opened for the benefit of that monster Trotsky. While the drivel regarding an American Soviet will not be considered seriously by people of common sense, the hosts of morons who listen to soap-box orators will seize it eagerly.

Heaven forbid you should join the propagandists from the Russian Utopia who are doing their best to undermine a government by the people.—*E. Tracy Sweet.*

DARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VA.—If Trotsky thinks our religion will step aside for his Communism, he is off his nut.—*J. G. Watson.*

PARCO, WYO.—Compare Russia and America today, add a few impossibilities, and what have you? Trotsky's vision!—*J. G. McCarron.*

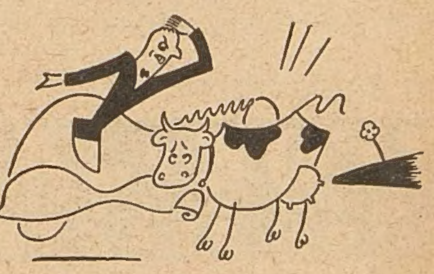
SOUTH WHITLEY, IND.—Trotsky's article is calm, deliberate, and, for all you or I know, may contain a germ of truth. No man, without putting it to a test, can safely affirm the contrary unless he be a fool. No one knows the outcome of all the present experiments in social science. The only safe prophecy is the method of science—trial and error.—*Dr. Immanuel.*

CALL FOR THE WILD

COTTONPORT, LA.—Hey, how about giving us a treat by substituting some of your mushy love stories for something jungletic?—*Cottonporter.*

FARM AND WAISTLINE RELIEF

KINZER, PA.—Just Another Reader, in March 9 Vox Pop, claims that there is nothing deliberate about the killing of animals on the highways. All of which goes to show that he doesn't know what he's talking about. At least nine out of every ten animals killed on the highways are killed deliberately; and such killing could be avoided if your cowboy driver would learn that the button which blows the horn and the pedal which works the brake are intended for two different purposes.



Perhaps some fat city females who have nothing better to do than read novels, play bridge, and gossip will volunteer to come out here and run up and down the road with a feather duster or an umbrella, shooing our livestock and poultry back where it belongs. This would be one darn fine method of keeping down the waistline and at the same time would accomplish something useful in the world.—*Edward Palmer.*

OLD REPUBLICAN CUSTOM

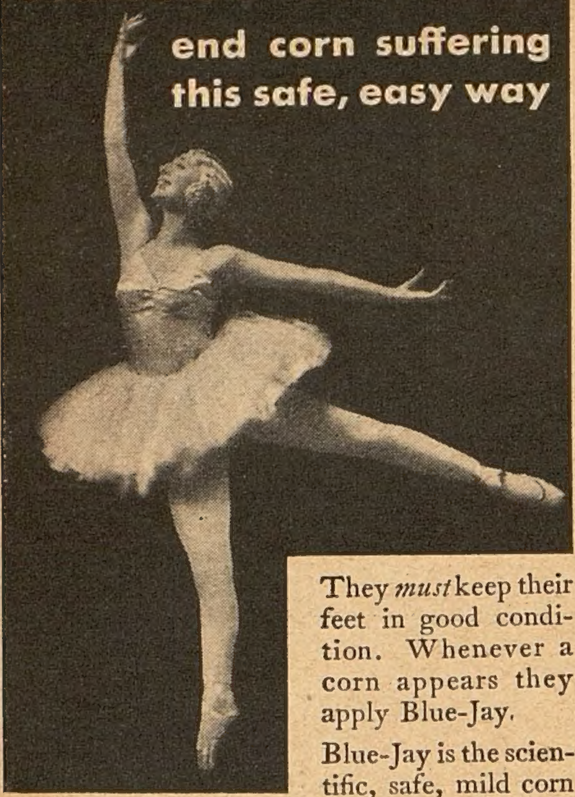
SEDALIA, MO.—Now that the toughest part of our economic battle has passed, we hear ravings from the scattered Republicans. It must be an old custom with them. When the fighting is hot they can't be found, but when it's all over they're right there for the praise.—*Roy Lundy.*

EVEN EVON

PRINCETON, IDA.—No matter what he thinks, Vox Pop gives every fool a chance to prove it.—*Evon Guernsey.*

FAMOUS DANCERS

end corn suffering this safe, easy way



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Beginning

CRAZY TO FIGHT

By

Myron B. Goldsmith

The Saga of General Sam Johnson, the Wild Man of Seven Wars

BACKFIRE

By

Kathleen Norris

A story for every man and woman

Other stories and articles by Isaac Don Levine, Eric Hatch, Marian Sims, and others

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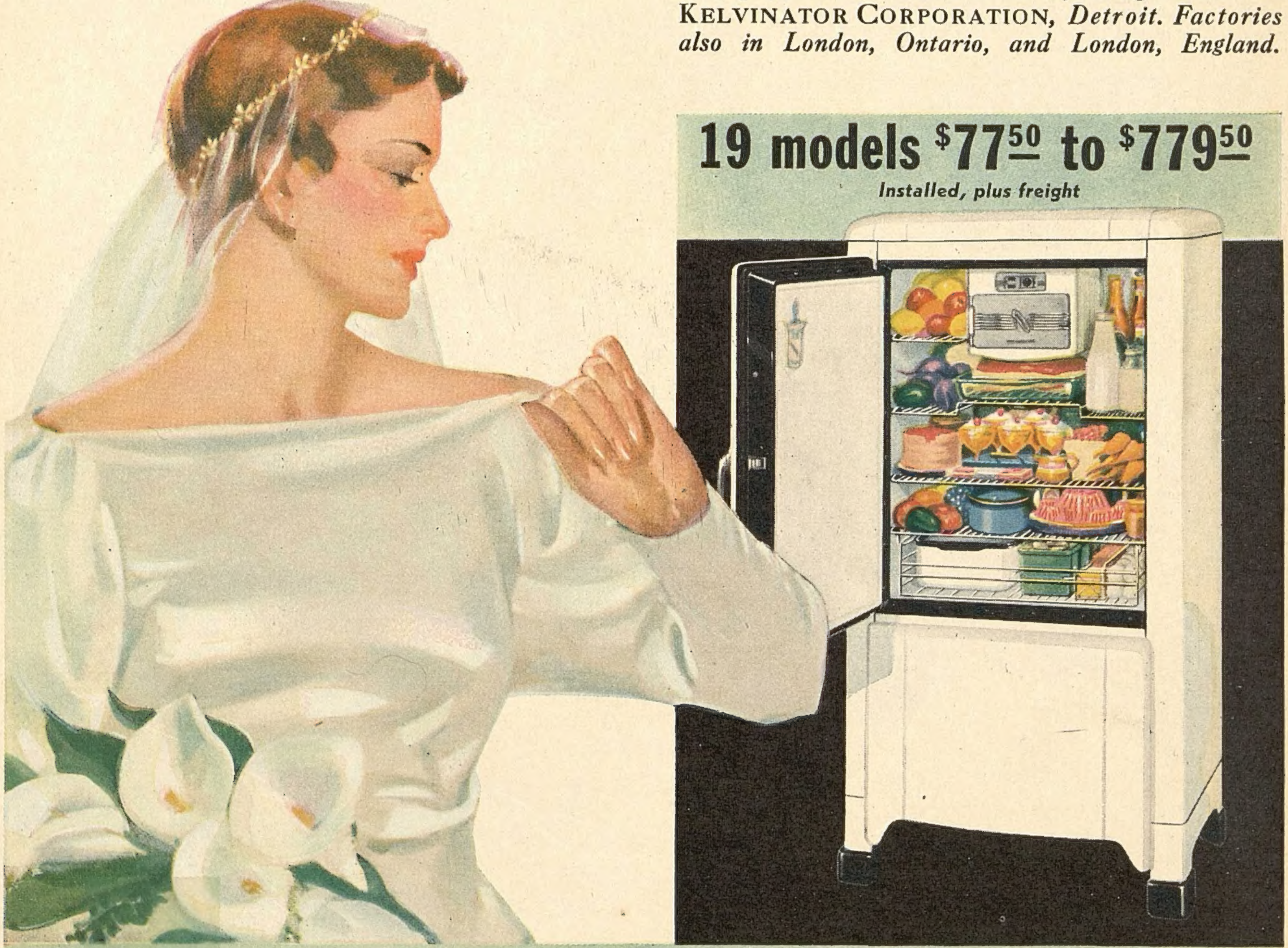

KELVINATOR

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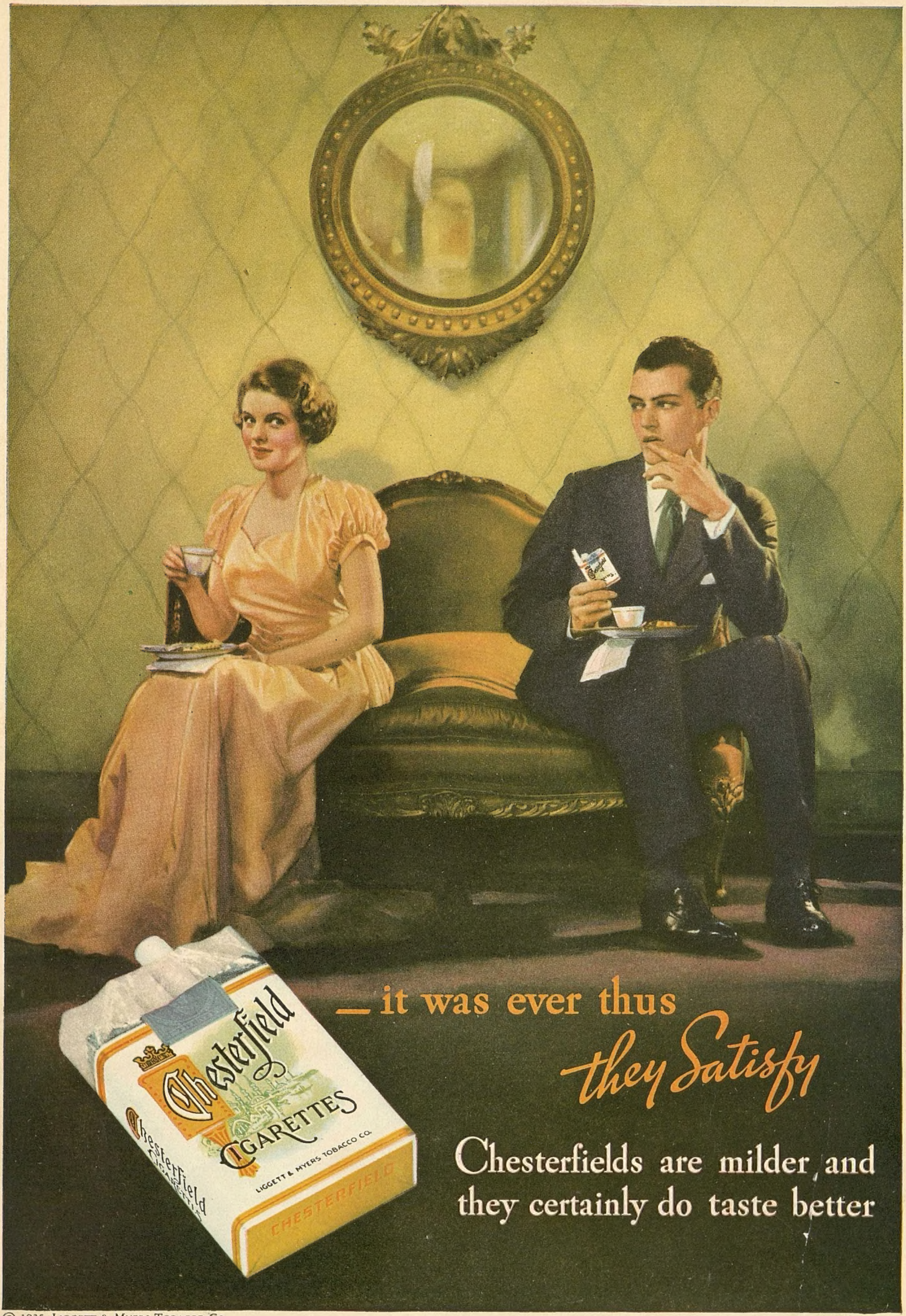
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